00094500

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

FRANCE,

SOCIAL, LITERARY, POLITICAL.

45002

BY

HENRY LYTTON BULWER, ESQ. M.P.

Nature and truth are the same every where, and reason shows them every where alike. But the accidents and other causes, which give rise and growth to opinions both in speculation and practice, are of infinite variety.—*Bolingbroke on the true Use of Retirement and Study.*

Reverere conditores Deos, animæ Deorum. Revereregloriam veterem, et hanc ipsam senectutem quæ in homine venerabilis, in urbibus sacra est. Sit apud te honor antiquitati, sit ingentibus facti, sit fabulis quoque, nihil ex cujusquam dignitate, nihil ex libertate, nihil etiam ex jactatione decerpseris.—*Plinius Maximo Suo S.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET
(SUCCESSOR TO HENRY COLBURN)
1834.

Peop
914.4
Bul/Fra
944000
cf944
32 0944
00094500

LONDON:
S. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET, FLEET STREET.

CONTENTS

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

BOOK II. *(Continued.)*

HISTORICAL CHANGES.

	PAGE
The Restoration	1
Period I.	3
Period II.	28
Review of the Restoration	54
The Ordonnances	59
Revolution of 1830	68
Review of the Revolution of 1830	106
The state of Parties since the Revolution	115

BOOK III.

PREDOMINANT INFLUENCES.

Influence of Women	135
Military Influence	163

PAGE

Literary Influence 189
Literature 222
History 226
Drama 261

Appendix 351

BOOK II.

HISTORICAL CHANGES.

THE RESTORATION.

RESTORATION.

I.

Louis XVIII. died, having long in reality ceased to reign—Never had prince assumed a crown with more difficulties than Louis assumed his in 1814—What party could he rely on for support?—Universal division where there was the appearance of universal content—The momentary force of the Restoration, its permanent weakness—The first discontent felt by the military—Causes of discontent—The battle of Waterloo decided against the army—The events of the Hundred days favourable to the Bourbons—Moderate policy of Louis XVIII. on his return—The persecutions, however, which follow, and which unite the army and the patriots—How far Louis XVIII. was to blame—M. de Talleyrand resigns—Conflict between the two sects of royalists for power—Louis XVIII. at the head of one, Comte d'Artois at the head of the other—The administration of the Duc de Richelieu, a compromise between these two parties—The governments of Messrs. Dessolle and Decazes are the governments of Louis XVIII.—The character of Mons. Decazes—The government of Dessolle and Decazes based on the new law of election—King frightened by the election of Gregoire—The state of the ministry and

the chancellor—A government must have some tendency—Mons. Decazes determines on turning to the less liberal side for support—Left by Mons. Dessolle—Forms a new ministry—Means to alter Law of Election—Assassination of Duc de Berri—Mons. Decazes goes out—Fatal effects of his late policy—Review of his government—The enemies of the throne take courage; men in general become more despondent as to the restoration, and the Throne gains foes hitherto not opposed to it.'

I NOW approach a time at which the impartiality of posterity has not yet arrived. Amidst the clamour of contending parties struggling upon the ruins of a fallen throne—where is the voice to render the 'restoration' justice? Separated from his friend, enslaved by his family, debauched * by his mistress, surrounded by the last pomps of religion, and thoughtful for a dynasty of which he knew the faults and had predicted the misfortunes, the brother of Louis XVI., the admirer and imitator of Henry IV., the uncle of Henry V., a prince of many royal virtues—saw a life of vicissitudes drawing to a close. The sceptre he was still presumed to

* The details that are given of the last days of Louis XVIII., of his mental profligacy, of his physician's advice, of Madame ——'s influence and endearments, would form a melancholy chapter in the history of the fallen dynasty.

had already fallen from his hand; as much from indolence as impotence, he had for years renounced the hope of governing an undivided people, and consented to a system which he had the wisdom to comprehend, but not the force to resist. On the 6th of September 1824, Louis XVIII. terminated an existence which his sufferings rendered wretched, and of which it is too probable that his excesses shortened the duration. He may be said to have reigned for ten years, and the greatness which he had shown in his misfortunes had been at times perceptible during his power. Never was crown so difficult to wear as that which, in the right of hereditary superstition, foreign hands had placed upon this King's head.

By what party was he to support himself? From what elements could the government be formed, which would assure him a prosperous and peaceful reign? The armies that escorted him to the Tuileries had marched over the prostrate legions of defeated France — the sovereigns who gave him a kingdom were the successful enemies of the people whose interests he was come to cherish. He could not rely upon his army then, for he was the friend of the stranger; he could not rely upon his allies, for he was the sovereign of France.

There was a party who had followed his fortunes—of gallant lineage; of tried fidelity; they had a hold upon his prejudices, a right to his affections, and they claimed to be the counsellors of the monarch whom they had obeyed and honoured as the exile. But this party, in following the fortunes of the King of France, had stood for twenty years opposed to the fortunes of the French people; they were aliens in the country they wished to govern: a deluge had swept over all things since their departure; and in vain they sought for the ancient world which they found everywhere altered, and which they wished to find everywhere the same. There were other parties; there were the parties of the Revolution; the parties of the Empire; there were the parties that had stormed the Tuileries on the 10th of August; voted the death of Louis XVI. on the 21st of January (1793); assisted Bonaparte on the 18th of Brumaire (1799); and vowed allegiance to his empire on the 2nd of December (1804); there were the Republicans by principle, the Imperialists by gratitude, habit and interest. Could the royalists be employed? Could the republicans be gained? Could the imperialists be trusted? There was universal division, even where there was the appearance of univer-

sal content. The emigration rejoiced at the idea of a court which would breathe life into the forgotten memories of Versailles; the more liberal of the old assemblies and the senate equally rejoiced at the substitution of a constitutional King for a military Despot; and the high dignitaries of the empire imagined for a time that their services would be remembered and their origin forgotten.

The *momentary force* of the restoration was in its giving *hopes* to all; the *permanent weakness* of the restoration was, in the necessity of its giving *disappointment* to all. The satisfaction was immediate; it surrounded the horse of the Comte d'Artois, and applauded his graceful air; it followed the coach of the royal exile from Hartwell, and in spite of the bonnet of the Duchesse d'Angouleme,* and the Englishified aspect of the Duc de Berri, remarked the wit of Louis's conversation, the dignity of his manner, and the benevolence of his countenance. The satisfaction was immediate—the dissatisfaction gradually developed itself—until each party had assaulted the system which each

* Nothing, however, tended, at the time, more to add to the dislike, and to increase the contempt with which a certain portion of the Parisians regarded the royal family, than to find them *so ill dressed.*

party had expected to control. The military were the first to feel disgusted at the change. The veterans of the 'vieille garde' of the 'grande armée,' could little brook the insolence of those favoured troops, who, reviving the old names, the old uniforms, the old prejudices of a by-gone system, considered it their principal distinction to have escaped the contaminating victories of an usurper. Offended at the loss of their eagles, passionately fond of their ancient colours, the soldiery received a new provocation in the order to change the numbers of their regiments; and obeyed, with ill-smothered indignation, the command which severed them from the last of their military recollections. And, if the soldiery considered themselves aggrieved, so also did the generals and the marshals of the empire deem they had their causes of complaint. The recent genealogies of the camp lost their illustration before the ancient chivalry of the court. Trusted with high commands, the great officers of Napoleon were treated with little respect; while their wives—long accustomed to the homage of that ardent and warlike youth who passed with alternate passions from the battle to the ball—long accustomed to have their charms undisputed and adored—now galled by the contempt

of a new race of rivals, now disconcerted by the formal 'hauteur' of the old courtier, and the supercilious disregard of the young noble—filled the 'salons' of the Queen Hortense, listened with sparkling eyes to the vivacious sallies of Madame Hamelin,* and sighed for the graceful confidences of Josephine, and the splendid days of Marie Louise. The army then was the first to be disgusted;—the battle of Waterloo decided that the wishes of the army could not be obeyed.

Nothing could have happened more fortunate for the Bourbons than the events of the hundred days; those events had alarmed the civil part of the nation at the power which the military part possessed; they had rendered the nation jealous of the army—they had dispersed and dispirited the army itself—they had shown France that she could only obtain a change by a war with Europe, and that for such a war she was too weak; and more than all this, they had furnished a comparison be-

* The hundred days might fairly be called "the revolution of the women;" and among the ladies engaged in the intrigues of the time, the most conspicuous for her talents, her conversation, her energy, her charms, and the confidence of Bonaparte, was that lady whom I have just mentioned!

tween 'the additional act' of the empire, and 'the constitutional charta' of the restoration.

If Bonaparte, by his defeat on the field of battle, attached to his name some melancholy and affectionate remembrances, the recollections which Louis XVIII. had left in the legislative assembly—the calm courage and the noble dignity with which, in the presence of his military rival, he had held the charta as a buckler before the throne, were favourable to his person, and threw a constitutional halo round the renewal of his reign.*

The remonstrances of foreign diplomacy, the manifest faults which the royalists had themselves committed, the bitter lesson that Bonaparte brought with him from Elba, the certainty that the nation was neutral, and the army

* It was before quitting Paris that Louis XVIII., who had, from the first landing of Napoleon, shown calmness, firmness, and dignity, made the attempt to excite a constitutional enthusiasm by appearing to the chambers, and delivering one of those remarkable discourses which no one better knew how to utter or compose. "Celui qui vient allumer parmi nous les torches de la guerre civile y apporte aussi la fléau de la guerre étrangère, il vient remettre notre patrie sous son joug de fer, il vient enfin détruire cette charte constitutionelle que je vous ai donnée, cette charte, mon plus beau titre aux yeux de la postérité, cette charte, que

hostile—the good sense of Louis XVIII. himself, who saw that his policy must be to unite under the wing of the monarchy the different factions into which an attachment to the old 'régime,' a prominent part in the revolution, or a situation under the empire, had split his agitated and divided people—procured for a moment the appearance of moderation, which the dismissal of the Duc de Blacas, and the appointment of Fouché, a regicide, and Guizot, a protestant, to office, seemed to guarantee. But how often is it deemed impossible to adopt *a general system of conciliation* without a *partial display of force.* The party who clamour for punishment must be appeased, while there is something fatally flattering to human vanity in the demonstration that if we *choose to be generous*, we *dare to be severe.* Hence those fatal executions and proscriptions which overshadowed the great name of the Duke of Wellington, and revived the worst memories of the French republic. Hence the exile of Carnot, the assassination of Labédoyère*, while Nismes,

tous les Français chérissent, et que je jure ici de maintenir." "We'll die for the King," shouted the people; but 'liberty' was not at that time a habit, and Bonaparte marched to Paris at the head of his troops.

* Labédoyère was not actually brought to trial until the ministry of Richelieu.

Toulouse, and Marseilles, were disgraced by the madness of an infuriated populace,* and the blood of Marshal Brune at Avignon disgraced the cause of royalty and religion.

It was now that a new class of persons, attached to the Bourbons at the commencement of their reign, began to wish and to conspire for their overthrow. The republicans and the more liberal part of the constitutionalists had welcomed the restoration from their hatred of Bonaparte: and though the senate felt that the *octroyization* of the charta was an attack in point of form upon the privileges of the nation, still it felt also that that charta did in fact assure those privileges. We find then that Barras, previous to the hundred days, warned the Duc de Blacas of the catastrophe that was preparing, and that Manuel and Lafayette, after the battle of Waterloo, paralyzed all Napoleon's further plans of resistance. Had it not been for this—had the liberal and the military part of France been at that time united, a battle would have been fought under the

* It is but justice to observe, that the state of the Protestants in the South excited the attention of the British and Prussian governments, who insisted on the repression of these disorders.

walls of Paris, and the army of the Loire might have been still formidable to the invaders.

The persecutions of Louis XVIII. effected that which the misfortunes of Bonaparte had not been able to produce; they united against the restoration—the opponent parts of the empire, *i. e.* the heroes who had formed its glory, the patriots who had objected to its principles. But how far was Louis XVIII. to blame?

Every day made his difficulties more apparent: the government of Monsieur de Talleyrand, notwithstanding the cruel compliances which alienated one party, found it impossible to resist the wrath which its mere reputation for liberality excited in another.

Fouché published his celebrated memorials,* among the most important political documents that ever appeared; and finally, the Prince of Benevento found himself obliged to tender his resignation.

The mass of the imperial army, the more violent of the imperial opposition, were now hostile to the Bourbon 'régime;' a conflict commenced between the more moderate and the more bigoted royalists, as to who should administer its affairs. At the head of these parties

* See Appendix.

were the Monarch now in exile — the Monarch then upon the throne.

There had been between these two Princes a kind of jealous rivalry from their very boyhood. Celebrated for his grace, his intrigues, the flower of the fashionable nobility of Versailles, the Comte d'Artois had early in his favour all the more brilliant part of the court of Marie Antoinette. The women extolled him, the young men imitated him, and applauded the frankness of his follies—in opposition to the more reserved carriage and the more serious pursuits of the Comte de Provence. Moreover, the aristocracy of the emigration, instituting a kind of periodical hierarchy among themselves, placed the persons who departed after the first triumph of the revolution in a much higher rank than those who subsequently retired.*

The Comte d'Artois then, opposed to any popular compliances, was decidedly the royalist chief. Proud of his situation, vain of his authority, irritated by a restless desire for contention and intrigue — this prince — the presumptive heir to the crown — already dis-

* Louis XVIII. frequently complained in private of this distinction.

puted the administration of affairs;* and constituting a cabinet of his own, aspired to impose upon the royal councils the resolutions of the 'Pavillon Marsan.'† Louis XVIII. was of a temporizing disposition; the same feelings which made him favourable to a moderate line of policy, made him hostile to an open quarrel with those who urged a violent one. Besides, he was not altogether beyond the influences of his youth, and felt a respect—that was involuntary—for that man in his family who was most fashionable with his Court.

The first and second administrations of the Duc de Richelieu were administrations of compromise between the two brothers and the two parties. But, named twice under the auspices of the Comte d'Artois, the Duc de Richelieu was each time eventually honoured by his disapprobation:—first, when he would not pass a universal sentence of proscription upon all that prince's enemies; secondly, when he would not give all the places at his disposal to that prince's friends.‡

* He had already assumed, in 1814, the title of Lieutenant-General, without authority, to the great dissatisfaction of the King.

† That part of the Tuileries where the Comte d'Artois resided.

‡ It was for this reason that this administration was

The governments of Dessolle and Decazes—which may both be considered as formed under the influence and representing the opinions of Monsieur Decazes—though under different circumstances, and in different degrees—the governments of Messrs. Dessolle and Decazes, intervening between the two administrations of Monsieur de Richelieu, represented the ideas of the King, of the more moderate royalists, and stood at once uncompromisingly opposed to the whole power of the 'Pavillon Marsan.'

This is the interesting and critical period of the restoration. In the contest at issue were engaged the destinies of the monarchy and the two policies which the restoration had to follow. It was impossible for the moderate party to be more fortunate than it was in its chief. Monsieur Decazes, now placed in so prominent a position, had in early life been secretary to Madame Bonaparte; he was subsequently known as a distinguished magistrate,* and—

opposed; and the Duc de Richelieu's illness and death were mainly to be attributed, it is said, to the disgust and vexation which he felt at the Comte d'Artois' attack upon his government—a government which he (the Duc de Richelieu) had only undertaken under the express promise of Monsieur's support and assistance.

* De la cour d'assises du département de la Seine.

remarkable during the hundred days for the zeal and ability which he displayed in favour of the Bourbons—had been named "Préfet de Police," under Fouché, at their return. Favoured by accident with an interview with Louis XVIII., the monarch, pleased by his address, struck by his capacity, and anxious to be independent of the political probity of the Duc d'Otrante, desired the 'préfet' to submit his reports directly to himself,* and expressed a wish to improve the acquaintance.

This was the commencement of M. Decazes' favour. At the time I am speaking of, that favour was at its height. Monsieur Decazes then was the intimate friend (such was the appellation which Louis XVIII. gave him) of the sovereign: he had great popularity in the country, many friends in the chamber. To these advantages he joined habits of official business, an easy and conciliating eloquence, and the quality, so important in a difficult ministerial situation, of soothing the irritation

* Louis XVIII., in common with all the Bourbon family, had a great pleasure in the political gossip with which it is easy for a minister, who has the police at his disposal, to decorate his reports; and here M. Decazes had an opportunity, which few in his situation would have neglected, of improving any favourable impression he might first have made.

and satisfying the 'amour propre' of a doubtful and displeased adherent. The minister had a graceful manner, an imposing person—a countenance noble, handsome, and agreeable—great tact, considerable talent—and very wise and large views in favour of the industry and the intelligence of the country. Attached to no party, he professed to stand upon the general ground of moderate men and moderate opinions. He wished to make the King—"not as Henry III. the chief of the Leaguers, but as Henry IV. the father of his people." This was the idea, as this was the comparison which above all others pleased Louis XVIII.

Shortly after the dissolution of 1815, he himself had said to M. Ravez, "Trop d'agitations ont malheureusement troublé la France: elle a besoin de repos, il lui faut pour en jouir des députés attachés à ma personne, à la légitimité, et à la Charte, mais surtout *modérés* et *prudens*." To another person his language had been the same.

"Les sages amis de la légitimité et de la charte," he had said, "veulent avec moi et comme moi le bonheur de la France—ils sont convaincus que ce bonheur est dans le repos, et que le repos ne peut naître que de la modération."

These were the views of the King: these were the views of his minister. From September 5th, up to the retirement of M. de Richelieu, and the nomination of M. Dessolle, there had been a continued series of mild but popular concessions. The formation of the army, the election of the chamber, had undergone two great and liberal alterations; the press, though still fettered, was more free—and France, beginning to enjoy the blessings of internal liberty, had delivered herself on better terms than she might have expected from foreign occupation.

The ministry of M. Dessolle had been formed on the determination to maintain the new law of election. This law contained no violent scheme of popular government, for it gave but eighty thousand electors to a people of twenty-seven millions, but it had almost completely excluded the 'extrème droite,' (the more bigoted royalists,) and brought Grégoire and Manuel into the chamber. A little more parliamentary experience would have taught the monarch that he had nothing to fear from two or three obnoxious elections, and that on the contrary a government gains by meeting chiefs of a hostile party front to front in a place of public discussion. The nomination, however, of the ex-

bishop of Blois,* the mitred regicide, threw even Louis XVIII. into consternation. Already he had supported his ministers by a creation of peers, and in a letter, the copy of which I have been shown, denounced the fatal effects of an unforgiving policy;† but the republican elections startled him: the constitution of the chamber had been changed in order to restrain the violence of the ultra-royalist faction; he trembled lest he should be thrown into the violence of a faction still more to be dreaded. The system he sought was, as I have said, a system of moderation, but placed under the necessity of a choice, he would have preferred the 'coterie' of the Comte d'Artois, to the 'coterie' of M. Lafitte.

The chamber at this time was split into different divisons. There was the right, at the

* Grégoire.

† To any person at all acquainted with the correspondence of Louis XVIII. it would be useless to speak of the peculiar pains which he took with all the letters and billets, the writing of which was one of his principal amusements and occupations; penned in a very small neat hand, in very pure and studied phraseology, these little documents contained a great deal of good sense and dignity when their subject was serious, a great deal of grace and gallantry when it was not.

head of which were Messrs. Corbières, Villèle, and Labourdonnaye. The left, at the head of which were Manuel, Dupont de l'Eure, Lafayette, Lafitte, and Ternaux. Each of these sections had two parties, the more moderate of which adhered to M. de Villèle on the one side —to Monsieur Ternaux on the other. The government was supported by the left centre, the 'Doctrinaires,' a title then coming into notice, and a portion of the right centre— which it gradually lost as it tended towards more liberal measures, and might hope to regain if it remeasured its steps.

No ministry can long stand completely balanced between two parties; it must have *some tendency*. The tendency of the French ministry had hitherto been liberal, and it had gradually been verging towards the left: but there was a party towards the left with whom it could not venture to make terms, and there was a party towards the right which still clung to it, and which had considerable influence in the other chamber.

I have said that there was a party hostile to the Bourbons in the chamber, but that party was still small. Benjamin Constant—Foy—the wisest, the ablest, the most popular, and the most eloquent of the *côté gauche*, were all

attached to a constitutional monarchy and an hereditary succession. That party (and with that party the press) offered their undivided—their zealous and active support to M. Decazes, if he would maintain untouched the existing law of election. On the other hand, the *droite* of the chamber, the court, and finally the king, were for its modification. In an evil hour for legitimacy, M. Decazes abandoned the opportunity by which he might for ever have crushed the two parties—here struggling against the dynasty, there against the nation. With Benjamin Constant, Foy, Ternaux, and he would at that time have had Lafitte, added to the whole force of the *Doctrinaires*, and his own personal party on the *centre gauche*, M. Decazes, strong in his own ability, strengthened by the popular voice, would have been able to wield the whole force of the country and of the monarchy, and to have smitten down his enemies on either side. Attached to the king, exposed to the remonstrances of the Carlsbad confederacy, irritated, perchance, by some injudicious liberal attacks, he resolved, I repeat, in *an evil hour*, to *retrace* his steps. It is fair to acknowledge, however, that he did not do this in the ungenerous spirit of a renegade: moderate in his advance, he was moderate in his

retreat. Left by M. Dessolle, he had to form a new government, and he composed it of men of high character, of superior abilities, and of principles as temperate as he could adopt for the course he had determined to pursue: — by this he hoped to reconquer the favour of the court, and to preserve the support of the Constitutionalists. This he hoped—and what in reality took place? He offended the one party as much as if he had pleased the other.

The waves of opinion ran too high for such a system of peace, and dashed on either side over a ministry which, at once assailed by two oppositions, had to repel the double attack of Labourdonnaye and Lafayette. Stigmatized as the timid deserter of their cause by the Liberals, still regarded as their disguised and humbled enemy by the Royalists, both parties threw in the face of his present policy his past professions.* An event was only wanting to over-

* It is impossible, in recurring to this part of French history, not to apply it to what is taking place in England and in our own times, ay, even at the moment at which I am writing, when a cabinet is yet to be formed. Whatever result from the late resignations, let me express an earnest hope that the policy so fatal to the dynasty of France may find no imitators here.

July 11, 1834.

turn the Government, which no person ardently supported. A terrible event came: the only popular prince of the Bourbon family was stabbed by the knife of Louvel. The blow fell like a thunderbolt upon the ministry: it annihilated —it beat it to atoms. Nobly defended by the party he had left, infamously aspersed by the party he had approached, M. Decazes resigned — nor could he have stood an hour. He had no longer the nation at his back; the Comte d'Artois and the Duchesse d'Angoulême insisted on his dismissal; the court even clamoured for his impeachment; and M. de Chateaubriand, with one of his *great charlatanisms of expression*, declared, "*That the foot of M. Decazes had slipped in the blood of the Duc de Berri.*"

I have dwelt at some length on the events of this time, not only because it is the critical time of the restoration, but because it is a time which all statesmen, now living, acting, and thinking, would do well to study!

* * * *

With the fall of Monsieur Decazes fell the courage of Louis XVIII., who, first glad to interpose Monsieur de Richelieu between the two systems, finally resigned himself to the dictation of his brother, and the government of

Monsieur de Villèle; while the hearts of many grew dead to the hope of reconciling the existing race with free institutions, and vast numbers went over to swell the ranks of the faction, already hostile to the legitimate throne.

From the ordonnance of September to the death of the Duc de Berri, is the great epoch of the restoration; and to Monsieur Decazes more especially is owing the impulse given at this time to the industry of France, and which since this time has carried on the nation with giant steps in a new career. Then was instituted a board for the amelioration of agriculture; then was formed a council for the inspection and improvement of prisons; then was shown the most earnest solicitude for elementary and popular education; then were manufactures encouraged by a national exposition, at which the artisan met the monarch, and received the prize, which society owed him, from the royal hand.* This period was a period of improvement—a period of impartiality, a period at which the nation made an immeasurable advance—at which the destinies of the throne were yet undecided. To M. Decazes the people owed

* A table of this exposition is to be found in the vol. of M. Chabrol, to which I have alluded in my appendix to the first volume.

in some degree the revolution; he developed the people's energies—to M. Decazes the monarchy might have owed its security—he would have united the monarchy with the nation.

The Duc de Berri was assassinated the 13th of February 1820, and in the September following was born the Duc de Bordeaux, heir to a throne, which was at the same time assailed by an adverse superstition of hatred and devotion. On all sides—violence: here the ill-concerted plans of republicans put down, there the unhappy schemes of royalists successful: in Europe, the same struggle between abstract doctrines and arbitrary rule.

The war against Spain displayed the principles of the French Government abroad; the Septennial Act asserted them at home—while the press crawled feebly on, under the weight of the censorship, and through the trammels of corruption. . . . Such was the state of things when Louis XVIII. died.*

* The following words are given to Louis XVIII. just previous to his death, and seem, from what I can learn, to have been, with some verbal inaccuracies, really addressed to his brother.

"I have dealt with all parties as did Henry IV. and, more fortunate than Henry IV., I die in my bed. Do you do as I have done, and you will die as I die. I forgive you all the pain you have caused me:" and subse-

His brother passed from the chamber of death; the royal doors unfolded to the new King—

"*Le Roi, Messieurs,*" said M. de Blacas, according to ancient usage, and Charles the Tenth received the homage of the princes and great officers of the crown.

quently, when the Duc de Bordeaux was presented to him, "Let Charles X. have a care for that child's crown!" *Hist. de la Restauration.*

I believe I may be permitted to say that I have seen in different parts of his private correspondence, very extraordinary proofs of Louis's great sagacity, of the fears he entertained for the projects of the Comte d'Artois, and of his sense of the danger to which those projects would expose the throne of his nephew.

RESTORATION.

PERIOD II.

Charles X. popular, though the Comte d'Artois so unpopular—The French hailed a King who could ride on horseback—The abolition of the censorship—Reaction against the King—The Jesuits—M. de Villèle carries the powers of the Constitution to the extremest verge—The system which he essayed left in its failure no resource—The character of M. de Villèle—Ministry of Martignac—Steps towards liberty—Why unsuccessful—The march taken by the nation during the Ministry of Villèle—Opinions of M. de Martignac—Ideas of Charles X.—Difficulties of situation, and causes—Advantage of popular names to avert too sudden popular concessions—Reasons why this advantage should exist—Danger of choosing unpopular names—Example in M. de Polignac—Feelings in the country—Course of the King—Ordonnances consistent with Charles X.'s character — Considerations — Great difficulty of preserving the institutions of 1814, and the principle on which they were given—The three mean-way systems failed—Not once was the chamber 'liberal,' but that it passed to doctrines hostile to the *sacred* prerogatives of the Crown; not once was the Chamber 'roy-

alist,' but that it insisted on a policy inimical to the *accorded* liberties of the people—Weakness never so fatal to its possessor as when accompanied by violence —An absolute theory worst enemy of a constitutional throne.

STRANGE to say, never was king at the commencement of his reign more popular than the unpopular heir to the throne.* With the happy levity of their character, the French forgot the religious prejudices, the constitutional repugnances of the Comte d'Artois on the accession of Charles X. Change itself was no inconsiderable blessing to such a people; and wearied with a decrepid monarch, swathed in flannel, they delighted themselves in the possession of a King who enjoyed the preeminent advantage of bearing himself gallantly on horseback. Charles X. courted popularity, and had in his favour all

* Often, and even lately, I have heard people, looking back to this time, speak of the change that took place, the kind of religious enthusiasm that was suddenly kindled in favour of Charles X., as one of the most remarkable political phenomena of their changeful day; and when one considers Charles the Tenth's known opinions, known personal attachments, it does appear far more astonishing that his manners should, even for a moment, have deceived his people, than that their confidence should have so fatally and so decidedly deceived himself.

the external circumstances which procure it. Courteous, dignified, with a peculiarly royal air, and a singular grace of expression, his manner and his conversation were far superior to himself, though it is very erroneous, notwithstanding all his errors, to suppose that he did not possess a certain ability.

I remember being in Paris about this time. —It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which pervaded it when the abolition of the censorship wound up to the highest pitch the popular excitement.* But this enthusiasm,

* Charles the Tenth owed the greater part of his short-lived popularity to a certain grace of language, and a certain chivalry of manner, of which it is impossible for any one but a Frenchman to understand the value. The removal of the censorship, however, was a new title to applause, and seems at first sight to militate against what has previously been said of the views and policy of this Prince. But it is a singular fact that the extreme Royalists were always favourable to the liberty of the press—partly because they had been in opposition when the government of Louis XVIII. had proposed to control that liberty, partly because they really and sincerely believed, that in spite of the republic and the empire, the antique adoration for royalty still lingered in the hearts of men, and that it only required to be frankly and loyally appealed to. Charles X. then, fond of scenes, fond of popular applause,—as what monarch, dreaming despotism, is not?—seized, with delight, an opportunity

wide as it spread, was neither calculated to last long, nor did it penetrate deep: it was upon the surface of the nation.

Those who had approached the King in the transaction of affairs, knew the prejudices which guided him, and the incompatibility which must exist between his future government, and his momentary popularity. Those, into whom the last reign had inspired a deep and almost desperate dissatisfaction, paused, it is true, for a moment in their thoughts and plans — would have been willing to pardon, at the price of almost impossible concessions — but first doubting, finally disappointed, they added to the list of their wrongs the vainness of those hopes that had been excited, and with a more dark and determined spirit pursued their reveries of revenge.

In vain did the new Monarch, with a noble policy that did honour to his advisers, attempt to unite all the feelings, and all the generations, old and young, of his people, in the solemn and comprehensive terms of his coronation oath* —

which, as he thought, would ultimately extend his power, and which, at all events, rendered him for three days the idol of Paris.

*CORONATION OATH.—" En présence de Dieu, je promets à mon peuple de maintenir et d'honorer notre sainte

even then, brief as was the period that had elapsed, his opinions were recognised, and his popularity was on the decline.

What else could be expected? The unfortunate Charles X., with the swift descent of a misgiving sinner, had plunged from the pinnacle of gay debauch, where he had signalised his early days, down to the very depths of superstition. —Those religious men—the civilized benefactors of a barbarous age, and who then, inverting their endeavours, struggled to quench and to put out the sacred light which humanity honours them for having kindled—the Jesuits—no longer the

religion, comme il appartient au roi très-chrétien et au fils aîné de l'Eglise; de rendre *bonne justice à tous mes sujets*; enfin, de gouverner conformément *aux lois du royaume et à la charte constitutionnelle*, que je jure d'observer fidèlement; qu'ainsi Dieu me soit en aide, et ses saints Evangiles." As Chief Sovereign and Grand Master of the Royal and Military Order of Saint Louis, and of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour, the King said, "Nous jurons solennellement à Dieu de maintenir à jamais, sans laisser déchoir leurs glorieuses prérogatives, l'Ordre Royal et Militaire de *Saint-Louis* et l'Ordre Royal et Militaire de la *Légion d'Honneur*; de porter la croix des dits ordres, et d'en faire observer les statuts. Ainsi, le jurons et promettons sur la sainte Croix et sur les saints Evangiles." —The Order of Saint Louis — the Order of the Legion of Honour!—Here were two epochs.

friends of intelligence, the propagators and professors of the liberal and learned arts—the Jesuits—as far behind the time in which they were living as they had been before the time at which they appeared—the Jesuits—not, as of old, remarkable for their profound knowledge and vast acquirements—but retaining merely their dangerous and selfish policy, their profligate and treacherous morality — were marching with stealthy steps, through bye-ways and secret avenues, towards the most important offices in the country, and hoping and attempting to substitute for the misfortune of infidelity—the curse of superstition. Already had this crafty and ambitious sect crept near the cabinet of the King, whispered into the ear of the minister, insinuated itself into the seminaries of education—the affairs of religion became the daily business of the state; laws were brought forward which punished sacrilege as parricide; the Chamber of Deputies resembled a council of Nice; and the Government interfering—where it is most dangerous to interfere—with the pleasures of the Parisians—elongated the gowns of the actresses and the opera dancers, and peremptorily decided how many inches of their necks and their ancles should be exposed.—Lo! through the streets of Paris, so gay, so in-

dolent, so prone to ridicule and irreligion, marches the long procession, chaunting the 'Miserere;' and the Minister of War delights the army with an assurance that—*that* regiment is excellent at prayers, and *this* regiment incomparable at 'pâques.' While 'the Tartuffe' recovers its originality, and is given amidst shouts of applause, as if it were a new piece written for the period.

And now amidst a series of measures, the one more unpopular than the other, the monarchy moves steadily and unhappily on to its destruction.

The indemnity to emigrants weakens the security of property—the law of primogeniture shocks that equality*—at once the darling

* The law to establish a system of primogeniture was thrown out in an *hereditary Chamber of Peers.*

"What," said M. Molé, whose moderation I need not mention—"What," said M. Molé, "of the adoption or the rejection of this law? The parties interested are fathers, elder children, younger children, and France. Well! will the fathers receive more authority? or will they not, by the most immoral of combinations, be condemned, in some degree, to disinherit many of their offspring? And the eldest born! That right which they will hold from the law, in opposition to Nature, will it not render them odious and hostile to their brothers and sisters? And the

passion and the ruling principle of France — the law against the press*, which, when refused, is followed by an ordonnance — the disbandment of the National Guards — the new

younger born, against whom this project is directed? In wishing to make *an aristocracy with the elder children*, will you not make a *formidable democracy with the younger ones*? And France — in taking from the circulation one fourth of her property, will you not diminish her landed revenue, and will she not be menaced by new impositions?"

"The right of the elder born," said another Peer, "is intelligible at the time when the possession of fiefs obliged their proprietors to lead their vassals to battle. But everything is changed; the people to-day pay the subsidies, and concur in the formation of the army; 'nobles' and 'roturiers' all have the same duty to perform. No one has the right to claim peculiar laws or peculiar privileges to protect his property, and watch especially over its conservation. The transmission of fortune from a father to his children, without distinction of age or of sex, is the law of God, and man has only the right to interfere so far as to regulate this right and to conciliate it with paternal authority."

Such were and are the opinions in France.

* The plan of the Government was, by increasing the duty on the newspapers, to increase their price, thereby reducing their influence and the number of their readers. It is just worth remarking that this idea was taken from the English system, and recommended to M. de Villèle by M. Cottu.

"A-t-on jamais vu un calcul plus erroné," said M.

creation of peers — carry the administration in every way to the furthest verge of constitutional power. Each spring of the constitution, stretched to the utmost, is strained, and its power injured.

Mons. de Villèle, as a statesman, was guilty of that fault, which, if we regard its consequences, is a crime. The system which he essayed, left, in its failure, no legitimate resource. Moderation after violence becomes weakness; and when violence has been car-

Benj. Constant, "que celui qu'on nous presente! en élevant le prix des journaux, on ne diminuera point leur produit annuel! mais le plus simple bon sens n'indique-t-il pas *qu'en doublant le port* on *diminuera le nombre des abonnés*, et par *consequent le produit de la taxe?* Maintenant toute la question est de savoir s'il est juste, sage et politique de diminuer la circulation des journaux de la capitale, et de tuer l'existence de ceux des départmens.

"Dans tout ceci," said M. de Chateaubriand, "n'y-a-t-il pas quelque chose de puéril et de sauvage qui fait véritablement rougir? La France est elle-donc redevenue barbare?" . . . .

"Dans la pensée intime de la loi," said M. Royer Collard, "il y a eu de l'imprévoyance au grand jour de la creation à laisser l'homme échapper libre et intelligent au milieu de l'univers!"

The Academy protested; the law was finally withdrawn.

ried to the extremest limit of the law, the next step you make justifies resistance. Mons. de Villèle was a man of ability; he had a certain administrative talent, a certain parliamentary tact; but he had none of those loftier and more noble qualities which lift a statesman to that height from which he can survey and provide for the wants of an epoch. All his ideas and hopes were within the hemisphere of detail and intrigue — to tickle the ear of the King, to entrap a majority of the Chamber, and to attend to the official duties of his department—all this M. de Villèle understood, and understood well: but to see the course necessary to the nation, to urge the King to that course, to lead the Chamber to it—such a part was beyond the reach of his capacity, and totally out of the range of his ideas. Simple in his habits and expressions, regular in his office, and prodigal in places and dinners to his adherents, he exercised a great sway over the minds of those Deputies who, fresh from their provinces, sympathized with his manners, enriched themselves by his appointments, and felt themselves raised in consideration by his hospitality. By this provincial body M. de Villèle was adored; but all the better men of his time and of his party he alternately offend-

ed and disgusted. He betrayed Mons. de Richelieu, neglected Messrs. de Lalot and Labourdonnaye, dismissed Mons. Hyde de Neuville, insulted Mons. de Chateaubriand;—obtaining a certain reputation as a statesman, there is not a principle that he laid down, or a conviction that he followed—the whole course of his administration was foreign to his character, and in opposition to the policy he would more willingly have pursued. An advocate of peace, he engaged in the war with Spain; in nowise given to bigotry and superstition, he became the minister of the "congregation;" essentially of a cautious and moderate nature, the career of his government ran through a series of rash and violent experiments. An able man, he was the very reverse of a great man. In short, *he had just sufficient talent to keep his place during six years, and to render the dynasty impossible for more than three years after his resignation.**

* Mons. de Villèle gave himself one chamber by a creation of peers, and hoped with the usual arts of government to strengthen his majority in the other by a new election; but the feelings against the 'congregation,' and against the arbitrary succession of measures which had left the nation without defence, from the double power of absolutism and superstition, except in

Such was Monsieur de Villèle.

To a ministry which Charles X. said represented himself, succeeded a ministry which represented nothing.

One is startled at almost every page in the modern history of France, to see the little political faith that burns in the hearts of public men. M. de Martignac comes into office because M. de Villèle can no longer command a majority in the Chamber. *All* that M. de Martignac looks to then, is *to get the majority* which M. de Villèle *wants*. He casts his eyes to this side, he casts his eyes to that side, in search of recruits; and it is a singular fact that the ministry distinguished from M. de Villèle's by its moderation, began by an offer to the party which, during M. de Villèle's administration, had formed the Ultra Royalist opposition. M. de Labourdonnaye, however, was not to be obtained, except on higher terms than M. de Martignac could afford to give him; and the government, which began by a proposition to the extreme right, wheeled round at once to the left centre—and now its march becomes every day more and

its representatives, excited throughout the country such a feeling in respect to the election of those deputies, that the minister was completely baffled, and in consequence —resigned.

more decided towards the left. The members of the former government, Chabrol and Frayssinous, who, at first remaining, formed a kind of link between the old government and the new, are dismissed. The liberty of the press is to a certain degree accorded. A law to regulate and preserve the purity of elections, scandalously violated by M. de Villèle, is brought forward. The deficit left by that minister is acknowledged. But all these recognitions of public opinion are insufficient to satisfy it.—Why is this?—

When a system of concession is adopted *because* a *system of repression* is found *unavailing* —when such is the case—when a government *conciliates* because it *cannot coerce*, it should not merely *yield to what is demanded*, it should *go beyond what is expected;* the applause which it thus *surprizes* from the people becomes a barrier against future opposition; it obtains the credit, not of submitting from weakness but of acting from opinion; it environs itself with the double charm of power and popularity, and by appearing to *do more than concede*, it acquires *strength to resist.*

And now one word as to the folly of an intempestive course of repression. In what direction did the nation march during the reign of M. de Villèle?—Mark!—Men—the most mo-

derate—men, who, like M. Villemain, had formerly supported—men, who like M. Decazes, had formerly proposed the censure—were now far in advance, not of the administration that had gone by, not of the administration of M. de Villèle, but of the liberal administration that had succeeded—of the administration of M. de Martignac; nor could the King or his administration oppose themselves to the unanimous cry which demanded the ordonnances of June against the Jesuits.*

The new Minister, embarrassed by the nation on one side, by the court and a strong party in the two Houses on the other; alive to his difficulties, uncertain perhaps in his course, was still not insensible to the feelings that were abroad, nor to the only career which the monarchy had to run. Prevented by the circumstances that surrounded him from being more liberal than he was, he was fully aware of the peril of being less so; and one of the most

* The principal part of these ordonnances was that which declared that no person thenceforward could remain charged with any office of instruction in any of the places of education dependent on the university, or in any of the secondary ecclesiastical schools, if he did not affirm in writing that he did not belong to any religious congregation not legally established in France.

remarkable acts of his administration was, the 'mémoire' presented to the King in 1828, and concluding with these singularly prophetic words—

"Insensate must they be who would advise your majesty to a dissolution of the Chamber. The electoral colleges would only return a more powerful and compact majority, who as their first act would declare the sovereignty of parliament. Then there would remain to your majesty but one of these two alternatives; either that of bowing your august head before the Chamber, or of recurring to the unconstitutional power for ever alienated by the Charta, a power which, if evoked, could only be evoked once, for the purpose of plunging France into new revolutions, amidst which would disappear the crown of St. Louis."

Everything which occurred in the two administrations that succeeded M. de Villèle's, is to be accounted for by the condition in which, as I have stated, that Minister left the crown. Legal severity had then been tried to the utmost; a feebleness beneath the law, or a violence beyond it, were the two alternatives that remained. The Ministry of M. de Martignac represented the one, as the Ministry of M. de Polignac represented the other. The King

and the people alike looked upon the Martignac ministry as a transition. They each saw that that ministry could not stand, and that something must follow which would decide the long struggle of sixteen years, either by destroying the charta or by proclaiming that it was the *right of the nation* and not the *gift of the King*.

It is difficult to say whether the state of the country and of parties was such, that there could at this time have been made any concessions that would have kept the dynasty and the constitution the same. A feeling of hatred to the elder race of the Bourbon family had grown up among all classes and provinces of the kingdom. There was not perhaps a wide extended conspiracy against them, but there was a firm belief and conviction that they could not endure. I remember a conversation that I had in the year 1828, with one of the most intelligent 'doctrinaires' of the present Chamber. I remember that conversation forming the subject of a letter to Sir Brook Taylor then at Berlin, and if he recollects, or has ever referred to that letter, he will remember that almost everything was then predicted that since arrived, with this difference, that ten years were given to the developement of events which two years decided.

When a revolution has commenced its march its steps are not to be numbered.

Monsieur de Martignac himself shared the general conviction, and thus expressed himself to a friend, who repeated the remark to me: —

"We do all that we can—but all that we can do, is—to conduct the monarchy down stairs, whereas it would otherwise be thrown out of the window."

However this might be, the only chance which the monarchy then had, was by conceding to the popular voice in *names*, and thus to avoid, or diminish the necessity of doing so too violently in *things*. A country, when it knows and approves of the general principles and opinions of a minister, will allow him a certain latitude in following those opinions out. The mere appointment of Lord Chatham appeased, in his time, the popular discontent; the mere appointment of Mr. Canning quieted, in his time, the agitation of the Catholic claims.

Change in the form of a government ceases very frequently to be demanded when we feel sure that the spirit animating the government is good. The nomination of the popular man lulls suspicion, as the nomination of the unpopular one awakens it. A change of men—from unpopular to popular ones—is, in fact, the only,

the ordinary, and the reasonable resource which a representative government affords for its duration; and the cant, and nearly always hollow and perfidious cry of "measures and not men," merely shows, where it is sincere, a double ignorance of human nature and affairs. Many acts of a government it is almost impossible for any person out of the government to know; an administration with popular appearances may be taking a subterraneous road to arbitrary power; if the general principles which a man has hitherto professed are hostile to your notions of right, and on his becoming a minister he seems to act in a manner favourable to your opinions, you are bound to mistrust him, for it is more likely that he is false to you than that he is false to himself. The statesman who, after a long political course, tells you suddenly that he means to sail on a new tack, is to be looked upon as a "Coster" in politics—a swindler the more dangerous for the smiling candour of his address. This is the sober way of viewing things, and this is the way which the public, with its broad and plain common sense, usually views them. Mark the example! M. de Polignac comes into office—the first act of the minister, dreaded for his Jesuitism, is the abolition of the unpopular

office of 'minister of religion,' — the King speaks of prosperous finances, — the minister announces administrative amendments,* and economical concessions.

But, afar from these favours and promises of amelioration, severe and stern, with folded arms and knit brow, the great body of the nation stood aloof—full in front of the throne and its proud prerogatives: stood — I say — the people — firm against compromise; embodying all their feelings in one opinion; expressing them all in one remonstrance; replying to every argument of the Government by one sentence:—"Remove the Minister!"

They listened to no other concession; they demanded no other compliance, for to an *unpopular principle* there is a definite and *prescribed resistance*, but to an *unpopular person* there is *none*—there are *no bounds to suspicion, no bounds to fear, no bounds to hatred*—and the name of M. de Polignac gathered round it, and attracted into a focus, as it were, all the hostile, and angry, and dangerous feelings that, differing one from the other, various and dispersed, were burning in the hearts of men, and which, in order to be irresistible, only wanted to be concentred.

* Some in the Diplomacy were particularly good.

Not a lip throughout the country that did not murmur in echo to that eloquent and terrible denunciation, "Malheureuse France! Malheureux Roi!"* and Lafayette, the old banner of republican feeling, was brought out once more amidst popular acclamations; and the press that had fallen into temporary oblivion during the better days of Martignac, lifted up its masculine voice, and felt the majesty of a new mission; while the nation's representatives expressed their 'solemn sorrow,' and the nation itself quietly and publicly organized a resistance to any system of government contrary to 'the national rights,' and, let me add, to 'the national will.' Such was the awful aspect of those things in presence of which the King's ministry had to deliberate, when their maintenance in office was the King's decision. Seated on his throne, environed by all the pride and circumstance of royal superstition, Charles X. had (on the 2nd of March 1830) pronounced, with the studied accentuation of a theatrical display, his last address to the peers and representatives of France; to that address the famous majority of two hundred and twenty-one had made their

* Words of a celebrated article published at the time in the Journal des Débats.

historical response,* while the Monarch, with a fatal firmness, declared that the choice which alarmed his people was the irrevocable resolution of the crown. There was a long controversy in the cabinet. The Government, however, could have but one course to pursue: a dissolution was the first step: on the second chamber being as unfavourable as the one preceding it, and that it was so, soon appeared: either the decision pronounced *irrevocable* was to be *revoked*, or an appeal to the people be succeeded by an appeal to the sword.

For some time prior to July there hung upon the public mind a heavy cloud, which, with the fatal inspiration of calamitous times, every one felt to be charged with the dread burthen of great events. The mysterious stillness which brooded over the royal councils rather excited than dulled expectation; and when the two famous ordonnances appeared, there was nobody *out of the Diplomacy* who had been deceived. They who best know Charles X. know that the greater part of his life had been passed in schemes of similar catastrophes. The first victim to the events of 1789, the long years of his exile had gone by amidst meditations on the manner in which those events might have been avert-

* See Appendix.

ed; and with a royal confidence in his own ability, he always imagined that he was peculiarly fit for essaying those perilous shocks of fortune, by which a crown is lost or made secure. From the moment then that M. de Martignac came into office, Charles X. had looked to the famous XIVth Article* as the basis of a daring plan, which, if the conciliatory plans of his Minister were unsuccessful, would release majesty in a more summary manner from the vulgar opposition of the commons.

With more ability than is usually attributed to him, he saw at once, on the retreat of M. de Villèle, the future difficulties of his situation; he saw that he should be asked for great concessions—that he might be obliged to make a great resistance. Certain concessions he was prepared to make, larger ones he was resolved to refuse. Trying the milder system first, "Let it fail," said Charles X. "and fail I think it will, and I will take a Minister of my

* ART. 14. DE LA CHARTE.—Le roi est le chef suprême de l'état; il commande les forces de terre et de mer, déclare la guerre, fait les traités de paix, d'alliance et de commerce, nomme à tous les emplois d'administration publique, et fait les réglemens et ordonnances nécessaires pour l'exécution des lois et la sûreté de l'état.

own choice, of my own faction, in whom I can entirely rely. I will have at my disposal the whole force of royalty. The country may possibly yield when I display that force; if not, I am determined to use it." "La Chambre joue un gros jeu," said he, after receiving the address of the two hundred and twenty-one, "il pourra bien lui en cuire de blesser ainsi ma couronne!" And thus amidst a series of events which we may call fortuitous, but which were so intertwined in the great mesh of human affairs as to make one almost believe that each was the necessary consequence of the other; thus, the two principles which had once contended came again into conflict, and a new example was bequeathed to posterity of the wisdom of the philosopher who, many years previous to our first Revolution, declared that "all restorations were impossible." I acknowledge for my own part, that the more I linger over this period of history, the more I marvel; not that 'the Restoration' should have at length perished, but that it should have so long endured. A frank and honest recognition of the great principles of civil liberty, and a practical policy in accordance with those principles, must have led to the declaration and acknowledgment that the monarch held his crown from

the people, and not the people their liberties from the crown. This would have been, in point of fact, the Revolution,— the Revolution of July. It would have separated the monarch altogether from the emigration, from the nobility, from the priesthood; it would have put down the maxim—that wise emanation of kingcraft, "That the king had never ceased to reign."

But in this sentence the Restoration was contained; and, let us confess the truth, without it the descendant of St. Louis and Henry IV., brought into France by foreign bayonets, had far less right than 'General Buonaparte' to the French throne. Without this sentence then, the hereditary Restoration was unjust; with it, a large and open system of liberty was impossible. Between these two difficulties the monarchy was kept in a state of miserable fluctuation.

"Act up to the constitution you have granted!" said one set of men. But no sooner did the sovereign prepare to do this, than he found himself at war with the principle on which that liberty was given.

"Assert and maintain the prerogative, which, after all, only gave these free concessions as a favour," said another party: and, lo! the crown

found itself in conflict with its own concessions.

Thrice a mean-way system of moderation was tried — by M. de Talleyrand, by M. Decazes, by M. de Martignac. The first experiment was, perhaps, too early; the second I consider to have been too late; there were many circumstances in favour of M. Decazes. Could he have saved the dynasty? The question is difficult, and I have ventured to give my own opinion. But what historians may dispute, history has decided. 'The Restoration' with its roots struck deep into the past, with its long hopes extending into the future, is no more; and I repeat, that we may marvel at its long duration when we consider the agitation by which it was accompanied.* In fifteen years it was fairly worn out. Every new system of violence excited new passions; every new departure from moderation made new and irreconcilable enemies. Not once was the Chamber 'liberal,' but that it passed to doctrines which were hostile to the *sacred* prerogatives of the crown: not once was the Chamber 'royalist,' but that it insisted upon a policy which was inimical to

* Under the Restoration 2192 persons were condemned for political offences, of whom 108 were put to death.

the *accorded* liberties of the people. Year after year it was found impossible to place the Government in a just position; to make it an affectionate and holy link between the king and the nation. A system of fraud and exclusion separated it from the one; any approach to a fair and popular representation severed it from the other. Nor was this all: from the various political events which had distracted France for forty years, so many parties had risen up, that no one party was powerful.

The different sects united in opposition were strong; but as each stepped out singly, and placed itself at the head of affairs, it betrayed its incapacity for remaining there. Uncertain what stay to look for—what arm to lean upon—the Government of necessity pursued a vacillating course. Its wanderings I have traced to their close—I have announced its end, and I now write its epitaph, while I call posterity to witness—

"That weakness is never so fatal to its possessor as when accompanied by violence; and that an absolute theory is the worst enemy of a constitutional throne."

REVIEW OF THE RESTORATION.

The benefits of the Restoration—From 1817 to 1827 the wounds of France healed—Advance in agriculture, in manufactures, in printed publications—A new philosophy, a new literature, a new race—The new race and the old race in presence—The course taken by each.

SAY what you will of its ministerial errors, of its factious agitations, 'the Restoration' as a period of improvement was a mighty epoch. No country perhaps ever made in the same time the same advances, that France made from 1815 to 1830.

The ambitious soldier and the enthusiastic boy may linger with a fond delight over the narrative of those almost miraculous exploits, which place upon so lofty a pedestal the endeavours of human genius; the more cool-blooded politician will observe that the Tower of Babel, the loftiest edifice on record, was the least useful, the most certain not to be completed, and that the merits of a reign are to be measured—not by the admiration it excites, but by the

benefits it produces. The battle of Waterloo left France the victim of two invasions. The losses which had been inflicted upon her territory have been estimated at fifteen hundred millions of francs, the same sum that she was condemned to pay the Allies. From 1818 to 1827, in nine years alone, says M. Dupin, "these wounds, profound and terrible as they were, had been healed; and even their scars obliterated. In the wars of twenty-three years, fifteen hundred thousand men had perished, and in thirteen years their loss had been repaired." Agriculture, which the presence of a foreign enemy had repressed,—(one department alone had suffered to the extent of 75 millions of francs,) revived, and had even advanced during the Restoration, as well by an increase in horses and cattle, as by various improvements in the art of cultivation.

The manufactures of wool, of cotton, of silk, aided by the improvement of machinery and the experiments of chemistry, had added during that time in no small degree to the resources of industry and the investments for wealth. The population of Lyons alone had advanced in eleven years from 100 to 150,000 inhabitants. The product of indirect taxation, that sign not merely of the riches, but of the enjoyments of

a people, had been swelled during the interval of 1818 to 1827 by 25 per cent. The Customs and the Post produced more, the Lottery less; and—a circumstance not to be forgotten in the details of administration—the expense of collecting the revenue had diminished as the revenue itself had increased. The number of printed sheets were, in 1814, 45,675,039; in 1826, 144,564,094; thus displaying in the production of human knowledge, a yet greater increase and a yet greater activity than in the other rapidly and daily increasing productions.

Accroissemens Annuels.	*pour cent.*
De la population humaine . .	$\frac{3}{4}$
Du nombre des chevaux . .	1
Du nombre des moutons . . .	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Des consommations indiquées par les droits indirects	3
Idem, par les octrois	$3\frac{3}{4}$
Des opérations industrielles indiquées par le revenu des patentes . .	$3\frac{3}{4}$
De la circulation indiquée par le revenu de la poste	$3\frac{1}{4}$
Du commerce indiqué par les droits de douane	4
Des productions industrielles indiquées par l'extraction de la houille . .	4
Idem, par la fabrication du fer . .	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Des publications de la presse périodique et non périodique	$9\frac{1}{4}$

"By this table it appears," says the valuable little pamphlet I quote from,* "que l'accroissement numérique de la population est *moindre* que celui de toutes les forces matérielles, que celui de tous les produits du travail; et que l'accroissement des publications, qui représente l'activité progressive de l'esprit, est *le plus grand* de tous."† In three years (from 1817 to 1820), the elementary schools from 856,212, advanced to have 1,063,919 scholars; and the number of persons receiving instruction at these institutions within the period contained between 1816 and 1826 has been computed at five millions and a half. Schools of arts, agriculture, and the sciences, were formed throughout the kingdom; and, borne along on this mighty rush of new opinions, came a new and more noble philosophy—a new, a more rich, a more glowing, a more masculine, a more stirring, and energetic literature. The spirit and intellect of the country received a fresh birth, and at the same time a fresh race was born;—a race that had neither the ideas, the wants, nor the history of its predecessors.

* "Les forces électorales," by Ch. Dupin.

† The effect of which may be seen in the subjoined calculation. *Printed sheets on matters of Science*:—In 1814—232,314; in 1820—369,862; in 1826—1,177,780.

This was the real revolution. Within the last thirteen years a population of twelve millions and a half had been added to 'Young France,' a population of ten millions belonging to 'Old France' had gone down to the tomb. In 1828 the electors belonging to the new 'régime' were 25,089, to the ancient régime 15,021. Thus the two generations were in presence; the one *published the ordonnances*, and the other *raised the barricades.*

THE ORDONNANCES.

Not violent enough for their purpose; Charles X. would have acted more wisely in throwing himself entirely upon the army—The people did not look to the mere act of the Government, but its object—They saw that if these means failed to effect that object, another would be tried.

On July 26th* appeared the Ordonnances, accompanied by that famous report, not less remarkable for the eloquence than for the history it contains. As a matter of history, that document stands forth as the most singular and public protest against constitutional liberty that ever appeared in a constitutional country; as a display of eloquence,† that document convinces us that arbitrary power, even in the worst times, and under the least favourable circumstances, will never want able, perhaps conscientious defenders. The Ordonnances totally put

* Signed the 25th.

† Supposed to be written by M. de Chantelauze.

down the liberty of the press,* and altered the system of election in a manner favourable to the aristocratical interests of the country.

Their violence has been reproached, and in some degree exaggerated: I have no hesitation in saying they were not sufficiently violent for the object they had in view. Such was the state of feeling, that I deem it more than doubtful whether a Chamber elected according to the new prescription would not have returned a majority against the ministry of Polignac. And this was the folly of the proceeding: for if the Government had met with no immediate resistance, the difficulties of the Government would only have been in their commencement. Charles X. most assuredly would have done a wiser thing had he declared that "finding by experience that his subjects were unfit for the Charta which had been given to them, he withdrew it, and threw himself entirely upon the army for support"—he would have done a wiser thing for himself had he done this, for he might have rallied his partisans around him by an appearance of force; it is just possible too, that he might

* The press is put down because it points out certain members as unpopular, and advises, contrary to the royal wish, the re-election of the two hundred and twenty-one liberal deputies.

have pleased the soldiery by a plausible address; while it is certain that he could not have made more enemies or separated himself more entirely from the great body of his subjects than he really did.

People looked not to the mere act itself, they looked to the object the sovereign had in view who resorted to it. They saw that his object was to govern as he pleased—that he altered the form of government in order to effect that object; and that it was quite clear, if the present experiment were unsuccessful, he would be perfectly willing, and was perfectly ready to try any other.

REVOLUTION OF 1830.

I.

The conduct of the Newspapers and the Journalists—27, Struggle commenced in Palais Royal—28, Troops concentred and the People's courage rose—The Duc de Raguse's plans—How far successful—Night of 28th—The great charge of the Parisian populace—Retreat of the troops from the Tuileries to the Champs Elysées—Command taken from Duc de Raguse and given to Duc d'Angoulême—Order to march to St. Cloud.

It was the energetic conduct of the press, which had at once to choose between ruin and resistance, that first aroused the Parisians from the boding stillness by which the royal decree had been succeeded.

The editors of the liberal newspapers, fortified by the opinion of M. Dupin, and the ordonnance of M. Debelleyme,* published their pro-

* M. Debelleyme, president of the tribunal of première instance, declaring that the ordonnance relative to the press was illegal in its form, and unjust in its immediate provisions, recognised the right of the journalists to continue their publications.

testation. Believing that the Government would have a temporary triumph—for it was impossible to imagine that a Government which deliberately invited insurrection, was not prepared to resist it,—M. Thiers, M. Carrel, and their colleagues displayed a spirit worthy of their position. The proper guardians of public liberty, they placed themselves in the van as its defenders, for they knew that the freedom of a state is only momentarily in peril as long as it possesses citizens ready to give the example of suffering for freedom's sake. "Le régime légal," said th[illegible]est interrompu, celui de la force est com[illegible]," words which *should be remembered now*, for they *would have been remembered, if the revolt to which they invited had not proved a revolution.* It was on the 27th that the struggle commenced. "Aux armes, aux armes!" shouted the students, jumping on the chairs of the Palais Royal.

The cavalry cleared the square, the gendarmerie charged in the streets; a man was killed in the "Rue du Lycée."—"Vive la Charte!" cried the mob, as, careless of the danger, furious at the fire, they attacked the troops on every side with sticks, with stones. And now the barricades began in the Rue St. Honoré; the 'Bourgeoisie' shut their shops; the soldiers

(fifth of the line) refused to fire, and the consciousness of a cause that was invincible breathed an iron energy into the insurrection.

On the 28th, the troops concentrated in large bands at the more important places, left many of the streets free which they had occupied the day before, and flattered the people with the idea that their resistance had been hitherto successful. The popular courage rose. The views of the people expanded. The cry of "Vive la Charte!" was dropped—the cry of "à bas les Bourbons" was [redacted]. The Duc de Raguse urged concession. The Ministers declared Paris to be '*en [redacted]de siége*,' and amidst conflicting counsels [redacted] useless edicts, high above the voice of authority swelled the popular tempest, sweeping at every instant with a more terrible wrath over the minds of men, and scattering far and wide the feelings which shook the foundations of the throne. The Commandant hesitated. Should he take a position and be counselled by events? Should he evacuate Paris and establish himself without the walls? Should he march forward at once into the heart of the city against the insurgents?

* "The honour of the Crown," said he to Charles the Tenth, "may yet be saved. To-morrow, perhaps, this will be impossible."

The last plan was the boldest, perhaps the best. Along the Boulevards, along the Quais, to the Bastille, to the Place de Grêve, to the Marché des Innocens, advanced the troops—and the clatter of the cavalry and the heavy rattling of the cannon, and the shouts and the musket-shots of the populace, announced in this direction the recommencement of the contest; and now from every door, from every corner, from every passage, from every window, an invisible and invulnerable enemy poured forth their fire; and paving stones, and tiles, and bottles, and bricks, and logs of wood, and masses of lead, tossed from the tops of the houses, hurled across the streets, bruised and beat down the soldier, who, incapable of defence, disapproving of his cause, marched on, undesirous of victory, and forbidden by honour from submitting to defeat.

Felled trees, overturned carriages, barrels filled with stones, formed new ramparts at every step against the harassed cavalry; and on all sides you might have seen the veterans of Napoléon, and the schoolboys of the 'École Polytechnique' leading, exhorting, instructing, fighting. The 'garde nationale' appeared in their uniform; the whole city engaged in the struggle: while the tricoloured flag was hoisted on the towers of Notre-Dame!

In spite, however, of the resistance accumulating at every step, the four columns which had advanced, arrived at their respective destinations. General St. Chamans marched up the Boulevards as far as the Bastille, and, driven from the Rue St. Antoine, returned by the Bridge of Austerlitz, and the Esplanade of the Invalides to the Place Louis XV. General Talon crossed the Pont Neuf, advanced to the Place de Grêve, and placing himself at the head of his men, carried the Hôtel de Ville, which was then in the possession of the people, but which (having no ammunition) he evacuated during the night. General Quinsonnas arrived without much loss at the Marché des Innocens, where he found himself blockaded in all directions. Rescued by the almost incredible valour of a Swiss battalion from this situation, he took up his position, according to the orders he had received, along the Quai de l'École. General Wall went to and from the Place des Victoires and the Place Vendôme without difficulty. This was the result of the military operations of the 28th. For a moment the people believed that that result was almost entirely hostile to the popular cause; and many of those most active in commencing the resistance, now retired from Paris. But while

some in the city believed in the success of the troops, the troops themselves felt that they were discomfited. This was the opinion of the Duc de Raguse. "*Je ne dois pas vous cacher*," said he, in a letter to the King, "*que la situation des choses devient de plus en plus grave.*" This was the opinion of General Vincent, who, forcing the King's apartment, declared to him, "*Que tout était perdu, et qu'il n'y avait plus qu'à rapporter les ordonnances.*"

M. de Polignac, however, still persisted, and the struggle was referred to a third day for its ultimate decision.

Pursuant to an order which the Duc de Raguse had received from St. Cloud, the royal forces were now concentrated at the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the Palais Royal.

The whole of Paris, with the exception of these places, was in the undisputed possession of the Parisians. The posts which had been forced in the morning, they found vacated in the evening, and the first impression which the taking of the Hôtel de Ville had occasioned, was more than effaced by its subsequent abandonment. The night came; if it be true as was deemed by Tacitus, that the warrior's mind is overshadowed by the aspect of a disastrous sky; that stars, dim and pale, infuse into the soul

their uncertain hue; and that the midnight enterprise languishes under the omen of a clouded moon; the citizen soldier was happy in his auspices—pure, and bright, and glorious as his own cause, was the heaven above his head, on the night which intervened between the 28th and 29th of July. And now a wide watch is kept throughout the city; every eye is awake, every hand is in action. Here the pavement is upturned—here the torch is planted—here the weapon is prepared—everywhere you may see the women mingling with the men—now sharing their labours—now binding up their wounds.

No distant and unruly noise mars the mystery of the hour; but there circulates a confused and immense murmur—the cannon, the tocsin is still; the busy gun has ceased to be heard, not a carriage moves; but the chopping of wood, the rolling of stones, the hammering at arms, the exchange of signals, the march of sentinels, the groans of sufferers, mingling together, form a mass of stifled and solemn sound, more awful, more terrible, perhaps, in this pause of action, than the loud thunder of artillery, or the crash of careering squadrons.

By the morning there were six thousand barricades in Paris. The great force of the royal

troops was at the Louvre, on the Place du Carrousel, on the Place Louis XV., on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and on the Place Vendôme, while cannon was so placed as to sweep the Rue de Richelieu, and the Place du Palais-Royal. The day commenced with a proclamation, which declared that hostilities would be suspended by the royal troops: it produced no effect. The people's courage was animated by the previous day's struggle—by the last night's labours—by the sight of the national uniform now mixed up in all their groups, and of the tricoloured flag now flying from all their houses.

The bands that had hitherto been scattered and spread throughout the town assembled more regularly, and combined their plans of resistance and attack. On, in the front of the Parisians, marched the ardent youth of the Polytechnic school, the students of law and of medicine,—and on behind them poured the determined populace,—on they poured along one side—down the Faubourg St. Honoré, down the Boulevards—on they poured along the other—down the Faubourg St. Germain, along the bridges—on they poured to the Place Louis XV.;—where the soldiers, fatigued, famished, disgusted with their cause, disgusted with the cowardice of those for whom they fought, still

looked with a gallant face on the dark and angry masses which menaced them in all directions.

At one time there were hopes of an armistice: the Duc de Raguse entered into a parley with the citizens, advancing by the Rue de Richelieu—but at this moment, in a new and unexpected quarter, recommenced the firing. The Louvre, evacuated by mistake, had been entered by the people; the troops in the Place du Carrousel were seized with a sudden panic: the commandant had only time to throw himself on his horse, and charging at the head of his men he cleared for a moment the court before the Tuileries. But the Tuileries themselves were soon entered by the gate of the Pont Royal. Their defenders jumped from the windows into the gardens: all discipline was gone; the terror was universal, and the utmost efforts of the Marshal could only infuse some degree of order into the retreat. A Swiss battalion in the gardens covered the rear; the force in the Place Louis XV. checked the multitudes of the Faubourg St. Honoré, and allowed the troops still on the Boulevard de la Madeleine an opportunity to retire: retire they did by the Champs Elysées; and at the Barrière de l'Etoile, the Marshal received the letter which announced

the appointment of the Duc d'Angoulême to the office of Commander-in-chief, and ordered the royal forces to be directed to St. Cloud.

Paris was now triumphant: the contest of the three days was over. The people had fought bravely, desperately, and doubtful as the struggle had been, they had not from the commencement wanted, among the legal and civil authorities of France, determined and courageous defenders.

REVOLUTION OF 1830.

II.

26th, Civil resistance of the Journalists—Meeting of Deputies—View taken by M. de Laborde—View by M. Périer—How far M. Périer was right—27th, Meeting of Deputies at M. Périer's—First meeting of Deputies at M. Puyraveau's—Second meeting at M. Bérard's—Proclamation agreed to, and message sent to the Duc de Raguse by the first—The names of all the liberal Deputies at Paris affixed to the proclamation by the second—29th, Meeting of Deputies; different feelings among them from those of preceding days—Fictitious Government of M. Bérard—Real provisional Government appointed—Civil transactions at Paris in favour of the people now arrived at the same period as that to which military affairs have been conducted—What took place at St. Cloud and the Court and among the Ministry during this time—27th, M. de Polignac gives the command of Paris to the Duc de Raguse—Want of preparation at Paris—The Council assembles at night and declares the city "en état de siége"—Charles X. in the mean time perfectly tranquil—28th, The King might have made favourable terms—Did not think himself in danger—

Mass; whist; ceremonies as usual — In vain a Deputation waited on M. de Polignac — Confusion among the troops—Camps of Lunéville and St. Omer ordered to march—Ministers ignorant even on the 29th of the real state of things — The Duc de Raguse's advice to the Council; M. de Polignac's opinion—Mission of M. d'Argout and M. de Sémonville to St. Cloud — The disposition in which they found the King — The Ordonnances recalled by the advice of the Ministry— New Administration formed with General Gérard and M. de Mortemart, and M. Périer — Charles X. would not sign any order but that which named M. de Mortemart 'Président du Conseil'—Fatal effects of delay— The fortunes of Charles X. and General Lafayette once more in opposition.

On the 26th the Journals had agreed to the protestation I have spoken of, and many electors, assembled at the bureau of the 'National,' had determined to refuse the payment of taxes. A meeting of liberal deputies had also taken place at M. de Laborde's. At this meeting opinions were divided. Monsieur de Laborde himself, M. Villemain, M. Daunou, contended that a violation of the Charta had released the people from their obligations, that such an opinion should be loudly pronounced by the Deputies at Paris, and that the force which the crown arrayed against the nation should be met by such force as the national representatives

could bring against the crown! Monsieur Périer was for more moderate councils:—he considered the Chamber legally dissolved; the Ordonnances themselves he looked upon as unwise and imprudent edicts, though justified by the letter of the Charta. "Even," said he, "if they be not so, the power to decide between the sovereign and the people cannot be assumed by any set of individuals."

"Let us," he continued, "as the guardians of the public peace, confine ourselves to presenting a respectful address to the monarch, requesting the repeal of measures by which that peace seems likely to be disturbed."

M. C. Périer* spoke reasonably. A resistance improvised against a government which has had the means of preparing for its defence—is in most cases a hazardous expedient. An unsuccessful recourse to arms is more fatal to the popular cause than the most passive submission; and it is only in *very* rare and *very* extreme cases that a sound policy will justify the more violent instead of the more moderate course; which, if it promise less than the former, also risks less.

Moreover, it is idle to disguise the fact. The right assumed by Charles the Tenth would, if left to the calm decision of lawyers, have

* Called in public life, M. Périer, M. C. Périer, indiscriminately.

involved a doubtful claim. But there are cases which lawyers can never be called upon calmly to decide. If we can fancy a people with eyes bent on the ground, and arms folded, lost in the most peaceable and profound meditation, coming to an eminent jurisconsult, and requesting mildly to know whether they have a *right* to resist their government, whatever might be their *right*, it would be their *wisdom* and their *policy* not to do so. But when a whole people feel at once, as by inspiration—feel without pause, or without reflection—that their government *is* changed—that their liberties *are* violated, that their laws are broken through—they do not err, they cannot err, if all the lawyers in the universe, consulting all the laws that ever were written, declared the contrary—they have a right to resist, nay, more—they are certain to resist with success.

Monsieur Périer, and those who adopted M. Périer's opinions, spoke and thought then like reasonable men; but in all great crises, that part of our minds which is the most passionate and imaginative rises above our ordinary reason. It has a more powerful and comprehensive judgment; a clearer and more sympathetic prescience. In great emergencies, your man of feeling is right, your man of calculation

is wrong. A few passionate words of Mirabeau judged and decided the revolution of 1789.—

The meeting at M. Laborde's was without result. On the 27th a similar meeting took place at M. Périer's. Here Messrs. Mauguin, Bertin de Vaux, De Puyraveau, were of the opinion expressed the day before by M. de Laborde; Messrs. Sébastiani and M. Dupin adopted the previous opinion of M. Périer.* After some debate on the propriety of a letter to Charles the Tenth, this meeting ended like the former, with an appointment for the morrow.

On the 28th, M. de Puyraveau, M. Mauguin,

*An assemblage of electors at M. G. Gassicourt's produced more important results. It was there agreed to form twelve committees to correspond with the twelve arrondissements of Paris; twelve committees sitting permanently, and organizing and exciting resistance in their several districts.

These boards were to have a common centre, and communicate through M. Schonen with the liberal deputies.

Such was the existing difference of opinion, even at this time, in respect to active resistance, that M. Périer said to M. Schonen, who was exciting the people—*Vous nous rendez en sortant de la legalité — vous nous faites quitter une position superbe.* On the same evening, M. Odillon Barrot said that war was declared, that force alone could decide the contest, and that it was the duty of every one to take arms.

M. Lafitte, and General Lafayette (who had then arrived), pronounced all reconciliation impossible, and were for inviting the Chamber to place itself behind the barricades of the people. Messrs. Dupin, Sébastiani, and Guizot, still protested against any act contrary to the law, and declared that the Chamber should remain as a mediator in the conflict, and pronounce itself merely the advocate of public order. A proclamation, much in this sense, containing a compromise between the two parties, although opposed by M. Lafitte as beneath the exigencies of the occasion, was at last agreed to: it was moreover resolved to send a deputation to the Duc de Raguse with an order, delivered in the name of the law, to stay, on his personal responsibility, the fury of the troops. This first meeting on the 28th separated at two o'clock, to meet at four.*

Its result had been the proclamation,† which however was not to be published till the following day, the deputation to the Duc de Raguse, and a declaration from General Lafayette, ex-

* To meet at M. Bérard's.

† This proclamation, given to M. Coste, the editor of the 'Temps,' for insertion, was rendered by him more popular and more energetic than it was originally conceived.

pressing, as I have stated, the resolution he had adopted on his arrival at Paris, to place himself at all hazards at the head of the insurrection.

In the short interval which took place between the first and the second meeting of the deputies, the prospects of the people had appeared rather on the decline. Neither was the answer of Marmont, 'that he would only accept unqualified submission as a basis of treaty,' well calculated to restore the courage of any whose spirit had begun to fail.

Messrs. Villemain, Bertin de Vaux, and Sébastiani, although the two former had been hitherto sufficiently energetic, now refused to sign the proclamation of the morning, and retired in spite of the remonstrances of their colleagues. More favourable advices, however, arrived before the meeting had broken up, and M. Guizot, who, though willing to make an easy compromise with the crown at a more fortunate moment, showed both courage and presence of mind at this important crisis, proposed at once to affix to the proclamation the names of all the deputies of the liberal party known to be at Paris. This measure, after some dispute, was adopted at the suggestion of M. Lafitte, who rather happily observed,

"That if the people were defeated there was

no fear but that the deputies, whose signatures had been used without their consent, would deny their connexion with the paper it was affixed to; while if things turned out otherwise, few would notice their absence or express any disapprobation at the liberty taken with their names."* Another meeting took place at eight o'clock, at M. Puyraveau's, when Lafayette, Mauguin, Laborde, were still for adopting a decided part—for even publicly appearing in their uniform of deputies, and with the tricolor in their hats; while General Sébastiani, on the other hand, was still anxious that some power should remain capable of mediation, and not committed by any decided act of hostility against Charles X. Those who were of the former opinion agreed to meet at five o'clock the following morning at M. Lafitte's.

On the 29th at eleven o'clock, and not at five, the meeting took place; and instead of ten Deputies who had met the night before at M. de Puyraveau's, between thirty and forty were collected. The disposition that prevailed, even among the more moderate, was different from that of the preceding day.†

* Monsieur Dupin's name was omitted, on knowing which he expressed great regret.

† This was natural: a great change had taken place

At this time it will be remembered that the Swiss and Royal Guards still fighting, fought retreatingly: and, driven successively from each post they had occupied, were concentrating themselves for a last stand upon the Tuileries, and the Place Louis XV. But it was not merely the retreat of the troops which inspired that extraordinary confidence which begets extraordinary success, into the popular cause. To M. Bérard, I believe, was owing the bold and ingenious conception of a fictitious government, consisting of Generals Gérard and Lafayette and the Duc de Choiseul. No such government existed: but it was cleverly and plausibly announced to exist, and a sentinel placed at the Hotel de Ville repulsed every one who requested an audience with this imaginary authority, by saying "On ne passe pas; le Gouvernement est en conference." The mere mention of a Government operated as a charm: and decided the last remaining doubts as to the

in passing events; nor are such vicissitudes of feeling in moments like these to be held up to ridicule and blame. That which is caution at one time becomes timidity at another, and though in such crises men of an energetic resolution are required, it is not amiss that some should show a more peaceful and careful disposition. We sympathise with the more daring; it is not necessary to censure the more prudent.

success of the people. Such was the state of things on the morning of the 29th, when, as I have said, the Deputies met at M. Lafitte's—and it was then that a commission, consisting of five Deputies, (Lafitte, Schonen, Puyraveau, Lobau, and C. Périer,)* replaced the fictitious creation of M. Bérard.

I have now conducted the civil transactions of the three days to the point at which I left the military operations. It only remains for me to relate what had been taking place during these events in the cabinet and at the court. On the morning of the 27th M. de Polignac first made known to the King the troubles which had taken place the preceding evening, and Charles X. sent for the Duc de Raguse and entrusted him with the command so fatal to his reputation and his fortunes. On arriving at Paris, the Marshal found the most utter want of preparation for that kind of resistance which the Government ought to have expected. The troops were not even consigned to their quarters, and it was necessary to wait the muster hour in order to assemble them together. Things, as we have seen, not proceeding so quietly as was expected, the council, assembled at night, decided on proclaiming Paris

* Mauguin was afterwards added.

"*en état de siége*," which was done the following morning. In the mean time Charles X., who had ordered the Duc de Raguse to return in the evening to St. Cloud if the city were quiet, remained in the most perfect state of tranquillity, notwithstanding his absence. "*Il n'y a rien*," he said to an officer about his person; "*je l'avais autorisé à revenir, mais il a bien fait de rester.*"

The 28th was the critical day. The court on this day might have made its peace with dignity, for there was a moment, as I have shown, when the troops were deemed to have been successful, and this was the moment when the Duc de Raguse, demanding concession from the Deputies, urged it most strongly to the King. The same fatality, however, which induced Charles I. to reject the moderate advice of Clarendon, presided at St. Cloud.* Monsieur de Komierowski, sent by the Duke with his despatch, was honoured by no written reply, and merely told to charge the Marshal *de tenir bon, de réunir ses forces sur le Carrousel et à la*

* If Monsieur Lafitte and General Gérard proposed peace, it was from insolence and they were strong, or from fear and they were weak, and the presumption and he timidity of rebels were equally to be despised.

Place Louis XV. et d'agir avec des masses. Everybody about the palace was in the most serene quietude. In the morning—mass, the usual ceremonies and receptions;—in the evening—the rubber at whist: less anxiety was expressed for the destinies of the nation than for the turn of a card.

In vain a deputation waited on Monsieur de Polignac: he thought he showed firmness when he displayed imbecility; and when told that the troops were going over to the people, merely observed, that "it would then be necessary to fire upon the troops!" Horses and soldiers were unprovided with food, but that was a matter of little importance; by such trifles as these the peace of the King and the security of his minister were not to be disturbed. During the night, however, it was decided to give a month and a half's pay to the regiments at Paris, and an order was sent to the Camps of Lunéville and St. Omer to advance upon St. Cloud. Even on the 29th the ministers blockaded in the Tuileries were still in a state of the most complete ignorance as to the real nature of the insurrection.

They mistook that for a plot which was the result of inspiration. "Ce sont les fédérés qui

ont conservé leur ancienne organisation," said Monsieur de Peyronnet. He was soon undeceived. The Duc de Raguse himself assembled the council, and advised, as the last resource, a treaty with the people on the basis of a repeal of the Ordonnances. The ministers had no power for this. "Come and obtain it from the King," said Monsieur de Peyronnet. "Nothing can be better for the royal cause than the present aspect of affairs," said the infatuated Prince de Polignac. At this moment arrived Monsieur d'Argout and Monsieur de Sémonville, who were also come to urge the ministers to adopt a speedy and conciliatory decision. Quarrelling* with Monsieur de Polignac, they set out for St. Cloud, where the Marshal himself, after the complete discomfiture of his troops, shortly afterwards arrived.

In what disposition did they find the King? Already, before the appearance of Monsieur de Sémonville, the Duc de Mortemart had made two fruitless attempts to persuade him to recall the Ordonnances. "*Bah! bah! ce n'est rien*,"

* Monsieur de Sémonville and M. de Polignac felt for each other the contempt which a man of the world feels for an enthusiast, and which an enthusiast returns for a man of the world.

said Charles X. "*ne vous inquiétez pas.*" "Je ne veux pas monter en charette comme mon frère,"* was his reply to any argument urging concession.†

At the advice of his ministers themselves, however, he was at length induced to relent; the Ordonnances were to be recalled, M. de Mortemart named President du Conseil, and M. C. Périer and General Gérard included in the new administration. But the only order to which Charles X. could be prevailed upon to affix his signature immediately, was that relating to M. de Mortemart. The others, the orders which revoked the Ordonnances, named C. Périer and General Gérard, and convoked the Chambers for the 3rd of August—these, with that fatal weakness which induces us to withhold to the last moment what we are yet determined to grant—these he could not be prevailed upon to sign that night, and twenty-four

* Nobody so obstinate as a weak man when he once has an opinion. The idea which governed the life of Charles X. was that his brother had fallen from a want of firmness.

† The situation of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, at that time travelling in the provinces, and very possibly exposed to popular violence, was the sole circumstance that seemed to affect him.

hours went by while the proverb that "every minute is an hour," was being literally fulfilled; —and now,—

The wheel of fortune which had been so rapidly turning since 1789, seemed to be again pausing at the very place where it had been forty-one years before, and there was—the Comte d'Artois crushed beneath it, and at the topmost pinnacle of its curve—General Lafayette.

REVOLUTION OF 1830.

III.

General Lafayette's march to the Hôtel de Ville — M. Lafitte gives M. F. Janson a passport for the Duc de Mortemart, who does not come on the evening of the 29th as was expected—Consequences—The evening of the 29th.—30th, two proclamations to the people and the army—M. de Mortemart now arrives—fate of his mission—Agitation of the people—Necessity of prompt decision—Mission to Neuilly—received by the Duc d'Orléans—State of things on the night of the 30th.—31st, the D. d'Orléans accepts the lieutenancy of the kingdom—Visits the Hôtel de Ville—Feelings of the people — Is received by Lafayette — Conversations that then took place — 1st of August a day of Jubilee—2nd of August, abdication of Charles X. and the Dauphin—3rd, Chambers met—4th, the Chamber of Peers, which had hitherto kept aloof, nominated a Commission to reply to the speech of the Lieutenant General — 7th, the Duc d'Orléans invited by the two Chambers to accept the Crown — His answer — 9th, Louis Philippe proclaimed King of the French—What had taken place to Charles X. between 30th of July and 16th of August, when this unfortunate prince embarked from Cherbourg.

"VIVE Lafayette! vive Lafayette!"—this was the cry in every street, as down from every

window, as down from every balustrade whence the ball and the broken bottle and the massive pavement lately rushed, now dropped gentle flowers on the venerable head of the friend of Washington,—of the old General of the National Guard;*—and wafted on every breeze flew the national cockade, the old and famous tricoloured ribbon;—and lo! the very hero of popular parade, the revolutionary veteran, bowing, smiling, embracing;—and lo! the immense masses, shouting, laughing, waving their hats, firing their arms!—To the Hôtel de Ville marched the long procession.

In the mean time, M. Lafitte was informed of the resolution taken at St. Cloud, and gave M. de Forbin Janson, a passport for his brother-in-law the Duc de Mortemart. It was arranged that the Duc should be at M. Lafitte's house some time that evening: unable to obtain the new Ordonnances from the King, and refused a passport from the Dauphin, M. de Mortemart disappointed the Deputies, who expected him, and this event was perhaps the most important one of the three days.†

* "Laissez, laissez," said the old General to some one wishing to conduct his steps; "laissez, laissez; Je connais tout cela mieux que vous."

† Though many were confident as to the ultimate

It was on this night, after waiting for the Duc de Mortemart in vain, that M. Lafitte, left alone with Messrs. Thiers and Mignet, took the first of those measures which led to the election of the present monarch. Then it was resolved that the elder branch of the Bourbons should be given up to those who were fearful for the freedom, and the younger branch adopted as a guarantee to those who were fearful for the tranquillity of the country; and then were framed the handbills, placards and proclamations which appearing in every corner of Paris the following morning directed and fixed the public opinion.

The morning of the 30th began with two

success of the continued struggle, no one believed it over at this time. Troops, it was conceived, would march upon the capital in all directions. Paris might be invested, its brave but volatile population was not to be depended upon. The lesson which royalty had received was rude. The repéal of the Ordonnances, and the nomination of a popular administration was as great a triumph as it seemed possible to achieve without running all the perils, all the hazards, and all the horrors of civil war. A republic was dreaded; the Duc d'Orléans had not then come forward; young Napoleon was at Vienna. It is impossible to say if the Duc de Mortemart had appeared at M. Lafitte's the night of the 29th, whether Charles X. might not still have been at the Tuileries.

proclamations, the one from the provisional government announcing the deliverance of Paris to the people, the other from General Gérard, offering an amnesty to the army; at this moment the Duc de Mortemart arrived from St. Cloud, with the Ordonnances that he should have had the preceding evening. A slowness fatal to the old monarchy still attended him.* M. de Sussy, whom he charged with these ordonnances, was not at the Chamber so soon as he was expected. The Deputies, when he reached it, had already invited the present King to Paris —M. Thiers, who said "*Les plus prompts aujourdhui seront les plus habiles*," had already been to Neuilly, and succeeded in obtaining from Mademoiselle Adélaide the promise that she, at all events, (the Duc d'Orleans was not to be found,) would appear, if necessary, on her brother's behalf—when M. de Sussy arrived, then, the die was cast; and the Chamber refused to acknowledge the sovereign on whose behalf he appeared. Lafayette and

* Monsieur de Mortemart, fatigued by his walk (he had come a roundabout way from St. Cloud) disappointed in finding M. Lafitte at his own house, unable owing to the barricades to proceed otherwise than on foot, was prevailed upon to charge M. de Sussy with the Ordonnances repealing those of the 25th, and M. de Sussy proceeded with them to the Chamber.

the provisional government treated his mission with still greater disrespect; and such was the feeling at the Hôtel de Ville, that M. de Puyraveau, who read the papers that M. de Sussy presented, said in answer "That the French were determined not to have another royal master, and that a republic was better than the government called a constitutional one."

Agitated by different rumours—hearing of embassies from St. Cloud, meetings at M. Lafitte's, and at the Chamber, conferences at the Hôtel de Ville—the people, always suspicious, began to murmur—to mutter together in small groups — to speak of treason, of vengeance. An event was only wanting to awaken into a more terrible force those popular elements of trouble which it was so necessary to lull speedily to repose.* Celerity was every thing, inaction

* It was attempted to quiet them by a proclamation; and a proclamation now appeared, in which the Parisians were called demi-gods and heroes; "Vive la France, vive le peuple de Paris, vive la liberté," said the provisional government, and the people were less dissatisfied than before. In this proclamation Charles X. was, for the first time, declared to have lost his throne; and M. Périer refused to sign it, because it contained, as he conceived, an act of authority beyond the power with which the provisional, or municipal government were endowed.

was the utmost danger; not a moment was to be lost; the Chamber sent a deputation to Neuilly with the offer of the 'Lieutenance Générale.' It was at night, at the gate of his park,* by the pale and flickering light of a torch, that the Duc d'Orléans read the communication so important to his family and to France. He saw the crisis—he saw that the time, long perchance looked forward to, was arrived; he lost not an instant: he set off immediately, and on foot, to Paris. Nor were his partisans idle. On all the walls you might have read:—"Charles ne se croit pas vaincu." "Le Duc de Chartres marche au secours de Paris avec son régiment." "La république nous brouillerait avec l'Europe!" "Le Duc d'Orléans était à Jemmapes. "Le Duc d'Orléans est un roi citoyen," &c.

Such was the state of things at Paris; agitation with the people, indecision with the republicans, neither courage, energy, nor good fortune with the royalists; and amidst all surrounding doubts, difficulties, and fears, to the empty throne the faction Orléans wound itself ably and rapidly along. The advice of Marshal Marmont to the King at St. Cloud was, "Take your troops to the Loire; they will there be beyond the

* He had returned to Neuilly.

reach of disaffection; summon the chambers and the 'corps diplomatique' to your place of residence; take these measures immediately; your throne is yet secure!" The King hesitated —the troops deserted. The few moments that should have been spent in adopting some energetic line of conduct, were wasted in a violent dispute between the Dauphin and the Duc de Raguse.* There was no hope where there was no union, no conduct, no courage.

We are arrived at the 31st.

The succeeding events of the revolution are rapid in their succession. At twelve o'clock, the Duc d'Orléans, with some affected coyness, accepts the 'Lieutenance Générale.' The chamber assembled at one, receives his Royal Highness's answer, and publishes a declaration of its proceedings.† Almost immediately after this,

* The Duc de Raguse published an order of the day to the troops, which, by inadvertence, he had not shown to the Duc d'Angoulême. This order, moreover, was contrary to the Dauphin's opinions. He was furious, rushed upon the Duc de Raguse, and even wounded himself in wresting his sword from the Marshal's side. Charles X. succeeded in procuring mutual apologies; but such a quarrel at such a moment inspired mistrust among all parties, and filled up the fatality of the unfortunate King's fortunes.

† "La France est libre: le pouvoir absolu levait son

the new Lieutenant-General, on horseback, with no guards, escorted by the Deputies, visited the Hôtel de Ville. The crowds who lined his

drapeau : l'héroïque population de Paris l'a abattu. Paris attaqué a fait triompher par les armes la cause sacrée qui venait de triompher en vain dans les élections. Un pouvoir usurpateur de nos droits, perturbateur de notre repos, menaçait à-la-fois la liberté et l'ordre : nous rentrons en possession de l'ordre et de la liberté. Plus de crainte pour les droits acquis, plus de barrière entre nous et les droits qui nous manquent encore.

" Un gouvernement qui, sans délai, nous garantisse ces biens, est aujourd'hui le premier besoin de la patrie. Français, ceux de vos Députés qui se trouvent déjà à Paris se sont réunis, et, en attendant l'intervention régulière des Chambres, ils ont invité un Français qui n'a jamais combattu que pour la France, M. le Duc d'Orléans, à exercer les fonctions de Lieutenant-Général du royaume. C'est à leurs yeux le plus sûr moyen d'accomplir promptement par la paix le succès de la plus légitime défense.

" Le Duc d'Orléans est devoué à la cause nationale et constitutionnelle. Il en a toujours défendu les intérêts et professé les principes. Il respectera nos droits, car il tiendra de nous les siens. Nous nous assurons par les lois toutes les garanties nécessaires pour rendre la liberté forte et durable :

" Le rétablissement de la garde nationale avec l'intervention des gardes nationaux dans le choix des officiers :

" L'intervention des citoyens dans la formation des administrations départementales et municipales :

passage were cold, doubtful, and, as it were embarrassed. They felt they had not been consulted—they did not know whether they had been deceived. All eyes were turned upon the Hôtel de Ville—great was its power at that moment, and solemn was the pause when Lafayette—the picture of that venerable man, the arbiter of the troubled hour, whom Virgil has so beautifully described—his aged head crowned with the character of seventy years—appeared on the same balcony where he had been so conspicuous nearly half a century before, waving in one hand the flag of the old republic, and presenting in the other the candidate for the new monarchy. Then, and not till

"Le jury pour les délits de la presse; la responsabilité légalement organisée des ministres et des agens secondaires de l'administration;

"L'état des militaires légalement assuré;

"La réélection des Députés promus à des fonctions publiques:

"Nous donnerons enfin à nos institutions, de concert avec le chef de l'état, les développemens dont elles ont besoin.

"Français, le Duc d'Orléans lui-même a déjà parlé, et son langage est celui qui convient à un pays libre: 'Les Chambres vont se réunir,' nous dit-il; 'elles aviseront aux moyens d'assurer le règne des lois et le maintien des droits de la nation.'

"La charte sera désormais une vérité."

then, burst out the loud, hearty, and long-resounding shouts of a joyous and trusting people; then, and not till then, the nation that had been fighting for its liberties, and the party that had been plotting for their Prince, understood one another, and felt that their common object was to be found in their common union. It is useless to dwell on the conversations which are stated to have taken place on this day, and which have been so frequently recounted and disputed. Their wording is of little import; their spirit could not be very different from the proclamation published at the same period, and which said nearly all that the wildest demagogues could desire. But who wants to know that in a moment of popular triumph the parties investing themselves with power must have made popular professions?*

* Conversation of M. Lafayette and Louis Philippe.—"Vous savez, lui dis-je, que je suis républicain, et que je regarde la constitution des Etats-Unis comme la plus parfaite qui ait jamais existé."—"Je pense comme vous, répondit le Duc d'Orleans; il est impossible d'avoir passé deux ans en Amérique, et de n'être pas de cet avis; mais croyez-vous, dans la situation de la France, et d'après l'opinion générale, qu'il nous convienne de l'adopter?"—"Non, lui dis-je; ce qu'il faut aujourd'hui au peuple Français, c'est un trône populaire entouré d'institutions *républicaines*, tout-à-fait républi-

The Provisional Government was now superseded by the Lieutenant-General. We are come to the 1st of August; it was a Sunday. The

caines."—"C'est bien ainsi que je l'entends," repartit le Prince.

PROCLAMATION OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE.—"La réunion des Députés actuellement à Paris vient de communiquer au Général en chef la résolution qui, dans l'urgence des circonstances, a nommé M. le Duc d'Orléans Lieutenant-Général du royaume. Dans trois jours la Chambre sera en séance régulière, conformément au mandat de ses commettants, pour s'occuper de ses devoirs patriotiques, rendus plus importants et plus étendus encore par le glorieux évènement qui vient de faire rentrer le peuple Français dans la plénitude de ses imprescriptibles droits. Honneur à la population Parisienne!

"C'est alors que les repésentans des collége électoraux, honorés de l'assentiment de la France entière, sauront assurer à la patrie, préalablement aux considérations et aux formes secondaires de gouvernement, toutes les garanties de liberté, d'égalité et d'ordre public, que réclament la nature souveraine de nos droits, et la ferme volonté du peuple Français.

"Déjà sous le gouvernement d'origine et d'influences étrangères qui vient de cesser, grâce à l'héroïque, rapide et populaire effort d'une juste resistance à l'aggression contre-révolutionnaire, il était reconnu que, dans la session actuelle, les demandes du rétablissement d'administrations électives, communales et départementales, la formation des gardes nationales de France sur les

weather was beautiful; the streets were crowded with that idle populace so peculiarly Parisian —the churches open, the quais thronged, and the people dancing—and everywhere you saw the national colours—everywhere you heard the notes of the too famous "*ça ira*" swelling the soft breezes of a luxurious summer evening—and all Paris seemed one large family.

"Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher which they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
And long inveterate foes saluted as they past."

DRYDEN'S *Threnod. Aug.*

The 1st of August was a day of rest, a day of Jubilee. On the 2nd of August came the abdication of Charles the Tenth and of the Dau-

bases de la loi de 91, l'extension de l'application au jury, les questions relatives à la loi électorale, la liberté de l'enseignement, la responsabilité, devaient être des objets de discussion législative, préalables à tout vote de subsides; à combien plus forte raison ces garanties et *toutes celles que la liberté et l'égalité peuvent réclamer* doivent-elles précéder la concession des pouvoirs définitifs que la France jugerait à propos de conférer! En attendant, elle sait que le Lieutenant-Général du royaume, appelé par la Chambre, fut un des jeunes patriotes de 89, un des premiers généraux qui firent triompher le drapeau tricolore. Liberté, égalité et ordre public, fut toujours ma devise, je lui serai fidéle."

phin. On the 3rd the Chambers met, and the Lieutenant-General opened them with a speech. On the 4th the Chamber of Deputies verified the powers of its members, and the Chamber of Peers, which had hitherto kept aloof, nominated a commission to reply to the opening speech of the Lieutenant-General. On the 6th, M. C. Périer was named President of the Lower Chamber, and a commission was appointed to consider M. Bérard's proposition for a modification of the Charta. On the 7th the Duc d'Orléans was invited by the two Chambers to assume the crown upon such conditions as the alterations in the Charta, that had been agreed to, then prescribed.

"I receive with profound emotion the offer which you present to me. I regard it as the expression of the national will, and it seems to me conformable to the political principles which I have expressed all my life. Still, filled with those recollections which have always made me shrink from the idea of ascending a throne,—free from ambition, and accustomed to the peaceful life which I have passed in my family—I cannot conceal from you the sentiments which agitate me at this great conjuncture. But there is one sentiment predominating over every other —it is the love of my country. I feel what that

sentiment prescribes, and I shall fulfil its commands."

This was the Prince's answer; and on the 9th, amidst peals of cannon, and the loud chaunt of the 'Marseillaise,' the French people accepted Louis Philippe as King of the French, while the Bey of Titeri was vowing allegiance to Charles the Tenth, "the great and the victorious."

On the 16th of August this unfortunate monarch embarked at Cherbourg. On the 30th of July he had left St. Cloud; for a day he halted at Versailles. He halted there amidst the recollections of bygone times; every tree had a story linked with far distant days; and melancholy must it have been to have seen him as he looked fondly over those stately avenues—as he lingered (and long, his attendants say, he did linger) upon the steps of that royal palace, which he had known so early, and which he will never see again. When he arrived at Rambouillet it was night. The moon threw a ghastly light on the antique tower, and into the dim court-yard of the old chateau, as bent with fatigue, and worn by agitation, the old King descended amidst the scanty crowd, collected, less from affection than curiosity. Here he determined to abide. The great body of

the troops were bivouacked in the woods and park, and in spite of many desertions, a large force was still devotedly attached to the royal family.

There is something mysterious in the transactions of this period. In a letter, published by the Dauphin, (1st of August,) an arrangement is spoken of as being *then entered* into with the *Government* at Paris. Almost immediately after was announced the abdication of the King and the Dauphin in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux. This certainly seems to have been the arrangement previously alluded to. Whether the Lieutenant-General, or the Government at Paris, had held out any expectations, which they never had the wish, or which, if they had the wish, they had not the power to realize, must long remain a mystery, because, if any communications did pass, it is improbable that they should have been of that direct nature which leaves the matter capable of a positive decision. But certain it is, that up to the time that the Duke of Orleans accepted the throne, Charles the Tenth believed that it would be given to his grandson. Even the Commissioners* did not combat this belief. M. Odillon

* M. Schonen, M. Odillon Barrot, Marshal Maison, sent by the Government.

Barrot said—" Votre majesté sentira que le sang versé pour le Duc de Bordeaux, servira mal sa cause—il ne faut pas que son nom, qui n'a pas été encore compromis dans nos débats civils, se mêle un jour à des souvenirs de sang."

Why this language, from a man so sincere as M. Odillon Barrot, if the Duc de Bordeaux was at that time out of the question?

This was on the 3rd; already on the 2nd the Commissioners had attempted to obtain an interview with the King for the purpose of inducing him to withdraw from France, or at all events from the neighbourhood of Paris. They passed through the camp; Charles the Tenth refused to see them. They returned to Paris, and their return was the signal for one of the most singular expeditions by which a monarch was ever yet driven from his dominions. The drum beat in the streets—the still excited populace collected:—" Charles the Tenth is coming to Paris!"—" Charles the Tenth will not go away from Rambouillet;" all the women in accents of terror—all the little boys in accents of fury screeched out the name of " Charles the Tenth,"—" to Rambouillet!—to Rambouillet! —after Charles the Tenth to Rambouillet!" was the cry—as on a no less memorable occasion

it had once been—"*to Versailles!*"—And to Rambouillet, in carolines, and hackney coaches, in carts, in cabriolets, running, riding, driving, without plan as without preparation, rushed the population of Paris. The Commissioners preceded this incongruous cohort, and to-day they succeeded in obtaining an interview with the King.

Charles the Tenth, even as a young man, wanted personal courage. He had been accused of this weakness in the court of Louis XVI. Years had not invigorated his spirit. His nerves were shaken, and his mind unstrung by the quick succession of adventures and calamities that had so rapidly followed one another during the last few days. He received the deputation in a state of great agitation.

"*Qu'est ce qu'ils veulent? me tuer!*" was his address to Marshal Maison.

He then asked advice of the Duc de Raguse. What can you say to a man who at the head of a gallant army asks, what he should do?

There were that day at Rambouillet twelve thousand infantry, three thousand five hundred cavalry, and forty pieces of cannon. The Royal Guards were on foot, at the head of their horses, one hand on their pistols, one foot

ready to put into their stirrups! A prince of courage, wisdom, and resolution, might still have extricated himself from the difficulties surrounding Charles X.; but in these difficulties such a prince would never have been involved. Alarmed by an exaggeration of the numbers of the approaching multitude; fatigued with the toil of thinking and planning, which he had already undergone; and incapable of a new mental effort to meet the new crisis; flattering himself that the Duc de Bordeaux would still, as the best political combination, be named to the throne; conscious that blood spilled even in victory, might endanger the peaceful establishment of this prince, in whose favour he had himself already abdicated; swayed in some degree, doubtless, by these considerations, but urged more especially by his fears and his irresolutions, Charles threw away the *sword*, where others might have thrown away the *scabbard*, and resigned himself quietly to the destiny which doomed his exile. The soldiers of the hackney coaches returned to Paris, and the *late* King of France set out for Maintenon, where, reserving a military escort, he bade adieu to the rest of his army.

His journey was now made slowly, and under the delusion that all France would yet rise in his favour. Betrayed, and left by many of his courtiers, his hopes remained by him to the last; and perhaps still remain—alone faithful in sorrow and in exile.

REVIEW OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1830.

IV.

The two parties among the Royalists and the Liberals —The wishes and ideas of each—Young Napoleon and a Republic, or Henry V. and the Monarchy the two best combinations — Reasons why not adopted — Having formed the existing Government, it is wise to maintain it—Astonishment to the hostility shown by those who put the present King on the throne to the natural consequences of his accession — What Louis Philippe's system must be — title adopted by him. — Triumph over the more moderate party — Constitutional changes caused by the revolution.

To any one who has followed the events of this revolution, there will seem to have been on the side of the people, as on the side of the King, two factions. The Royalists were divided into the friends of the ordonnances and the ministry, and the friends of the monarchy without the ordonnances.

The liberal deputies also were divided.

There were those who, without any personal affection for the reigning family, wished for the old form of government, popularly administered (M. Guizot and M. Sébastiani). There were those (MM. Lafitte, de Laborde, Mauguin) * who wished for a new dynasty and new institutions. M. C. Périer seems to have been between the two parties, and General Lafayette to have gone beyond them both. To M. Guizot, and those who thought like M. Guizot, Henry V. ought to have been more acceptable than the Duc d'Orléans — by M. Lafitte the Duc d'Orléans, even if not personally recommended, would have been preferred to Henry V. — To M. C. Périer the claims of the one, whom circumstances most favoured, were likely to appear the best — To General Lafayette the American republic was the dream of a long life.

In the nation, if it could have been polled, the liberal nobility would probably have been for Henry V.; the bourgeoisie for the Duc d'Orléans; the old army for young Napoléon; the masses for a republic. If the Duc d'Orléans was selected, it was because, while his accession promised the least to any particular

* It is these two parties that have formed the Government and the Opposition of Louis Philippe's reign.

party, it promised something to all, and was least likely to offend any one party. "The multitudes would have been passionately opposed," say many, "to the legitimate line of the family they had been fighting against." The army would have despised, and the bourgeoisie dreaded the red cap, which had presided over the confiscations and proscriptions of the Comité de Salut Public. M. Guizot and his friends accepted the Duc d'Orléans as a Bourbon; M. Lafitte and M. Mauguin, as a member of the Opposition during the time of the Bourbons; General Lafayette, as the soldier of Jemmapes, as the aide-de-camp of Dumourier. Besides, Louis Philippe was the first person proposed, when everybody was uncertain. "Take the Duke of Orleans for your King," said M. Lafitte. "Liberty will be satisfied with the sacrifice of legitimacy! Order will thank you for saving it from Robespierre! England, in your revolution, will recognize her own!"

All declared against Charles the Tenth. None spoke of young Napoléon; none of Henry V.—and yet, if circumstances had favoured, a government might perhaps have been formed under the sanction of either of these names, more popular and more strong

than the one which was adopted. The Legitimate Monarchy and Henry V.; the Republic and young Napoleon; these (I venture the opinion as an historical speculation) would have been the two great and most reasonable alternatives.

For the legitimate monarchy there was, the past; for a republic, the future. The claims of the one were in the tombs of St. Denys; it was sanctioned by time, and it promised repose. A desire for new things could alone justify the pretensions of the other; and its existence could only have been an existence of action, and glory, invasion, defence, conquest. As for a republic, with Lafayette it would have been the vision of an hour—for the title of a republic would have been a declaration of war; and, if war were to ensue, what name but that of "Napoleon" had a military prestige?

Nor had young Bonaparte without a republic any chance of success. The soldier of France would have rallied round his cause—the citizen of France would have shrunk from it. A name possessed by one, a boy in the Austrian capital, was not alone a sufficient basis for a government. If France were desirous of throwing herself at once into a new position—of braving Europe, and defying, the propagande

in hand, the legions of the Holy Alliance—the young Napoleon, first consul of a military republic, would, I say, have aroused and united all the energies demanded for this daring career. If, on the other hand, the revolution was a combat for what had been obtained by the charta, and not for a new system that was to succeed the Restoration; — if the internal policy of France was to be—conservation, the external policy—peace; if monarchy was to be preserved and royalty respected, it was better to keep a crown that nine centuries had hallowed, and to preserve to majesty its history and its decorations. Tranquillity and the past, with Henry the Fifth—agitation and the future, with young Napoleon—these, I repeat, were the two great and complete ideas between which the people, if they could then have reasoned with the cool philosophy with which we reason now, would have chosen after the combat of July. But in times of trouble and intrigue, it is not one great idea that strikes us with force; we bend beneath a thousand little circumstances and considerations. Besides, though I have conjecturally united the young Bonaparte with a republic — as the best combination—we must not forget that at the time of the Revolution those who thought of Napoleon, thought of the

Empire; those who thought of a republic, thought of Lafayette. The people, moreover, still saw in Henry V. the shadow of the old 'régime.' A long array of peers and pensions, of guards and tabourets, stood between him and them. They had been fighting to the cry of "à bas les Bourbons," and the blood was yet dripping from their clothes, which had been shed by the soldiers of legitimacy.

But might not a liberal regency have been named? Was not Louis Philippe himself a Bourbon? And is it not just possible that the same people who bound up the wounds of the Swiss, would have felt pity for the innocence of a child? Charles the Tenth at the head of his guards, the Duchesse de Berri with the Duc de Bordeaux in her arms, might at two different moments have changed the destinies of France. But the blood of the grand constable was frozen in the veins of his descendant; the heroine of La Vendée was guarded in her chamber; the religion of legitimacy passed away when he who wore the crown of Henry IV. had neither his heart nor his sword; and an army of omnibuses dispersed the heroes who had gathered round the oriflamme of St. Louis.

But whatever might have been best under possible circumstances, I am by no means sur-

prised at what took place under existing ones. Nay, more; whatever government it might have been advisable to form for France in 1830, as a liberal and rational Frenchman, I should be anxious, in 1834, to maintain the government that is;—liberty cannot exist without stability —it cannot exist under perpetual and violent changes; and there are some cases where it is wise for a people to preserve even many evils in order to acquire the habit so necessary for all social purposes, of preserving something. They, I say, who when everything was to form four years ago might wisely have been republicans or legitimists—cannot wisely be so now —when a government is constituted and can only be upset by a new and more terrible revolution, of which they could neither direct the course nor predict the consequences. Moreover, the government of Louis Philippe was, if not the strongest, perhaps the easiest and safest that could have been adopted; and I own that what most surprises me is, not that the French should have chosen the government, but that, now they have chosen it, they should be so hostile to their choice. They seem to have thought that because the present king would owe his situation to the popular voice, he would always concede to popular opinion. If this was

their theory, was it a wise one? Do not we know that every man is under the influence—not of the circumstances which placed him in a particular station—but of the circumstances resulting from the situation in which he is placed. Give a man rank and power, he will endeavour to preserve that rank and power; it matters not how he obtained it. If there be in his origin difficulties to overcome, it is to his origin that he will be perpetually opposed. The veriest schoolboy in politics and in history might see at once—that the life of a prince sprung from a popular convulsion, would be passed in struggling against popular concessions. Here he may do well to yield, there to resist—but to resist he will somewhere be obliged, to yield he will always be required. The nation will be unruly under him, and you must govern an unruly nation as, if you are a skilful rider, you will govern an unruly horse—you will not dare to lay the reins upon his neck, but as you pat his crest you will play with his bridle; if you give him his head, or if you pull at his mouth, it is neither force nor fear that will restrain him—he will run away with you.

The system of the present king of the French must be a system of repression, for the expectations which he excited are extravagant: but it

may be a system of granting much in order to obtain the power of refusing more: if he refuse everything, if he pull too hard—but—I am about to recur to my simile of the unruly horse.

It now only remains to me to say—that in the two questions which arose respecting the throne, first, whether it should be declared vacant on account of the absence of the family of Charles the Tenth; secondly, whether Louis Philippe should begin the new monarchy or take a title which would connect him with his predecessors—a negative was given to the more moderate party, and so far the commencement of another era was undoubtedly proclaimed. A reference to the charta as it was* and as it is, forms the best conclusion to this part of my work.

* See Appendix.

THE STATE OF PARTIES SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

Two parties during the Three Days — A third party — Natural consequences of their union — In order to understand the policy of the present Government, we must perpetually refer to the policy which presided over its creation — In creating the Government, the French should have considered that its course was prescribed for at least ten years — What the present King's Government was likely to do, what it was not likely to do — Its policy — The persons who can best maintain it on that policy — The Doctrinaires — Ministry of Lafitte, of M. Périer, of Duc de Broglie — Of Soult, of Gérard — M. Thiers — His character — He the best person to maintain the present Government — What are the difficulties in maintaining it? — Its necessary unpopularity — The dangers of that unpopularity — Its safety in its gaining time.

HAVING carried the political events of France down from the first to the second revolution, I would now take a brief view of the condition of the new monarchy, and of the state of the parties which have existed under it; reserving to myself the opportunity of returning to the subject, when, having made more familiar to

the reader the manners, the character, the influences, the institutions, and the men of this country, I may take a broader, a bolder, and a more satisfactory view of its future destiny.

It is evident from what I have already said, that the revolution from the first of the three days contained two parties — those who felt strongly, and those who reasoned calmly. The first joined it with the desire to overthrow a tyrannical government, the second with the hope to prevent present confusion. The first, while the conflict was still uncertain, was for declaring the ordonnances illegal, and placing themselves at the head of the people; while the second were for renouncing a resistance by force, and for treating with Charles X. So, after the treaty of Rambouillet, the one was, as I have said, for beginning the new race with a new title: the other, for connecting the monarch whom the people had chosen with the long line that had reigned by the divine grace of God.

The natural bent of these two parties would have led them to diverge even wider than they did. The enthusiasts for liberty would have taken the republic — the advocates of order would willingly have declared for Henry V. But there was a third party — the personal party of the Duc d'Orléans, which appealed to the sym-

pathies of the republicans — to the ideas of the legitimists. To the first it said, I fought with you in the days of July, and I propose to you the soldier of Jemmapes. To the second it said — the Duc d'Orléans is a Bourbon, and remember the revolution of 1788. In this manner the revolution which had been commenced and continued without a plan, was constituted and confirmed with one.

Its natural consequences were — vast concessions to popular opinion in the moment of passion. The triumph of the party in favour of order and tranquillity, when tranquillity and order were restored. And, lastly — since in order to overthrow the former government, the personal friends of the Duc d'Orléans had been obliged to side rather with those who were for destroying than with those who were conserving — they would, when the principles of the present reign became conservative, be obliged to separate, either from their party or their patron.

In order to have a proper idea of the present king's policy, it is necessary to be perpetually referring to the policy by which his election was dictated. Very few of the French understand their own revolution. They cry out against the "juste milieu." Their revolution, as I have said, was the "juste milieu." Louis

Philippe was the "juste milieu." If they had expected, through peaceable representations, the respect, the attention, the confidence of the despotic governments of Europe, they should not have taken Louis Philippe: if they had expected war with those governments, a reign of glory and action, they should not have taken Louis Philippe. If they had expected from the crown the continued perpetual concession of popular rights, they should not have taken Louis Philippe; for they should not have taken a man with the passions and the ambition of a man. If they had expected tranquillity in the South of France,—submission in La Vendée on the one hand—or an abhorrence to hereditary rights, and a detestation of the royal name of France, on the other,—they should not have taken Louis Philippe. Directly they chose their sovereign, they ought to have considered that they had traced, for ten years at least, the direction of their revolution. They had chosen the Duc d'Orléans to satisfy those who were against the family of Charles X. They had chosen a Bourbon, in order to reconcile the friends of legitimate succession; they had chosen a monarchy, in order to pacify those who were afraid of a republic; they had made that monarchy the commencement of a new era,

in order to satisfy the republicans; and more than all — they had chosen peace in the selection they had made, and evinced a dislike, if not a fear, of war;—and yet there is not one of the parties to whom Louis Philippe was a compromise, that has not alternately claimed the triumph of its own opinions.

Was Louis Philippe's government the one likely to allow the family at Holyrood to enter France? Was Louis Philippe's government the one to pull down from the public edifices the fleurs-de-lis? Was Louis Philippe's government the one likely to march hand in hand with the Americo-republican Lafayette? And was Louis Philippe's government the one best calculated to remonstrate effectually with the Emperor of Russia, or to march with the tricolour flying, in favour of the Poles? Was Louis Philippe's government the one which would command the ear of Prince Metternich—or Louis Philippe's the name that would speak to the Austrian veterans of Austerlitz and Marengo! No, Louis Philippe's government was a government of peace—of peace to be obtained by an unpretending posture abroad, by a sober, quiet position at home. It was the government of the '*juste milieu*,' as Louis Philippe himself was the 'juste milieu' between a variety

of thoughts and things. It was a government of the 'bourgeoisie,' in which we were neither to look for the chivalry of ancient France, nor the turbulent energy of the Republic, nor the military greatness of the Empire, nor the hereditary majesty of the Restoration.

It was a government of the 'bourgeoisie' in action as in ideas, of that order which is least susceptible to imaginative impressions — the most likely to be conducted by material interests — of that class which looks to the enjoyment of the ordinary rights and pursuits of life; and which occupies itself the least with the governmental theories and the state of Europe — of that class which, in the present state of civilization, forms the bulk of every nation, but rarely the force; given, too much, in every crisis, to cry, like the Italian Marquis when hoisted on the shoulders of the Carbonari and proclaimed chief of the Piedmontese revolution, "Faites ce que vous voulez, Messieurs; mais, ne me chiffonnez pas."

It was this feeling which created the first reluctance to fire upon the insurgents of June, and produced, after it was put down, the cry of "Vive l'état de siége!" It was this feeling which, on a late occasion, sanctioned the barbarities of the troops, and permitted an innocent

family to be butchered in cold blood, because somebody, in somebody's part of the building they inhabited, had disturbed the order so beloved by the bourgeois of Paris.

Such is the government of Louis Philippe—such, if he remain, must his government remain—a government of order and peace. If a foreign war break out, there is the chance of a military republic; if internal agitation long continue, there is a chance for the Bonapartes—there is even a chance of Henry the Fifth. The sovereign's policy is distinctly traced, nor can he govern by any other party than that which, possessing the ideas conformable to his origin, is alone compatible with his existence. They who exclaim against the policy which is the destiny of Louis Philippe's reign, exclaim against Louis Philippe himself.

Now who are the men by whom the inevitable policy of Louis Philippe can best be supported?

The principles of those who are placed at the head of a Government, more especially when that Government is a Government of principle, and has a peculiar line traced out for it, is no doubt an object of great importance; but neither must we forget that to individuals and to names there is also an importance which it is never wise wholly to despise or to neglect.

The cry of 'à bas lès Jésuites' was fatal to the ministry of Polignac. The cry of 'à bas les doctrinaires' was raised against the administration of the Duc de Broglie. "What do you mean by doctrinaires?" is the question that a foreigner is perpetually asking in France, and it is very rare indeed that he gets an answer from which much can be understood.

During the time of the 'Restoration' there was a small party in France, consisting chiefly of young men, affecting to consider the Duc de Broglie as their head, and conducting a paper called 'The Globe.' M. Guizot was their historian, M. Cousin their philosopher. This party was a party of system, which, laying down certain ideas as the general basis of all good government, admitted few exceptions to its peculiar plan, and, allowing little for time and circumstances, measured by a fixed rule the goodness or badness of all that was meditated or proposed. It was not a school that answered to that of our utilitarians, since it supported the *intrinsic* merit or demerit of actions, and defended virtues, altogether independent of utility. Its metaphysics were German, its politics English. It combated the Government of the time by appeals to the reason—and never by appeals to the passions—and from the kind of *doctoral* tone in which it lectured the public, obtained

the name, at that time popular, of "Doctrinaires."

The great misfortune of this party was, to have accepted power directly after the days of July, when the minds of men were in that state of agitation, which made it necessary to govern them rather through their passions and their imagination than through their judgment —when there was something more than absurd in speaking with book-learned pedantry of a liberty which had been conquered in a moment of drunken enthusiasm — and measuring out the refinements of legislation to a mob who had conquered with the barricade and the bayonet. The name which had been given as one of respect became then a by-word of ridicule and reproach; and for having at an unfavourable moment wished to govern the nation by its reason, the Doctrinaires lost all their hold upon its sympathies.

The cabinet of M. Lafitte failed through want of administrative skill; and the nation, placed between a bankruptcy and a change of ministers, cheerfully accepted his resignation. The administration of M. C. Périer, unwise and impolitic in many respects, was the administration which, more than any other, represented the destiny and the genius of the existing government; and this was so generally felt

and acknowledged, that the overthrow of the minister and the overthrow of the monarch were considered almost synonymous. The system was a weak one, but it was sustained by a man of energy and force.

At Monsieur Périer's death it was necessary to maintain, and difficult to avoid changing, the policy he had pursued. The three alternatives were,—M. Dupin; the Duc de Broglie; M. Odilon Barrot. But M. Dupin would only enter on the condition of forming his own cabinet; and the discontent, or retreat, or expulsion of M. Périer's friends, would necessarily be taken, for the time at least, as the sign of that change which was to be avoided. M. Odilon Barrot could not enter without the real change of which M. Dupin would have been the appearance. The preference then was given, not without some intrigues, to the Duc de Broglie.

But the Duc de Broglie, though a person of great knowledge, and indeed of great ability, was too much of the 'Grand Seigneur,' and too much of the 'savant,' to conduct an administration which was to be perpetually dealing with the casual views, and the passing passions, which a representative system will be perpetually bringing into play.

A man of views, he was not a man of expedi-

ents. He could plan his voyage, but he could not set his sails quick enough to catch the favouring shifts of every breeze. He could see the port he was to arrive at, but he could not steer with sufficient adroitness through the creeks, and by the rocks, near which the course of the French government is destined for many years to run.

He was succeeded nominally by Marshal Soult, and Marshal Soult is succeeded nominally by Marshal Gérard; but M. Thiers is the person who, as well for his ability as his influence, is really to be considered the chief of the present ministry.* If any man can maintain the existing monarchy, and the system of the existing monarchy, it is M. Thiers. Sprung from the revolution of July, he knows its men; he understands its passions; he has no prejudices separate from it. With an intelligence which must give him a general plan for his career, he has a peculiar quickness for seeing, a peculiar facility for adopting, and adapting himself to the events of the day. He looks around him with at once the eyes of the journalist and the statesman; he projects for distant times; he acts for the present; and, instead of despising, profits by the daily preju-

* The King himself is no inconsiderable person in his own cabinet.

dice, and opinion. Ready, bold, adventurous; revolving great schemes, and possessing an extraordinary facility in elucidating and arranging intricate details, carrying to the tribune what is remarkable in his character—never hesitating for an argument or a word, but seizing the first that occurs, and caring less for its accuracy than its force—supporting his party or his principle with a popular *on dit*—attacked on all sides, and not troubling himself with a defence, but carelessly attacking—an excellent parliamentary leader, for the courage he gives—in spite of the animosities he excites—sound, I believe, in his views—not so scrupulous, it is said, as to his means—talking of the English revolution of 1688, but knowing, and studying, and calculating upon the dispositions of the French in 1834—wishing to improve their history, but remembering that he cannot alter their character—an advocate of education, but a strong upholder of the executive power—if the present Government is to be maintained, M. Thiers, I repeat, is the best man to maintain it.

Yes; you, M. Thiers, are the man of the present monarchy—and to you I address myself—*Nam quid ordinatione civilius? Quid libertate pretiosius? Porro quàm turpe si ordinatio eversione, libertas servitute mutetur? Accedit,*

quod tibi certamen est tecum: onerat te questuræ tuæ fama."

But, what are the difficulties you will have to contend against?

The present Government of France is, as I have said, a government of peace, a government, without pretension abroad, a government that is to please the Bourgeois at home; it is a government essentially based on the 'bourgeoisie,' and on the character of the 'bourgeoisie.' In England this foundation for a government would be solid, because it is just the qualities which distinguish the 'bourgeoisie' as a class, which distinguish England as a nation. It is the 'bourgeoisie' which in England is the class most national, in its seriousness and thoughtfulness, in its industry, in its morality, in its love of order. These qualities, the characteristics of the 'bourgeoisie' of every country, are, reader, the peculiar characteristics of our country. But what is the case in France? Are seriousness, and thoughtfulness, and industry, and morality, and a love of order—are these the characteristics of the French people? As in England the 'bourgeoisie' represents the character of the English, so in France the character of the 'bourgeoisie' is most antipathetic to the character of the French.

The French are gay, are gallant, are witty, are vain. This is what the French are most especially—and this is what the 'bourgeoisie' is less than any other part of the French nation. So much for the *character* of France—then for the *history*—What does the history of France show us? The reign of a court—the reign of philosophers—the reign of a mob—the reign of an army—the reign of priests, and a provincial gentry—a revolution effected at once by the populace, by the soldiery, and by the journalists—have any one of these epochs sown the seeds for a government of the 'bourgeoisie?' Then there are influences arising out of the combination of the character and the history of a nation. What are these in France? —female influence—military influence—literary influence—are any of these influences favourable to a government of the 'bourgeoisie?'

We may regret it, but I think we must own that a government of the shopkeepers, incorporating the feelings, the wishes, the prepossessions, and the prejudices of the shopkeepers, cannot be *popular* in France. It may be a good government—I think, upon the whole, it would, in time, become a good government, for France—but for many years it cannot be a popular one. For many years it must have the wit, and the vanity, and the gallantry of

the French—the influence of the women, who are universally fond of letters and arms, and of the military men, and of the literary men, opposed to it. It cannot be a popular Government—but what are the dangers of an unpopular government?

One great danger of an unpopular government is, that it never knows what unpopular act it may be obliged to have recourse to, on the one hand, nor by what extent of concession it may be obliged to purchase popularity on the other. It cannot pursue a certain course, because it must be regulated, not by what it really intends to do, but by what people suspect it of intending to do. But, if you are suspected of intending to overturn the liberties of a state, such will be the spirit prevalling, and the resistance prepared, against you—that *if you mean to resist*, you must resist *such violent fears by violent means*, and the existence of your power then depends upon the chances of an 'émeute.' If, on the contrary, *you mean to concede*, how *extraordinary* must be the concessions *that satisfy suspicion!* Besides, in France, to what and to whom will the Government have to concede? To military influence, to literary influence,—to the military men, to the literary men! And where would these men, and these influences, *if the Government*

must concede to their extremes, lead it? To a war with Europe, and then to a republic — or to a republic, and then to a war with Europe.

This is the perilous position of the present Government in France. It took its origin from a course not natural to the character of the people; it remains based upon conditions to which the character of the people are opposed. Hence, a long series of agitations—and the dangers attendant upon a long series of agitations—if its policy be moderate. Hence, the chances of revolution on the one side, if it take a violent course to put down resistance—the chances of war on the other, if it take a violent course to obtain popularity—a war and a revolution both leading to the same result.

Time, however, is the great resource of a state placed in this situation; for the effect of time is to blend and to harmonize opposing things, to introduce the character of a nation into the institutions—the institutions of a nation into the character of its people; and for this reason the policy which the present monarchy has to pursue is, and must be, a policy of expedients. A ministry must be formed sufficiently strong to sustain the weakness which exists in the principle of the Government itself. This is the best chance, perhaps the only one, for the stability of existing things.

Oh! it is impossible to stand on the spot where I am now standing, with yon splendid confusion of domes and spires, of palaces and public buildings, stretching out before me — in sight of the altars of Bossuet and Massilon; of the palace of Louis XIV. and Napoléon; of the Quai Voltaire, and the senate of Foy, without feeling the wish (where all is great in recollections, as in hopes) to unite the past with the future — and from the monarchy of the Fleurs-de-lis, and from the empire of the sword, and from the classic eloquence of the theatre, and from the noble reason of the Tribune, to see, in letters, as in government, a new system arise, with the youth and freshness of which may be blended the venerability and majesty of by-gone years.

And yet is it impossible to see so many of this people ridiculing the past without comprehending its poesy or its power; plunging into the future, too ignorant of its depth; discontented with the present, without having any hope that satisfies, to supply the reality they would destroy — yet is it impossible to see the strife between the ideas and the habits — the reason and the imagination — the desires and the capabilities — the fanaticism and the irreligion — the loyalty and the republican-

ism of this doctrinizing, democratizing, romanticizing, classifizing, religionizing, St.-Simonizing race,—without doubting, amidst the confused and the uncertain shadows which float around you,—which are those of the things *that have been*, which are those of the things that *are to be.*

In the present monarchy there is neither the love for the new nor for the old; it rests not on the past, it contents not the future. It was taken by all as an indifferent substitute for something which their theory or their imagination taught them to consider worse. It has no hold on the affections, no root in the habits, no power over the passions, of the people — no magic bridle upon the genius of the time, which it would curb and guide.

Still, let us not forget that the incertitude of its destiny is in the uncertain character of its origin—the blemish which disfigures it seems to have been inflicted at its birth. There is a scar on the rind of the young tree, which, as it widens every year, becomes at once more visible and more weak. And so in the monarchy of July, the time which displays, destroys— which expands, obliterates its defects.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THIRD BOOK.

PREDOMINANT INFLUENCES.

Est enim admirabilis quædam continuatio seriesque rerum, ut alia ex aliâ nexa et omnes inter se aptæ, colligatæque videantur.—*Cicero, Proœm. Lib. I. de Naturâ Deorum.*

WOMEN.

Influence of women—Talleyrand, Bonaparte, and Louis XVIII.—Female influence at the time of the Restoration—Madame Roland and Madame de Staël—Share of women in public affairs—Their importance in French history—Their assumption of the masculine character—Female Aides-de-camp—A lady-duellist—Contrast between French women and English women—Influence of domestic habits—Moral phenomenon—New doctrine of masculine obedience—Female disputants—Le Royaume des Femmes—Policy of encouraging the development of female intelligence, and the exaltation of female principle.

I HAVE just been speaking of influences, partly created by history, partly by national character—and which, rooted deep into the past, must extend over the future. One of these influences, I said, when I was on the subject of gallantry, that I should again speak of—I mean the influence of women. Not even the revolution of 1789—not even those terrible men, who shivered a sceptre of eight centuries to atoms—not even the storm which overthrew the throne of the Capets, and scattered over Europe the priests and the proud nobility of France—not the

excesses of the Girondists, the Dantonists, and the triumvirate—not the guillotine, not the dungeon, not the prison, not the scaffold, not the law—not the decrees which cut up the provinces of France into departments, and the estates of France into farms — none of these great changes and instruments of change affected an empire exclusive to no class, which had spread from the Tuileries to the cottage, and which was not so much in the hearts as in the habits of the French people. Beneath no wave of the great deluge, which in sweeping over old France fertilized new France—beneath no wave of that great deluge, sank the presiding landmark of ancient manners;—and on the first ebbing of the waters, you saw———the boudoir of Madame Récamier, and the 'bal des victimes.'

Monsieur de Talleyrand comes from America in want of employment; he finds it in the salon of Madame de Staël. Bonaparte, born for a military career, commenced it under the gentle auspices of Madame de Beauharnais. Even Louis the Eighteenth himself, that fat, and aged, and clever monarch, bestowed more pains*

* When Bonaparte entered the Tuileries, during the hundred days, he found many of these little billets, and a large collection of Louis's interesting correspondence. The Emperor would not hear of their being read or published.

on writing his pretty little billets-doux than he had ever given to the dictation of the Charta.

There was a back way to the Council Chamber, which even his infirmities did not close; and many were the gentle lips, as some persons have confessed to me, that murmured over "amo," in its different moods and tenses, in the vain hope of rivalling Mesdames P * * * and D * * * in the classical affections of this royal and lettered gallant.

It was under this influence, indeed, that the unfortunate King succumbed: as it was with this influence that many of the faults, as well as many of the graces of the Restoration were combined.

"In 1815, after the return of the King," says a late author, "the drawing-rooms of Paris had all the life and brilliancy which distinguished them in the old regime. It is hardly possible to conceive the ridiculous, and oftentimes cruel sayings which were circulated in these pure and elegant saloons. The Princesse de la Trémouille, Mesdames d'Escars, de Rohan, and de Duras, were the principal ladies at this time, who ruled in the Faubourg St. Germain. With them you found the noble youth of the old families in France; the Generals of the allied armies; the young women exalted in their ideas of loyalty and loyal devotion; the

more elderly ladies, celebrated in that witty and courtly clique for the quickness of their repartees, and the graces of their conversation; the higher functionaries of the Tuileries; the prelates and peers of France—and it was amidst the business of whist and the amorous whisperings of intrigue, that these personages discussed the means to bring back the olden monarchy, and to restore the reign of religion.

"There was, more especially among the women, an ardour for change, a passion for the divine rights of legitimacy, which blended naturally with their adulterous tendernesses in favour of a handsome mousquetaire, or a well-grown lieutenant of the garde royale. Then it was, that with their nerves excited by love, they called for proscriptions, for deaths, for the blood of Ney and Labédoyère! What must have been the violence of parties, when a young and beautiful female applauded the massacres of the South, and associated herself in thought with the assassins of Ramel and Lagarde!"

But if the women in France exercise, and sometimes exercise so fatally, a greater influence, than since the time of the Babylonians and the Egyptians, they have been known to exercise elsewhere — no country has yet produced a race of women so remarkable, or one which affords history so many great names and

great examples. I might take the reader back to the times of chivalry—but with these times the manners of our own may hardly be said to mingle. Let us look then at the annals of these very days! Who was the enemy most dreaded by the Mountain? Who was the rival that disputed empire with Napoléon? Madame Roland and Madame de Staël. These two women—alone, without fortune, without protection, save that of their own talent—boldly vindicated the power of the mind, before its two most terrible adversaries, and have triumphed with posterity even over the guillotine and the sword. There is an energy, a desire for action, a taste and a capacity for business among the females of France, the more remarkable—from the elegance, the grace, the taste for pleasure and amusement with which this sterner nature is combined.

Observe!—from the very moment that women were admitted into society in France, they have claimed their share in public affairs.

From the time of Francis the First, when they established their influence in the court, up to the present moment, when they are disputing the actual possession of the bar and the Chamber of Deputies, they have never shrunk from a contest with their bearded competitors. Excluded from the throne and sceptre by the laws, they

have frequently ruled by a power stronger than all laws, and amidst a people vain, frivolous, gallant, chivalric, and fond of pleasure—amidst a people among whom the men have in their character something of the woman—the women have taken up their place in life by the side of the men.

More adroit in their conduct, more quick in their perceptions than the slower and less subtle sex, they have ruled absolutely in those times when adroitness of conduct and quickness of perception have been the qualities most essential to preeminence; and even during the violent and passionate intervals which have demanded the more manly properties of enterprize and daring, they have not been altogether lost amidst the rush of contending parties and jarring opinions.*

Not a page in French history from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, but has to speak of some female reputation—nor is there a path to fame which female footsteps have not trod! Is royalty more historical than the names of de Montespan, de Maintenon, de Pompadour! What chief of the Fronde do we know better than the Duchesse de Longue-

* It was the women marching to Versailles that created one of the most remarkable epochs of the revolution of 1789.

ville? What diplomatist of Louis XIV. better than the Princesse des Ursins? What clever and ablè intriguant of the regency better than Madame de Tencin? And then, who does not remember the ingenious Scudéry—the epicurean Ninon—the dear and agreeable Sévigné—the lettered and voluptuous Marion de Lorme—the virtuous Chéron—the celebrated and learned Dacier—the amiable Staal (Mademoiselle Delauny)—the unfortunate Duchâtelet—the witty Dudeffend—the graceful Deshoulières? Such are the familiar names of a past generation. Have we not those of D'Abrantés, Gay, Girardin, Tastu, Allart, Dudevant, (G. Sand), in our own?

Go to France, and you will find that even costume itself is not considered an insuperable barrier between the sexes. Certes, any good citizen of London would be strangely surprised if he found her Majesty Queen Adelaide amidst the most retired recesses of Windsor Park, skipping over the daisies and buttercups in a pair of breeches! and yet, so lately, when royalty in France was more essentially a spectacle, and every eye was turned on the unfortunate family again passing into exile, it struck no one with astonishment, no one with disgust, that the mother of Henry V. should appear masquèraded as

one of her pages.* More is contained in a fact of this sort than we generally suppose! Besides there are various examples (the Chevalier d'Eon is one of the most notorious) where French women have not only attired themselves as males, but actually pursued through life a masculine career. Never have the French armies been engaged in the neighbourhood of France without there being found many of those females, of those delicate and fragile females, whom one sees in the 'salons' of Paris, slain on the field of battle—to which they had been led—not so much by a violent passion for their lovers (French women do not love so violently), as by a passion for that action and adventure which they are willing to seek even in a camp.

At the battle of Jemmapes, Dumourier had for his aides-de-camp, two of the most beautiful, the most delicate, and accomplished young women in society of the time: equally chaste and warlike, these modern Camillas felt a veneration for the profession of arms—they delighted in the smoke of the cannon, and the sound of the trumpet. Often, a general told me, in the most desperate cries of the battle, he has heard their slen-

* See the description of the Duchesse de Berri's dress.

der but animated voices reproaching flight and urging to the charge; 'Où allez-vous, soldats? ce n'est pas là l'ennemi!— En avant! suivez!' —and you might have seen their waving plumes and amazonian garb amidst the thickest of the fire.

In the duel of the Marquise de B—— you see, in the time of Louvet, and in the romance of Faublas, the manners and the disposition—the reckless and the daring character—of the ladies of the court, previous to the Revolution. It happens that a similar event actually occurred to my knowledge, not many years ago. Charged with infidelity to her lover, by a person who falsely boasted of her favours, a lady challenged the slanderer under an assumed name, and moreover wounded him desperately in the rencontre.

It is to this bold and restless disposition, favoured by past institutions, that you must attribute the independence which French women assert—and the power which they have enjoyed, and still maintain,—aided, no doubt, by the general character of their nation, which denies many of the more stern and governing qualities of the mind to the men.

But let it not be supposed that, if a French woman possess power, she holds it in carelessness or indolence,—that it costs her no pains to

procure its possession, or to secure its continuance.

How is it possible that an Englishwoman, such as we ordinarily find the Englishwomen of London society—how is it possible that such a woman should possess the slightest influence over a man three degrees removed from dandyism and the Guards? What are her objects of interest but the most trumpery and insignificant? What are her topics of conversation but the most ridiculous and insipid? Not only does she lower down her mind to the level of the emptiest-pated of the male creatures that she meets, but she actually persuades herself, and is actually persuaded, that it is charming and feminine, &c. to do so. She will talk to you about hunting and shooting—that is not unfeminine! oh no! But politics, the higher paths of literature, the stir and action of life, in which all men worth anything, and from whom she could borrow any real influence, are plunged — of these she knows nothing, thinks nothing—in these she is not interested at all; and only wonders that an intellectual being can have any other ambition than to get what she calls good invitations to the stupidest, and hottest, and dullest of the stupid, hot, and dull drawing-rooms of London. There are of course

reasons for all this; and I agree with a late work* in asserting one of these reasons to be the practice which all England insists upon, as so innocent, so virtuous, so modest, so disinterested, viz.: — 'bringing out'—as it is called—a young woman at sixteen, who is ushered into a vast variety of crowded rooms, with this injunction: "There, go; hunt about and get a good," *which means a rich*, "husband."

This command, for Miss is greatly bored with Papa and Mamma and the country-house, and the country parson, is very readily obeyed. Away she starts—dances with this man, sighs to that; and as her education has not been neglected, she ventures, perhaps, at the first onset, to give vent to a few of those ideas which her governess, or her reading, or the solitude of her early life have given birth to. Woe upon her! The rich young man who has such a fine property in ——shire, and who is really so very good-looking, and so very well dressed, opens his eyes, shrugs up his shoulders, turns pale, turns [illegible], and looks very stupid and very confused, and at the first opportunity glides away, muttering to an acquaintance, "I say, what a d—d blue that girl is." Never mind, my good young lady! In a second season, you will be as

* England and the English.

simple and as silly as your chaperon can desire. Do but go on—a constant succession of balls, and parties, and listless conversations, will soon make you all the most plotting mother can desire—and all I regret is, that when you have at last succeeded in the wearisome aim of your youth, when you have fixed the fate of some wealthy, and perhaps titled booby, a constant habit of dulness will have been generated from the stupidity that was necessary to secure him.

Of late years this misfortune has been increasing; because of late years fortune and rank have been more entirely separated from talent and education; to such a degree indeed has it increased—that no man, after his reason has burst its leading-strings, ever now exposes himself to the insufferable ennui of general society.

In England, then, the persons who are engaged in those pursuits which give public influence, fly, as from a pestilence, what is called a life of pleasure, and which, instead of being a relaxation to a set of thinking and active human creatures, has become a business to a class of persons who have neither thought, nor capability for action.

When a woman comes into the world in France, she comes into the world with no pursuit that distracts her from its general objects.

Her own position is fixed. She is married, not sold, as the English people believe—not sold in any degree more than an English young lady is sold—though she has not been seen panting from party to party in quest of a buyer.*

Young women, then, come into society in France with a fixed position there, and are generally interested in the subjects of general interest to the world. The persons and the pursuits that they find most distinguished, are the persons and the pursuits that most attract their attention. Educated besides, not with the idea that they are to catch a husband, but that they are to have a husband, as a matter of course, caught for them—a husband whom they are not obliged to seduce by any forced and false expressions of affection—but to take quietly from their friends, as a friend,—they occupy

* A marriage takes place in France under the following circumstances:—The friends of the two parties agree, that if the young people like one another a very suitable connection might be formed. The young people then meet, and, if they are to each other's taste, the match takes place; and surely this is as sentimental, and as delicate, as teaching a young lady everything that can solicit a declaration of marriage, and which, you may depend upon it, she does not forget afterwards, when any declaration she receives must be a declaration of love.

themselves at once with this husband's interests, with this husband's occupations, and never imagine that they are to share his confidence, but on the ground that they understand his pursuits—whoever be their lover, their husband is their companion.*

I was talking one evening with the master of the house where I had been dining, on some subject of trade and politics, which I engaged in unwillingly, in the idea that it was not very likely to interest the lady. I was soon rather astonished, I confess, to find her enter into the conversation, with a knowledge of detail and a right perception of general principles, which I did not expect. "How do you think," said she to me, when I afterwards expressed my surprise, "that I could meet my husband every evening at dinner, if I were not able to talk on the topics on which he has been employed in the morning?" An English fine lady would have settled the question very differently, by affirming as an undeniable proposition, that politics and such stuff were great bores, and that a

* Matrimonial morality is not high in France. I grant it. But this proceeds from a variety of causes with which the system of giving in marriage, (a system which prevails all over the Continent, and in countries where the ladies are quite as faithful as our own,) has nothing in the world to do.

man, to be agreeable, must talk of balls and operas, and dress.

But it is not only in high society, and in good society, in the 'salon' and in the 'boudoir,' that you find the female in France take an important position. It is the same in the comptoir, in the café, and at the shop. She is there also the great personage, keeps the accounts, keeps the money, regulates and superintends the business. Go even into a sword-maker's, or a gun-maker's; it is as likely as not that you will be attended to by a female, who will handle the sword and recommend the gun; and there is a mixture of womanly gentleness and masculine decision in the little creature—so easy, so unembarrassed, so prettily dressed, and so delicately shaped—that you are at a loss to reconcile with all your preconceived notions of effrontery on the one hand and effeminacy on the other.

There is generally some trait in the domestic habits of a country which may seem at a casual glance unimportant, but which is connected more closely than you imagine with the whole social system that custom, history, and character have established.

If I wanted an illustration of this, I would take the still prevailing custom that banishes

women from the dinner-table in England as soon as a certain state of hilarity, or a certain seriousness of conversation becomes visible. A profound observer sees in this little fact alone a distinction which must affect the laws, the morality, the crimes, and the amusements of a whole population. He sees at once that the one sex is not a free participator in the plans and the projects, and the pleasures of the other. He sees at once how this fact extends itself over our society and our statute-book, our prisons and our public houses; and many of the differences that he finds between the French and the English — differences sometimes to the advantage of one people, sometimes to the advantage of the other—he is prepared to account for by the different relations that exist in France and in England between the two sexes. Let it be crime, or pleasure, conspiracy, assassination, or debauch—whatever takes place in France, be sure that the influence of woman has been felt upon it, that the passions of woman have been mingled up with it;* for the same feelings and the same energies which make us capable of great things, propel us on to bad; and if we wish to find the most innocent, I fear we must seek for them, as in Paraguay, among the weakest of mankind.

* Vidocq's Memoirs abound in proofs of this.

There is a remarkable female phenomenon in France, which contrasts itself with what occurs in almost every other country. In England, it is a melancholy fact, that many of the miserable creatures who at midnight parade the streets, and whose only joy is purchased for a penny at Mr. Thomson's gin-shop, have fallen, perchance, but a few months since, from situations of comfort, honesty, and respectability. In France, the woman who begins with the most disgusting occupation on the Boulevards, usually contrives, year after year, to ascend one step after another into a more creditable position.*

* A great many of the furnished hotels in Paris are kept by women of this description; some of these hotels belong to them—for whenever they have money sufficient they always invest it in property of this description.

The commonest of Madame Leroi's little apprentices has an air, and a manner, and a tone, that approach her to good society—a mind of natural distinction, which elevates her at once above the artificial lessons of good breeding, and makes her, grammar and orthography excepted, just what you find the fine lady:—you see that the clay of which both are made is of equal fineness; and that it is only by an accident that the one has been moulded into a marquise—the other into a milliner. There is hardly an example of a French woman, suddenly elevated, who has not taken, as it were by instinct, the manners belonging to her new situation. Madame du Barry was as remarkable for her elegance as the Duchesse de Berri.

The hope and the desire to rise never forsake her; notwithstanding her vanity and her desire for dress, and her passion for pleasure, she husbands her unhappy earnings. There is a kind of virtue and order mingling with the extravagance and vice which form part of her profession. The aged mother, or the little sister, is never forgotten. She has not that first horror of depravity which is found amongst our chaster females; but she falls not at once, nor does she ever fall lower than necessity obliges her. Without education, she contrives to pick up a certain train of thought, a finesse, and a justness of ideas—a thorough knowledge of life and of character—and, what perhaps is most surprising of all, a tact, a delicacy, and elegance of manners, which it is perfectly marvellous that she should have preserved—much more that she should have collected from the wretchedness and filth which her life has been dragged through. In the lowest state of infamy and misery, she cherishes and displays feelings you would have thought incompatible with such a state; and as one has wept over the virtues and the frailties of the dear and the beautiful, and imaginary Manon l'Escaut, so there are real heroines in Vidocq, whom our sympathy and our affection accompany to the galleys.

Such are the women of France! The laws and habits of a constitutional government will in a certain degree affect their character; will in a certain degree diminish their influence; but that character is too long confirmed, that influence is too widely spread for the legislation which affects them on the one hand, not to be affected by them on the other—and it would take a revolution more terrible than any we have yet seen, to keep the Deputy at the Chamber after six o'clock in the evening, and to bring his wife to the conviction that she was not a fit companion for him after dinner. Still, undoubtedly there has been a change, not as much in the habits of domestic, as in the habits of political life; and though the husband and the lover are still under feminine sway, the state is at all events comparatively free from female caprice. Is it on account of the power they possess, or because that power appears rather on the decline, that the more sturdy heroines of the day have raised the old standard of the immortal Jeanne, and with the famous device —"Notre bannière étant au peril, il faut qu'elle soit à l'honneur,*" march to what they call the deliverance of female kind?

I was present in the Rue Taranne at one of the weekly meetings which take place among

* Motto of Jeanne d'Arc.

these high-spirited ladies, and I own that as I cast my eye round the room upon the unprepossessing countenances of the feminine apostles who preached the new doctrine of masculine obedience, I could at all events perfectly conceive that there were some conditions between the sexes which they would naturally desire to see altered.

An old gentleman, a member of the '*institut*,' and decorated with a red ribbon — an old gentleman, a very kind and amiable but debile-looking old gentleman, was raising a tremulous and affrighted voice, in the vain endeavour to calm the eloquent passions of his agitated audience, who, after having commenced, in an orderly manner enough, by most timidly reading three or four cold and learned discourses, were now extemporising a confusion of clamours and contradictions, which justified, in some sort, their pretensions to a seat in their national assembly.

These most independent dames could no longer, it appeared, support the idea of being presided over by anything that approached, even as much as the unhappy old academician, to the form and propensities of a man. And the question they called upon him to propose was—his retreat from the post of honour that he occu-

pied, in favour of some one of the sage and moderate crew who, mounted on the chairs, on the table—vociferating, threatening, applauding—reminded one of the furies of Thrace, without giving one the least idea of the music of Orpheus. What became of that ancient gentleman—where he is—whether—his eyes torn from their sockets, his tongue from his mouth, his hair from his head, his limbs from his body—he has joined in unhappy fractions the great substance and spirit of the universe—Heaven knows! I shudder to inquire—but on leaving him, I certainly felt far more impressed with pity for his situation than for that of the complaining ladies over whom he presided.*

* It would be unjust, however, not to acknowledge that there were many ideas just and reasonable enough in the written discourses with which the evening's proceedings commenced. The orators on this occasion were, for the most part, governesses, who, as I understand, under the pretext of addressing themselves to the subject of education, to which the room and the president are dedicated, give vent to their notions as to the pursuits and the occupations to which the society ought properly to devote themselves.

I will not dismiss the subject of this meeting, without mentioning one proposition made that evening by a lady, and with which I must say I heartily concur, viz. that the members of this sect should be distinguished

The cry of this society, however, has found an echo even in the Royal Academy of Music, where you may see the "revolt of the women" spreading confusion amidst the vast and beautiful galleries of the Alhambra—But if you really wish to find female power in that proud situation of pre-eminence in which "the Parisian philosophesses" wish to place it, go to the Ambigu Comique! . . . there you find

LE ROYAUME DES FEMMES.

Pièce fantastique en Deux Actes.

Two French travellers, carried rather further in a balloon than they had any idea of journeying, arrive at this powerful and enlightened kingdom, in which, strange to say, the language of France by some miracle is spoken. Here everything is changed which under an abominable tyranny has flourished elsewhere —and the Queen at the head of a very lady-like Garde Nationale reminds her brave sisters in arms that the fate of their country, of their husbands, of their children, is in their hands,

by — as she expressed herself — "a piece of red or blue ribbon, or some other badge of distinction."

'Fœnum habet in cornu, hunc tu,' good reader, 'caveto!'

and that it is for them to protect a sex feeble and without defence

In this island

La femme est pleine de valeur,
De force et de science,
Elle est soldat ou procureur,
Lois, commerce, finance,
Elle fait tout. . . . .
Et son amant?
Fait la soupe et garde l'enfant.

* Nellora entre en scène; son costume est dans le même style que les autres, mais beaucoup plus riche, elle a une couronne sur la tête. Mouvement des femmes analogue à celui de nos soldats lorsqu'ils présentent les armes.

Nellora, après un salut affectueux de Rodolphe, se tournant vers les femmes.—Mesdames et braves camarades, je suis contente de votre zèle, de votre bonne tenue . . . le sort de la patrie, celui de vos maris et de vos enfans est entre vos mains . . . *c'est à vous de protéger un sexe faible et sans défense.*

Air *d'Adolphe* Adam. (Introduction de Casimir.)

Guerrières de tous grades
Dociles à ma voix,
Mes braves camarades,
Défendez à la fois
Le bon ordre et les lois.
Ce sexe qu'on encense
Vous promet au retour,

Jeune fille aux yeux séducteurs,
Près d'un garçon trop sage,
Pour cacher ses desseins trompeurs
Parle de mariage;
Le jeune homme modestement
Répond: *demandez à maman.*

. . . . . .

And in fact the dignity of one's sex is somewhat shocked to find the Queen keeping her seraglio; an old dowager, a major of the Royal Guards, attempting to seduce the whiskered object of her affections by certain lucrative propositions; and a young man of this remarkable kingdom weeping over the disgrace he has fallen into from his weakness in favour of a young lady,

Pour votre récompense,
Le bonheur et l'amour.
En avant, en avant! *(bis.)*
Marchez, le pays vous appelle,
Courageux et fidèle
A la foi du serment,
Un soldat va toujours en avant.
Ce drapeau quand il le faudra,
Signal de gloire,
A la victoire
Vous guidera.
Et vous, Messieurs, soyez toujours exempts d'alarmes,
Faut-il courir aux armes?
Nous sommes là.
(Chœur.) En avant, etc.

who after profiting by a promise of marriage, refuses to keep her word.

But it would not be fair, in ridiculing the absurdities of women who are too mad or too ignorant to understand the extent of their folly—it would not be fair to deny, that, in the idea, which some foolish followers of a ridiculous system have made contemptible, there is, as that idea was first conceived, much justice and much benevolence. In opening other careers to female ambition—in making fame and fortune more easy of honest attainment; you would doubtless diminish that calamity which is engendered by necessity and ambition on the one hand, and the want of an honourable way to power and independence on the other. It would never enter into the head of any but a fanatic or a fool to dress up Mademoiselle Cécile in a judge's robes, or a field marshal's uniform; but it would be wise in a government to encourage and assist, as far as a government can encourage and assist; that developement of intelligence and that habit of application which would give, in the various situations of life, every facility to the female who pursues a virtuous and useful avocation.*

* In a country where the division of fortunes rarely throws a woman upon the world in an utter state of destitution, there is little real necessity for the vices she may fall into; nay, that any clamour should have been

Much of the fate of females must depend on the instruction they receive. One dislikes to indulge in theories which seem to have no immediate chance of realization; and when we see the wild doctrines of female licentiousness that are abroad in France, it appears almost absurd to show what might be done by female morality—yet, if it be possible to breathe a higher and purer tone into French society—and this is what French society wants—if it be possible to approach in peace the visions of St. Just, and to make virtue, honesty, and justice—'the order of the day,'—if it be possible to make that change in manners without which the laws which affect the surface of a nation will not penetrate to its core; if it be possible to do this—in a country where the influence of the sexes enters into almost every crime, it must be by making that influence serviceable to every virtue.

How are you to do this?—It is not so much the female mind that wants cultivating, it is the female character that wants exalting. The doctrine may be unpopular, but what you have to do cannot be done merely by the elegances

ever so indistinctly raised, for perfect equality between the sexes—shows the very great equality that in France really exists!

of literature or the speculations of science. The education which you must give—to be useful must be—moral: must be an education that will give a chivalric love—such love as women are prone to feel—not for the romantic depravities of life—not for the mawkish devilry and romance of a *bourgeois Byron*, but for what is great and noble in life—for the noble heroism of a Farcy, for the political integrity of a Béranger.

The sex most capable of rewarding public virtue, should be taught to honour and admire public virtue—should be taught to admire public virtue as it was formerly taught to admire accomplished vice; should be taught to feel for the patriot what it feels for the soldier, and what too often it feels for the roué. The female mind should be hardened and strengthened by logical notions of right, as well as filled with the fanciful theories which a smattering of letters and philosophy inspires.

I fear this can hardly be done by laws; much towards it, however, might be done by a court patronizing merit and honouring principle; much towards it might be done by a government which, extending by its nature into every position and relation of society, has an opportunity in every village of distinguishing merit

and rewarding virtue. At all events, whatever the court or the government can do for this object—that it ought to do; for there is no influence which should not be employed to elevate the morality of a people to whom Providence has denied the support of religion;—and the influence of which I have been speaking, is an influence which the history and the character of the French ally to sanction, and which will be working deeply to the injury of the state, if it be not turned to its advantage.

MILITARY INFLUENCE.

France under Richelieu—Under Bonaparte—Now—Military spirit of each epoch—The camp has entered into the city—The duel of the Duc de Beaufort and of the Editor of the 'National'—The union between the sword and the tribune impossible in England, may be possible in France—The people who mourned Foy, Lamarque, Lafayette, mourned a type of themselves.

ON a height which overlooked the plains of Roussillon,* and which commanded the dark ramparts of the city he was besieging—a cuirass on his breast—his bald head, the scene and centre of so many plans, great and terrible, covered with the red cap of the church—stood *the Cardinal*—profound minister, astute favourite, great captain. All eyes were fixed on him, and he could be seen everywhere; and near him were the generals and the grand seigneurs of the monarchy, grand seigneurs whom he had made courtiers, and around him the chivalry and nobility of France. Never did a more loyal troop follow their sovereign,

* See the eloquent romance of Cinq-Mars.

than that which galloped after King Louis, when, the eye bright, and the hand firm, he forgot the reveries of Chambord on the plains of Perpignan. Many and brave cavaliers were there. When was the oriflamme unfurled in olden times, and that a brilliant army was not ready to follow the white pennon? Yet, the army of France under Richelieu was not France. The priest who humbled the aristocracy had not ventured to open its honours to the nation.

Twenty-one years ago, in that palace which has since known more than one master, you might have seen a man, at once a prey to his ambitious follies and his reasonable fears—with the brow bent and the lip curled—now pacing his chamber for hours—now stretched for a day together, in still and mute concentration of thought, over immense maps, to which his conquests had given a new surface—nervous, restless, agitated, as he said, by a destiny not yet accomplished—you might have seen that mysterious man, whose sword had already decided the fate of empires, meditating, almost in spite of himself, the scheme of a new conquest — of a conquest cast in the gigantic mould of his own genius, and which was to submit the oldest dynasties of Europe to the

sway of an empire hardly yet seen rising from its foundations. Lo! he wakes from his stupor. 'Vive la France! vive la grande armée!" sounds in his ear. And hark to the tramp of soldiers, and the beating of drums! and already along the road to Germany, behold the triumphal arches—which should have been reserved for his return! And now may you see those stern and martial men, accustomed to the reception of conquerors—the head high, the step firm, the eye determined, the lip compressed. Now may you see those men—men of execution—men who only live in the hazards of adventurous action, brandishing their arms with a ferocious gaiety, and waiting in fixed devotion the commands of a chief, whose star has never yet paled on the field of battle.

Such was the army of France under Napoléon; but the army of France under Napoléon was not the nation of France. Bonaparte reigned in an immense camp, which was guarded from the approach of the people.

"La France n'est qu'un soldat," said M. de Chateaubriand, in the first of those eloquent pamphlets, which showed that his genius was not on the decline. Yes, the army of France *is now* the nation of France; but the nation of France is *more than an army*. France is

not only a soldier — France is more than a soldier. But do not expect that you can at once sweep away the effects of centuries! Do not expect that you can make a nation of warriors, by the scratch of a pen, a nation of legislators — rather expect that you will give to legislation the manners of war; that, instead of transporting the city into the camp, you will transport the camp into the city.* The ideas of the one will blend themselves with the institutions of the other. The

* There is a little book published in France, called 'Almanach du Peuple,' and intended to make the *government popular with the people*, and a parallel in two columns is drawn between the Government of the Restoration and the Government of July. Here I find—

Sous la Restauration.	*Depuis la Revolution.*
Le Gouvernement de la Restauration et les armées étrangères avaient fait abattre partout les statues de Napoléon — on faisait un crime aux vieux soldats de se souvenir de leur Empereur et des victoires de Marengo, d'Austerlitz, et de Wagram.	Louis Philippe a fait replacer la statue du grand homme sur la colonne de la Place Vendôme.
* * * *	

So far so good! — but what follows? —

* * * *

feelings which Francis carried to Pavia, and which made Bonaparte refuse the peace of Chatillon—the feelings which the grand seigneur carried to Fontenoy, and the Republican soldier to Marengo—these feelings you may expect to find in the cabinet of the poet, the deputy, and the journalist of the present day. The poet will fight for his verses, the grave constitutional senator for his opinions; and the time was when we might have seen B. Constant himself—his long white hair flowing loosely over his benevolent countenance, seated calmly on a chair—a crutch in one hand, a pistol in the other, and—an enemy at twelve paces.

Do not laugh at this, reader, because it would be ridiculous in England. France is not England, and never can be. Besides, the threads and cords of society are so mixed and intermingled, that it is almost impossible to trace the mysterious force which each exercises over the play of the other; and perchance it is this very military spirit, which now

Notre armée était *réduite à 250,000 hommes.* L'armée est aujourd'hui *portée à 400,000 hommes!!!*

I should like to see the government in England, that by way of making itself popular, boasted that it had doubled the army.

pervades all classes and professions of French society, and which keeps men perpetually mindful of the regard that they owe to one another—it is perchance this very military spirit which maintains order in the movement of the civil machine, shocked and deranged as it is, and as it has been; and allows a universal equality to exist, without engendering universal confusion. Be this as it may, in the various forms of society that France has yet known, that part of society governing for the moment, has always been agitated by the same spirit. Even in the times of the church, we have the old distich—

> "Un archevêque est amiral,
> Un gros évêque est caporal;
> Un prélat preside aux frontières,
> Un autre a des troupes guerrières;
> Un capucin pense aux combats,
> Un cardinal a des soldats."

The precepts of the church did not alter the character of the people; the character of the people carried war into the peaceful bosom of the church.*

* One day the Abbé Maury was followed and insulted by the mob on coming out of the Assembly. One man came up to him and said—"Maury, veux-tu que j'aille te servir la messe?"—"Oui," replied Maury, showing two pocket-pistols—"Viens, voila mes burettes."

But let us draw a parallel; it will show the genius of the French, the influences, and the manners of two times.

In 1652 the Duc de Beaufort and Duc de Nemours met behind the Hôtel de Vendôme; the Duc de Beaufort, accompanied by the Comte de Barry, the Duc de Nemours by the Duc de Villars. In addition to these noblemen the princes brought each three gentlemen of their suite. They fought five to five, and the Duc de Nemours was killed.

This happened in 1652 — now let us turn back to the literary quarrels of last year, and the manner in which they were settled. The Corsaire laughs at the Duchesse de Berri, and the editor of a legitimist paper calls out the editor of the Corsaire. The editor of the Corsaire is wounded; but, though his hand is disabled, the colour of his ink is not altered, and he very fairly says that he will have his joke for his wound. The Duchesse is still laughed at as much as before.

"That will not do," says the legitimist, and he calls out the satirist again; but the latter shakes his head this time, and shows his arm in a sling. "He can't always be fighting." — "Ho! ho!" says M. Carrel, the warlike

editor of the National, whose semicolons almost look like inverted swords; "does anybody want to fight?"—"We! we!" the National, and the editors of the National, "we will fight as much as you please." A challenge is immediately sent by a gentleman, and a journalist, whose name I forget; but, in the mean time, the editors of the liberal papers had had a consultation together, and agreed that if one fought all should fight, and that there should be a pitched battle of five on a side.*

Well, what is the difference between the two combats—the journalists five on a side, and the great noblemen five on a side—except that the one were journalists and the others great noblemen? But the journal to-day answers to

* When the gentleman commissioned to carry a hostile message to M. Carrel made his appearance, he was informed of this resolution, "but," said M. C. "there is no rule without its exception. I will be the exception, and fight your friend, sir, as a particular favour to-morrow morning." They fought and wounded one another severely. But the great battle was still to have taken place, and it was by an accident that we lost the spectacle of ten gentlemen of the press stripped to their shirts, and sword in hand, thrusting quart and tierce up to their knees in snow, in a quarrel respecting the virtue of the Duchesse de Berri.

the great nobleman of ancient time. We'll take the 'National' for the Duc de Beaufort, for instance. The 'National' has its three gentlemen attached to it now, as the Duc de Beaufort had his three gentlemen formerly attached to him.

The gentlemen who write for these papers answer—do not they?—to the gentlemen who were attached to the houses of these grand seigneurs!—the great families of France—its great fortunes—are gone. The whole power of the government and of society is changed; but the feelings formerly represented by one class have found their way into another. How do you account for this? The equality which existed among the French nobility has descended and exists now among all classes—the military spirit and the military manners of France have done the same—for the character of a nation will penetrate all its institutions—will give its air and physiognomy to every form of government which that nation essays, and even to which the character of that nation seems opposed.*

* I say nothing of the army, and its spirit, and its discipline here, since I hope, at a future time, to go more fully into that subject.

But it is not only that we find the soldier's character stamped on the citizen; we also find the soldier prominent in the different pursuits of the city.

What man more known to succeed in that society where a certain air of gaiety and gallantry captivates the women, whose reign of coquetry is drawing to a close, and excites the admiration of the young men who are just beginning to be à-la-mode, than Col. ——?

A lively and agreeable countenance, over which an eye that flashes fire and a slight but dark moustache throw a martial air of energy and determination; that sort of wit which is always delivered à-propos, and which rather consists in having something on all occasions ready to say, than in the precise excellence of what is said; a peculiar turn of phrase, which somehow or other gives you an idea, but an agreeable idea, of his profession; and a manner of speaking, soft but short, and full of a slight emphasis, which as he pronounces his words gives a value to them above their meaning: these are the qualities, assisted by an imperturbable impudence, and an excellent education, which have given to this hero of the drawing-room the notoriety he possesses. Magnificent, prodigal, studying effect in his

expenses, and desirous to give to his premeditated follies the air of a careless extravagance—famous for the bills he owes for bonbons, and the money he has spent in canes—famous also for his intrigues behind the scenes of the 'Français,' in the foyers of the Opera, and in the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain—perfect in the art of ripening one intrigue before he passes from the other, and deriving much of his pleasure from the pain he inflicts—ready to give offence, to take offence—great gambler, great duellist, and fortunate as both—this gentleman is the idol of a circle whose praise one courts at twenty, and despises ten years afterwards.

Col. —— is another character, entirely different from the one I have just been describing; for he is the model of a soldier, such as we figure a soldier in the times of sensibility, chivalry, and *parfait amour*. Passionate, nervous, incapable of rest, he has had but two idols,—peril and the woman he loved. Has he no softer object to transport, torment, irritate, and occupy him?—*malheur à l'état!*—he conspires. But do not imagine that his character changes in his new part; that he is less frank, less open; that

he does not say all that he thinks, all that he does. Listen to him! he will tell you that the scheme is almost organized, that so many men are ready in such a province, that so many barrels of powder are concealed in such a cellar in Paris; that the day is fixed; that success is certain. He is so frank that he deceives every one. The Police are disconcerted, they cannot believe in arrangements that are publicly talked of at Tortoni's; a shower of rain, a change of humour, or the sight of a pretty foot, deranges the plot, and the conspiracy sleeps for a while in the arms of a new mistress.

—— dreams of the noblest things, and as his physical force never yields before his desires, he imagines himself capable of carrying the State upon his shoulders, of restoring, destroying; his breast is a volcano of resolutions, of plans half organized, long meditated, and then, in turn, abandoned. But, if you told him that he mistook restlessness for activity, discontent for ambition, a love of change for a love of liberty, and the follies of a vague enthusiasm for the concentrated plans of genius, he would believe that you totally misunderstood his character, and rush with redoubled passion into some new absurdity, in order to prove that he deserved

the title of 'wise and great' which you refused to him.

This man is irritable, jealous, vain, and easily affronted—but, if he knows you well, his anger soon ceases; for he is generous, tender, and desirous of communicating his emotions. His friends are few; these he loves passionately, and they are generally in a worse position than himself—perhaps, because such are more likely to forgive the irregularities of his temper, and to worship the virtues he possesses; perhaps, because he has a sort of instinctive attention for poverty, which corresponds with the rudeness and at the same time awakens the kindness of his nature. With the rest of his sex he is boastful, overbearing, full of his own merits and exploits; always talking of the army, "the great army," for he despises sedentary pursuits, and deems that incapability of repose is an aptitude for action. With women his heart melts: he is all softness, delicacy, gentleness. If he speak with affection, the tears are in his eyes; if he love, his passion knows no bounds; his gallantry is romantic, ardent, respectful: his features are strong and coarse, his person uncouth, and gigantic — but if Louis XIV. were alive, he would have no occasion to tell

the ladies of his court "qu'il étoit le plus beau, —parcequ'il étoit le plus brave de son royaume." Plain, slovenly, savage, he has been listened to by the most spiritual and elegant women of his time; vain, disinterested, brave, and passionate to excess, he has in turn been deemed a hero when he boasted of his exploits, an adventurer when he refused to receive a fortune, a man full of ambition when he was only occupied by love. He seemed an anachronism in his time; he represents a part of it.

Alike dissimilar from the two persons whose sketches I have just been giving, General —— obtained and deserved a more solid reputation than either. His life was not formed on the scandalous mémoirs of a Duc de Richelieu, nor would it afford an episode to the romance of Amadis in the desert. Gallant, courteous, endowed with equal firmness and reflection; the rigid observer of subordination in the camp, the warm defender of liberty in the Tribune; sincere, independent, unaffected—uniting the somewhat brusque manner of Napoléon's soldier with the polished address that would have charmed the court of Louis XV.—in my recollections of General ——, I almost see a military model for

the rising generation of his country. When I knew this very remarkable person, fatigue, sickness, and meditation—the toils of war, and the changes of climate, had bronzed the fine and delicate, and womanlike features of his youth, and rendered a countenance, which was naturally effeminate, severe and stern.

General —— was acquainted with all subjects, and spoke well upon all; but his sentiments did not come from him with that easy flow, or with that passionate vehemence, which marks the man of imagination and enthusiasm: they were rather delivered in observations, separate and apart, observations remarkable for the tact with which they were turned, acute, elegant, and especially satiric.—The great man of his time—legislator, warrior, statesman—he could not have been either of those men in whom these characters were most remarkably found conjoined. More vain and imperious than the simple Washington; more generous and patriotic than the selfish and ambitious Napoléon; more cold and more proud than the fanatical and deceitful Cromwell; he was too haughty to have sunk calmly into the private citizen of the republic, too just to have mounted the throne of the em-

pire, too eloquent to have taken the mace from the table of a House of Commons. Fond of honour, he would have sacrificed it to liberty; fond of liberty, he might have sacrificed it to glory; the statesman, he would have been the soldier; but in the camp he would not have resigned the Chamber.

Fortunate in most things, Gen. —— was more especially fortunate in living at the moment most favourable to his genius, and in dying at the moment most susceptible to his loss.

These are characters taken from the society of France, and thus we see—now in the journalist with the sword in his hand—now in the General delivering his speech—the same influence still predominating;—and let it be so!

There are political truths equally applicable to all States arrived at a similar epoch of civilization; but they will vary in their application according to the history, the customs, the ideas, they meet with among the people to whom they are applied. To these variations give a full and unlimited scope; it is the only method by which you can blend the

ideas of the few with the habits of the many, and give the life which you derive from ancient customs to a new constitution.

Where the same species of government finds a new soil, a different genius presides over its foundations. Thus may we see two oaks, whose height and grandeur are nearly the same, lifting with equal majesty their heads to heaven, but their roots will all the while be taking a different course; for in nature and society there is a secret sympathy—and as the fibres of the tree will, if they meet a stone or a ditch, strike under it, in order to escape the obstacle or avoid the cold;—so the interior course of institutions, regulated by obscure causes, is oftentimes shaped in darkness, and, escaping your observation, defies your control.

France, then, may yet be able to blend a military spirit with a free constitution, and the sword which, appearing as an accident in England, banished the mace of civil authority from the House of Commons, seen here as a custom, may lie side by side with it in the Chamber of Deputies. This idea, as it seems to me, should be present to the Monarch who governs the French; the people who have just mourned Lamarque and Lafayette, saw in the

General and the Legislator the type of their own mind.*

* *Time that France has passed in war from the Thirteenth to the Eighteenth Century.*

In the fourteenth century, forty-three years of war: *i. e.* five of civil war, thirteen of war off the territory, twenty-five of war on the territory of France.—In this period there were fourteen great battles, — among others, that of Courtrai, where the Flemish won four hundred pair of spurs from the French knights; and that of Poictiers, where the King of France was taken prisoner.

In the fifteenth century, seventy-one years of war: *i. e.* thirteen of civil war, forty-three of war on the territory, and fifteen of war carried out of the territory, of France.—In this period there were eleven great battles —Agincourt, Castillon, and Montlhéry were among the number.

In the sixteenth century, eighty-five years of war: *i. e.* forty-four of war off the French territory, eight of war on the French territory, and thirty-three of civil and religious war.—In this period there were twenty-seven great battles.

In the seventeenth century, sixty-nine years of war: *i. e.* eleven of civil war, fifty-two of war carried off the French territory, and six of religious war.—In this period there were thirty-nine great battles.

In the eighteenth century, fifty-eight years of war: *i. e.* one of religious war, six of civil war, and fifty-one of war off the French territory.

Thus in the space of five centuries we have

Civil war . . .	35 years.
Religious war . .	40 years.
On the French territory .	76 years.
Off the French territory .	175 years.
Total . . .	326 years

During which time were fought one hundred and eighty-four great battles.

LITERARY INFLUENCE.

The anniversary of Molière—Speech of M. Thiers—The man of letters is what the Baron and the Courtier were—The literary man in France is what he is not in America, Germany, and England — Election of Finsbury—The false conclusions drawn during the reform bill, as to the respect which would be afterwards felt for men of letters—How a love of letters grew up in France—The causes that extend a power need not be those which have created it—If you wish to create a love for the arts, and for science, in England, how you must do it — Dr. Bowring's evidence on silk trade — What are the advantages that England would derive from a taste for the arts—How men of science and letters have been encouraged in France—List—Public establishments in France—Ecole des Arts et Métiers —What is honoured by the state is honoured in society—Situation of literary men in France and literary men in England—Unhappy situation of the latter —Causes—The French might even derive more advantages than they have yet done from their national love of science and letters—New aristocracy that might be based upon it.

16th January, 1832.—It is the anniversary of Molière. . . . . "Le Théâtre Français

joue 'le Misanthrope' et 'le Malade Imaginaire,' avec la cérémonie. Mademoiselle Mars, et l'élite de la troupe joueront dans cette représentation. L'anniversaire de la naissance de Molière sera aussi célébré au faubourg St. Germain. L'Odéon jouera 'Tartuffe' et 'le Médecin malgré lui."* I copy this paragraph from the newspaper. Every year, on the same day, is observed and celebrated the birthday of Molière, by the great Theatre of France.† On this day one of his comedies is invariably given, and the best performers, male and female, appear in any part, however inconsiderable, that may be assigned to them. Some piece, made for the occasion, as the 'Ménage de Molière,' follows, or an ode in honour of the great French dramatist is recited, and the

* "The French Theatre will give 'The Misanthrope' and 'The Malade Imaginaire,' with the usual ceremony. Mademoiselle Mars and the *élite* of the company will perform in this representation. The anniversary of Molière will also be celebrated in the faubourg St. Germain. The Odéon will give the 'Tartuffe' and the 'Médecin malgré lui.'"

† The great Comedian's bust is placed in the middle of the theatre; the comedians, all in the costume of some of the great parts in Molière, walk in procession round the theatre, salute the assembly, and lay, one after the other, a laurel branch at the foot of the statue.

evening concludes with the ceremony, sacred in the place where it is performed, 'the Crowning of the Statue of Molière,' amidst the shouts and the tears, the religious joy and veneration, with which the populace of Paris hail a triumph of the arts.

One of the influences most powerful in France, and most visible in every society of France, is, undoubtedly, the influence of letters. "I begin my political life," said M. V. Hugo, when his tragedy of "Le Roi s'amuse" was prohibited;—and in a country where the public take so deep and lively an interest in literature, the prohibition of a tragedy is, in fact, the commencement of a political life. At the very moment that I am writing, the words yet ring in my ear which I heard one of the most distinguished members address the other evening to the Chamber of Deputies,—"And I —I who am speaking to you, 'Messieurs,' when people talk to you of an aristocracy and the influence of an aristocracy, what am I? What am I, whom you think worthy of your attention; who take my place on yonder bench, by the side of men who have gained battles;* by the side of men bearing the noblest names† in

* Looking at Marshal Soult.

† Looking at the Duc de Broglie.

France? What am I, 'Messieurs,' but an humble man of letters, whom a little talent, kindly noticed, introduced amongst you?"

There are countries, the monarchs of which show an enlightened sense of the dignity with which men of learning and science decorate their dominions — there are countries in which you will find ambassadors and ministers as eminent for their literary attainments as for their high political station; but in no country do literature, and science open so free and honourable, and independent a career, as in that France, which M. Thiers addressed from the National Tribune, in the few touching words that I have just cited.

"Overturn the monarchy: — give me the liberty of the press, and I will restore it in six months,"* was the noble expression of an author confident in his talent, confident in the genius of his countrymen, and only wrong in the folly of his cause. A great writer in France is a great power. The baron of feudal times sallied forth against his neighbour, or his sovereign, with his armed retainers at his heels; and in those days of violence the goodness of the right depended on the goodness of the sword. The courtier in France, who suc-

* M. de Châteaubriand.

ceeded the baron, abandoned the glaive and the gauntlet—for the Graces—and trusted to an appropriate smile and a well-turned compliment for the success of his career. But mark yonder pale young man; feeble in his person, slovenly in his dress—holding his pen with a trembling hand, doubled up over his paper! That young man has come from some mean abode, from some distant province, where, amidst penury and insignificance, with his eyes now fixed on the page of history, now on the heading of a newspaper, he has long indulged his reveries of immortality and his hopes of power.* In him see the baron and the courtier of the day—he attacks the monarch or the minister, but it is not with the falchion and the lance. He glides into the cabinet and the boudoir, not in a powdered wig and an embroidered waistcoat, but bound in vellum. He does not measure his force or

* Mirabeau, consulted by the Queen of France; and the Institût admitted to the Council of Napoleon:—these are the pictures present to the young man, who in some remote village, surrounded by poverty, and born a little above the plough, pursues with indefatigable perseverance studies, which he sees every day conducting his fellows to the highest situations in letters and the state, and which, if sometimes a cause of misery to himself, are still a source of energy, and strength, and prosperity, to his country.

his address with your's, but his intelligence;—he is the person to admire; he is the person to fear; he is the person, in France, which he is nowhere else.

He is the person in France that he cannot be in America, for there is no superstition for the arts in America; the vanity of wealth, the natural consequence of a nation depending wholly on its industry and its commerce, predominates over the diviner thoughts and more graceful occupations of letters. He is the person in France that he cannot be in Germany—for in Germany a '*von*' before your name is a matter of social necessity; for in Germany, to be 'well born,' or to be 'nobly born,' or to be 'right-nobly born,' is a matter submitted to historical rules, and the superscription of a letter demands the profoundest study, the most accurate knowledge, the nicest distinctions. He is the person in France that he cannot be in England—for, in England, politics is the only passion of the men, fashion the only idol of the women—for, in England, to be a blockhead is far more pardonable than to live in a bad street—for, in England, to have voted against the house and window-tax would win you more favour than to have written the profoundest work on legislation.

Observe! Messrs. Cousin and Villemain and Royer Collard are made peers, because they are very learned and eloquent professors. M. Lamartine is elected a representative of the French people on account of his poems—M. Arago on account of his mathematical acquisitions—M. Thiers on account of his talent as a journalist and an historian.—This takes place in France—and what takes place in England?

THE CLOSE OF THE POLL AT A LATE CONTEST.

Duncombe . . .	2,497
Pownall	1,839
Wakley	677
BABBAGE . . .	383

The most distinguished man of science at this moment in England appears upon the hustings as candidate for a great metropolitan district—he professes liberal but moderate opinions, such as a life of reflection usually engenders. How is he received? Do the people feel grateful and flattered by the philosopher's appearing amongst them as a solicitor for popular honours? Do they esteem his search after their favour as almost the highest compliment that could be paid to popular rights? Are they sensible to the circumstance, that the individual who appears before them

and says—"I prefer the pursuit which you can give me—I prefer the honours that you can confer upon me—I prefer the life that is to be passed in combating for your rights and your rewards—to the pursuits which have made me known throughout Europe; to the honours which would be showered upon me by every learned corporation; to the life that in calm and quiet would lead me to an immortal reputation."—Are they even aware that the person who says, or might say all this, is raising to the highest possible pitch the character and the career of a free state? Are they proud, and conscious of the fact, that the man who offers to sacrifice his energies to their cause has, at the very moment he does so, the eyes of the learned and the wise directed from every corner of Europe on his labours?

No, they see nothing of this; they feel nothing of this. Mr. Duncombe's abilities and principles fully justify, in my opinion, the choice of his electors—I do not speak of Mr. Duncombe then,—but, mark! the unknown Tory, the violent and eloquent demagogue, every kind of man, is preferred to the man of science—and the person who, perhaps, more than any other without exception in this country, would, if he went to Paris or even to Berlin, or Petersburg, or

Vienna, be courted and honoured by all who themselves received honour and courtship, hardly obtains one half of the votes of any other description of person in the popular borough of Finsbury! *

* I know there are some men of little minds ready at once to say—a man of science is not fitting to be a politician. No view is so narrow, so contrary to truth, to history, and to experience. In the three greatest politicians and generals of past times — Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Napoléon Bonaparte — their love of letters and their knowledge of science are at least as conspicuous as their other attainments. The greatest orators and politicians that England has ever produced — Hampden, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, the Pitts, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, Canning, Burke, and, let me add, Lord Brougham, and Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell, and Sir John Hobhouse—have all been men of letters, and of business; sincerely and deeply attached to academical as to political pursuits; and finding time, as all men of active and clear minds do find time, for elevating and enlarging their views, for cultivating and improving their judgment and their fancy, as well as for handling and grappling with state affairs. "As for matter of policy and government," says Bacon, "that learning should rather hurt than enable thereunto is a thing very improbable; we see it is accounted an error to commit a natural body to empiric physicians, who commonly have a few pleasing receipts, whereupon they are confident and advantageous, but know neither the *causes* of diseases, nor the complexions of patients, nor peril of

I dwell the more upon this, because the most crude conclusions are drawn frequently from what are falsely seen as analogous facts. In the discussion on the Reform Bill, it was

accidents, nor the true method of cures: we see it is a like error to rely upon advocates and lawyers, who are *ont men of practice* and not grounded in their books, who are many times easily surprised when matter falleth out besides their experience, to the prejudice of the causes they handle: so, by like reason, it cannot be but a matter of doubtful consequence, if states be managed by empiric statesmen, not well mingled with men grounded in learning. But contrariwise, it is almost without instance contradictory that ever any Government was disastrous that was in the hands of learned Governors. For however it hath been *ordinary with politic men to extenuate and disable learned men* by the names of pedants, yet in the records of time it appeareth in many particulars that the Governments of Princes in minority (notwithstanding the infinite disadvantage of that kind of state) have nevertheless excelled the government of princes of mature age, even for the reason which they seek to traduce, which is, that by that occasion the state hath been in the hands of pedants. Nay, let a man look into the Government of the Bishops of Rome, as by name, into the Government of Pius Quintus and Sextus Quintus, in our times, who were both, at their entrance, esteemed but as pedantical friars, and he shall find that such Popes do greater things, and proceed upon truer principles of state, than those who have ascended to the Papacy from an education and breeding in affairs of state and

frequently argued that if the people of England had the free choice of their representatives, they would be sure to choose men of science and literature, because the people in France did — and this passed for excellent reasoning! Nay, if any one had possessed sufficient information for this, he might have pushed the argument still further, and proved pretty plausibly, that what happened in France would happen in a far greater degree in England. For instance, there rises a member of the House of Commons! — "Sir, the honourable gentleman says, that if the people of England had the choice of their representatives, men of science and letters would be excluded from this assembly. Was ever anything so absurd? I beg gentlemen not to be drawn away by idle theories and

courts of Princes. Neither can the experience of one man's life furnish examples and precedents for the events of one man's life: for as it happeneth sometimes that the grandchild, or other descendant, resembleth the ancestor more than the son, so many times occurrences of present times may sort better with ancient examples than with those of the latter or immediate times: and lastly, the wit of one man can no more countervail learning than one man's means can hold way with a common purse,"—and so he continues proving the activity of learned men in public affairs.—*See Bacon's Advancement of Learning.*

vague declamations, I beg them to pay attention to facts. I beg them to see what happens from the people choosing their representatives in one country, and then draw their conclusions as to what would happen in another. When we are talking of England, let us look to France. In France, it is undeniable that men of letters and science are actually hunted out of their retreats, in order to be honoured with popular favours. Who does not remember M. Royer Collard, that learned professor, a man of no violent opinions, being chosen by eight different colleges? Well, sir, but are we less likely to choose men of letters and science than the people of France? Let us, I say again, look to facts. In France, there is not more than one person in three who can read and write. But in England and Wales, taken upon an average, we find out of 14,000,000, nearly 7,000,000, that is nearly one in every two, who receive education. Is it not likely, is it not certain, that the most educated people will set the highest value on the acquisitions of knowledge? (Hear, hear!) Is not this clear, is not this incontrovertible? (Hear, hear, hear.) Sir, I say, that that which happens in France will happen in a greater degree in England, and that the honourable gentle-

man is as wrong in his conclusions as he was violent in announcing them." (Loud cheers.) "Those were very sensible remarks." "Yes, yes, he gave it him well," say two old Whig gentlemen, on the third of the treasury benches. Yet never was there such stuff, such miserable twopenny halfpenny twaddle! Never was man more completely wrong than the orator whom we will paint triumphing, if you please, in his success—never was man so wrong—And why? For the best and shortest and simplest and most incontrovertible of all reasons—because he was wrong; because the people of England, though there are more of them who read and write than there are of the people of France, have not, and will not, and cannot have, for long years to come, that love for letters and the arts, that respect for men of science and letters, which the French have, and which the French had—when, in calligraphy and orthography, they were many times more ignorant than they are at present.

It is folly to talk of reading and writing being alone sufficient to prevent crime. It is folly to imagine that reading and writing will necessarily open men's minds, in an extraordinary degree, to the perception of the elegant and to a sense of the beautiful and the sublime. It will do this

to a certain degree; but people do not perceive that there will be other and pre-existent causes, which will influence the tastes, and the feelings, and the judgment, which writing and reading are calculated to produce—and that history, and society, and conquest, and even geographical position, all exercise as great an influence upon the knowledge derived from writing and reading as the mere knowledge of writing and reading exercises upon the mind itself. They do not see this; neither do they see that writing and reading form but a small part of the education of the man who also sees, and hears, and acts. No, nor do they even recognize that the natural perceptions of some men, and of some races of men, are quicker, and keener, and more acute, than others—more likely to be acted upon by what pleases the senses than by what excites the mind—more likely to be affected by the beautiful than by the useful, by the showy than by the solid. That there are two countries, in each of which a certain number of the people read and write—proves what? That in these two countries this certain number do write and read. It proves this—it proves nothing more than this—unless you can show that in every other respect the people in the two countries are alike. If

the French have an ardent passion for literature, a vast respect for men of letters, it is from a long series of facts, from a long train of events, as well as from a peculiar disposition with which these events and these facts naturally coincide. Here is a passion, here is a respect, which an increase of education, a spread of knowledge, will tend to increase and spread; because to that education and to that knowledge an impulse has been already given—because the feelings originally existed in a small circle, which are therefore naturally extended, as that small circle extends, into a large one.

When Louis the Fourteenth said to Racine, "What man do you think the greatest glory to my reign?" and Racine answered, "Molière"—there was no free press, no national education, none of those vast and noisy engines at work, by which we produce from the minds of the masses what is called public opinion.

Now, I said somewhere in the beginning of this book, that in a vain nation sentiments and habits descend from the higher classes to the lower, as in a voluptuous nation they ascend from the lower to the higher. It was the policy of Richelieu and Louis XIV. —it was the taste of the Regent, and the em-

broidered philosophy of the court of Louis XV. that gave to certain classes that love for the arts and that esteem for their professors, which the destruction of privileges, the division of property, all the circumstances which melted the court and the monarchy into the nation blended with the great mass of the nation also.

It is to kings and to courts that the French people originally owe the predilection which many of you, my countrymen, imagine to be naturally and necessarily the feeling of the multitude—it is from the education of the garden, of the gallery, and the theatre, that those tastes have in a great measure been derived, which many of you would attribute wholly to the school. It is, moreover, as the camp succeeded to the court—from war and from conquest—from the variety and the history which connect the chefs-d'œuvre of Raphael and Michael Angelo with the victories of Italy and Napoléon,* that a sentiment is felt for the

* During the campaigns of Bonaparte, in addition to that knowledge, which the view of other countries and the necessary study of other customs must have produced with the soldiers abroad—war contributed to the education of the peasant left at home, and the conscript who wrote to his family an account of his exploits stimulated the most ignorant of his village to acquire a knowledge necessary to give the key to so

picture-gallery and the statue-room, which many of you attribute to the improvements and the refinements of peace. And it is again owing to the quick and vivid perceptions, to the enthusiastic and admiring character of the French themselves, that so strong an impulse has been given to the natural effect of the causes I have described. Some of you still think in your hearts, perhaps, that it is only to the press, to the Chamber, to the long number of republican laws and free constitutions, which have succeeded with so much rapidity in France, that a mere man of letters became all of a sudden so proud a title. It is just the reverse—it was not because there was liberty, but because there was despotism; it was not because there was a free press, but because there was no free press; it was not because there was a popular assembly, but because there was no popular assembly—that literary men, as the only organs of enlightened opinion, became, towards the later days of the old 'régime,' a second estate in the realm,

interesting a correspondence. And, in the same manner, from the successes of military despotism, the daily press acquired an interest, an influence, and a power, which at a later period it used against that despotism itself.

and, possessing extraordinary power, obtained an hereditary respect.*

Such nonsense is it to embrace all advantages in one system and to exclude them from another; so necessary is it in looking at the present to refer to the past; so sure are we to be wrong, if we think one effect is always produced by one cause; or believe that the same events which confirm and extend a power have, as a matter of course, planted or produced it.

The authority of letters, now extending and maintaining liberty in France, originated in despotism—and the class carried by the revolution of July into office was encouraged under the ministry of Napoléon, and created by the policy of Richelieu. If you wish, as I wish, my readers, to encourage the arts, to raise in public

* I need hardly say that, in stating what have been the causes of a feeling in France which I would wish to see introduced into England, I by no means think the same causes necessary to introduce it into one country that did originally introduce it into the other. On the contrary—we must look at the feeling by itself—ask whether it be good or bad, advantageous or disadvantageous to a State—and, if we decide in favour of its advantage, turn our thoughts to the consideration—not of what grafted it on the French character—but of what might graft it on ours.

estimation the character of men of letters in England, it is not by resigning yourselves to the belief that, because you find the one cultivated and the other respected where the people have power, the people having power will alone do this. Neither is it by imagining that ordinary education, which would be sufficient to spread and to increase a love for science and the arts where it already exists, is sufficient to generate that affection where it does not exist. Neither must you think that what has been produced by certain causes in one country requires the same causes to produce it in yours.

If you wish to introduce a love of the arts, and to elevate literary men in England, you must study the genius, the character, and the history of the English people. You must introduce the passion you wish to create, in the manner in which it can best blend with the dispositions that you find existing. If you wish to wake the attention of a cold and apathetic people to the arts, you must multiply statues and forms of beauty in your public walks—you must let your galleries and your collections stand with doors wide open to the public.* If you wish to inspire a manufac-

* There is no doubt that the circumstance of the best collections belonging—not to the State, but to individuals,

turing people with any just idea of the value of sculpture and of painting, you must not simply institute schools of painting and sculpture, but schools that shall connect painting and sculpture with manufactures. If you wish among an aristocratical people to raise the situation of men of science and men of letters, you must not merely institute universities and societies which shall keep men of letters and science apart from the rest of their fellow-

and depending for their exhibition rather on private courtesy than on public advantage — has kept that taste among the higher classes, where it is only a personal accomplishment—from the lower, where it is a source of national prosperity. Instead of endeavouring to counteract this evil, the State seems to favour and to encourage it, and, at the door of galleries, called 'public,' you are impertinently, for it is 'impertinently,' requested to pay for your admission. Nor is this all. Whenever the question is agitated of how much you ought to do to encourage national taste, it is always discussed on the principle of how little you need do. Instead of seeing that, if we wish to rival France, we must *do more* than France, it is thought a most triumphant argument if we can show, that in any one instance, as in the opening of the Museum, for example, we do *as much* as France. Nor are we at all sensible, that *a taste important to the French, who are not a commercial and manufacturing people, would be of far more importance to the English, who are devoted to commerce and manufactures.*

citizens, you must confer such honours and distinctions upon literary and scientific labours as are obtained in the army, or at the bar, and not forbid the highest genius in literature to aspire to the same position and the same rank in society that even wealth and court favour are sufficient to give.

I do not, for my own part, see only evil in that species of aristocracy which has long existed in England. I may elsewhere have occasion to observe why I think the modified continuance of such an aristocracy still desirable. But if it continue, it will be by the enlargement and extension of that principle on which it has hitherto maintained itself—it will be by taking into its body all those who are formidable as its rivals. It will be by not considering itself apart from any set of men, who confer public benefit or enjoy popular favour. Had I to choose between the two, I should certainly prefer the aristocracy of birth and of land, to that which has bought its titles yesterday at the Stock Exchange. But the time is approaching when neither the one nor the other will be able to stand alone. The time is approaching when an hereditary aristocracy must receive support from an aristocracy that is not hereditary—and the alliance which it formerly made with talent in the House of Commons

be renewed under nobler and purer auspices in another assembly. But it is not here that I would pursue this subject.

And, now let me give a striking instance of the value and of the pervading nature of that literary influence which extends over everything in France, and which is so essentially wanting to decorate the industry, as well as to brighten and to cultivate the character, in England.

Dr. Bowring, in his evidence before the Silk Committee in 1832, says, "I was exceedingly surprised (he is speaking of Lyons) at finding among weavers themselves, and among their children, and amongst everybody connected with the production of patterns, a perpetual attention to everything which was in any way connected with *beauty and colour*. I have again and again seen *weavers walking about gathering flowers and arranging them in their most graceful and attractive shape*;" and so, he says further on, "I beg to state that the universal conviction in France is, that the French are wholly dependent on the superior beauty of their productions for their foreign sale, and the universal desire among the manufacturers is to do something which, in the '*regions of taste*, shall be better than that which is done by their neighbours." I do not know anything more

worthy of remark than the whole of this part of Dr. Bowring's evidence. The Mayor of Lyons, aware of the pressure which competition is likely to bring upon the trade of his town, and taking the best means to avert the calamity, does—what? Why he supports and encourages a school, where the weaver may be taught painting, and sculpture, and botany; and begs Dr. Bowring to send him—copies of the Elgin marbles from England!

But it is not only a superiority of colour or of pattern which this study of the arts produces; the taste which it creates is not only present in the 'atelier,' and presiding over the loom —it is at the very seat and capital of fashionable empire, viz.:—in the milliner's shop. If the French milliner knows what colours best assimilate, where to put in a little bit of pink and where a little stripe of brown—if she has a peculiar taste in arranging the set of a gown and the fall of a sleeve,* it is the work of

* So far has this taste for the arts penetrated into the nation, and mingled with all that is most national, that you find it enter into the occupations of the army, and many of the regiments amuse and occupy themselves by ornamenting with statues and fountains and walks the town in which they may happen to be stationed. But, if I wished to give at once the most simple and striking instance of the influence of literature in France, I do not think I could give a better than is to be found in the

laws, customs, years, and not the work of chance; it is the effect of an influence cherished and created at the apex of society, and which has worked its way into the foundations of society—it is the effect of the causes which made Voltaire the idol of the court of Louis XV., which gave David the great cordon of honour,

first newspaper on Galignani's table. Observe, whatever the paper is, whatever the subjects of the day it has to speak of—observe, that literature, either in the review of a play, or in the review of a novel, or in an account of the lectures of a professor, is sure to occupy one third of its sides. Here it is not the literary journal separate from the political journal; the same person who takes an interest in politics is supposed to take an interest in literature; and that to which I wish to draw particular attention, is the public, and popular, and general, mode which science, in the weekly account of its proceedings—proceedings which appear with all the other news of the day—has of corresponding with the public, and interesting and perpetually informing the public by its inquiries. I allude to the reports of the Institût, which appear in all the political newspapers, and carry to every extremity of France the daily and weekly discoveries of the metropolis. The *savant* appears before his brethren; he tells them what he has been doing during the week, and this information is in everybody's hands almost as soon as it has passed the philosopher's lips. The circumstance of such reports finding their way into papers only professing to feed the public appetite is no less extraordinary as a proof of the general taste for science than valuable as a channel for its general diffusion.

which made Bonaparte* boast of being a member of the Institût of France, and which have brought, as I just said, Mons. de Lamartine, and Messrs. Thiers and Arago, into the Chamber of Deputies.

If England could join to her talent for detail, to her power of perfecting and polishing the discoveries of others, to her sound and sterling sense —if she could join to the positive qualities which the practice of daily activity gives—the comprehension, the invention, the elevation, which the study of vague and beautiful things inspires —more industrious than the state of Rome—more steady and resolute of spirit than the states of Greece—she would transmit to posterity a fame which antiquity has not left behind it. To entitle her to this fame, and to the riches, and to the honour, and to the moral greatness

* I never heard louder applause than I did at Franconi's, (our Astley's, and filled with a Parisian populace,) when the actor, who was Napoléon for the night, gave to this painter the same decoration which he had just been giving to Massena, the General. And such was the feeling which formerly made the French bow to a despot whom they had seen boast of being a man of science! They understood from that boast that their emperor placed the power of the mind above every other power, and the respect which they paid his tyranny sprang from the thought that it was governed by intelligence.

which would accompany this fame—to make her mistress of the arts, and to keep her mistress of the seas—to spread with her wealth and her manufactures the love of the beautiful and the study of the sublime—to make commerce a carrier to science, and to impress on a ribbon, which shall traverse the world, the triumphs of modern industry, and the aspirations of classic times; — here is an object well worthy of a statesman—an object, difficult, but not impossible, to attain—an object the most noble, the most glorious, the most useful, that a British statesman ever yet pursued.

But, reader, when you are shown the child of the operative, walking about the fields and gathering and arranging flowers to improve the manufactures of Lyons—you must at the same time see (for one circumstance is connected with the other) what every successive government has done for men of letters and science in France.

The following are among the names of persons who, during the empire, the restoration, and since the revolution, have received the rewards and honours of the state on account of their literary and scientific attainments.*

* In this list the members of the four classes of the Institut are not included, though all, as members

UNDER THE EMPIRE.

Bernardin de St. Pierre,	Lacretelle,
Legouvé,	Chénedollé,
Andrieux,	Castel,
Luce de Lancival,	Soumet,
Piis, (chansonnier)	Etienne,
Baour Lormian,	Mercier (du tableau de
Picard,	Paris),
Chénier,	Laya,
Lebrun (le Pindarique),	Bonald,
Lebrun (Pierre),	Féletz,
Millevoye,	Palissot,
Victorin Fabre,	Arnauld.
Jouy,	Esménard,
Delrieu,	Delille,
Parseval Grandmaison,	Cuvier,
Treneuil,	Fourrier,
Parny,	Villemain,
Tissot,	Guillard,
Campenon,	Raynouard,
Roger,	Le Chevalier,
Creuzé de Lessert,	Dacier.

To this list add the names of those persons whose literary talent raised them to the high ranks of the empire —Among the senators were:—

Fontanes,	Laplace,
Lacépède,	Lagrange,

of this institution, receive incomes, the least of which is 1,500 francs, the largest 12,000 francs, per annum.

Lebrun,
Volney,
Bougainville,
Tracy,
Pastoret,
Garnier,
Daru,
Ségur,
Bassano,
Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely.

UNDER THE RESTORATION.

Châteaubriand,
Ancelot,
Delaville,
V. Hugo,
Nodier,
Briffaut,
Chazet (30,000 francs) c'est un chansonnier,
Mazères,
Barante,
Augustin Thierry,
Guiraud,
Aimé Martin,
Auger,
J. Bonald.

SINCE THE REVOLUTION OF JULY.

P. Lebrun,
Arnauld, père,
Tissot,
} in reparation; they had been deprived of their pensions.

Benjamin Constant,
Thiers,
Mignet,
Alex. Duval,
Say,
Casimir Delavigne,
Casimir Bonjour,
Barthélemy,
Méry,
Jouy,
D'Epagny,
Lucien Arnauld,
Augustin Thierry (augmentation).
Rouget de Lisle (auteur de la Marseillaise).

Made Peers.

Cousin,	Royer Collard,
Villemain,	Bertin de Vaux, &c.

For the number of libraries, and for the number of books which these libraries contain, relative to the population in the different departments of France (the department of the Seine excepted), I refer the reader to the Appendix; but, as the provinces are far behind the capital, it is worth while remarking that, in Paris, the public has three volumes to every two individuals.

i. e. there are 1,378,000 volumes.
774,000 individuals.

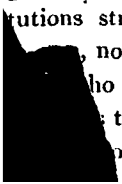
For the number of works published in literature, the arts, and on science, I also refer my reader to the Appendix, where he will find a statement of the number of the establishments and societies founded by the state, or by individuals, for the advancement of different branches of knowledge among different classes of society.

Among these I would here, however, mention—

"Ecole royale *gratuite* de Mathématique et de Dessin *en faveur des Arts Mécaniques*," where five hundred children, the children of artisans, receive instruction gratis. Observe,

that this school was founded in 1760, and authorized by the letters patent of Louis XV.!

"Ecole royale et gratuite de Dessin de jeunes personnes," where drawing in its various branches is taught for the same purpose.

The School of St. Peter, at Lyons—and for an account of which I refer to Dr. Bowring's evidence on the Silk Committee, which I have alluded to,—and Les Ecoles royales des Arts et Métiers; the one at Châlons (Marne), the other at Angers, (Maine-et-Loire). Here, the boys, going at fourteen or seventeen years of age, stay three years, and study everything which can conduce to their understanding or practising their profession with skill and intelligence. They are not only taught the principles of science that would be applicable to their craft, they are made to apply those principles. They work in the carpenter's shop, at the forge; they handle the hammer and the file; and every pains is taken to make them at once clever men and good mechanics. In order to confine these institutions strictly to persons connected with in-

none by a late rule are allowed to enter
ho have not served for one year as ap-
to a trade.
of the children are apprentices to

fathers who can afford to pay five hundred francs per year, the ordinary sum which those not admitted gratuitously pay; but there are one hundred and fifty who pay only half of this; one hundred and fifty who pay only three quarters; one hundred and fifty who pay nothing: besides, as prizes are distributed to those boys who distinguish themselves, many, who enter at two hundred and fifty francs per annum, gain their pension before the time is expired.* It only remains for me to observe that, so entirely does the government abstain from any improper influence in the patronage of these schools, those who are sent at a less rate than the five hundred francs, *i. e.* for two hundred and fifty francs, or for three hundred and seventy-five francs, or for nothing, are named on an examination *by a jury of the different departments.*

It is impossible to calculate the advantages of these establishments, since such advantages are not to be estimated by the number of persons who receive instruction but by the extension which, through them, that instruction receives, and by the emulation which, through them, that instruction excites. It is h[illegible]

* On quitting these schools, the pupils are p[illegible] advantageously, according to their profession proficiency in it.

union of practice and theory, of science and its application; it is by the école polytechnique in one class, and these institutions in another; it is by these two fountains which, starting from two different sources, meet and blend in the great stream of social civilization, that the French are now extending the advantages of literary influence, and at the same time correcting the defects it was likely to engender . . . . But when by and bye I speak more fully of industry and education, then will be the time to pursue the discussion of these matters — it pleases me now to turn back from the artisan and the workshop to the fine lady and the salon, and to show the same spirit presiding over the two extremes.

As the literary man is honoured in the state, so is he honoured in society. At Madame D——'s, at Madame de M——'s, at Madame de R——'s, you meet all the literary men who belong to all the different political opinions. Indeed, wherever you go, be sure that the person particularly noticed, if not a remarkable officer—is a remarkable writer.

This is the case in France, where we are met on the one hand by the evidence of Dr. Bowring—on the other by the list of pensions, donations, and appointments, that I have submitted

to the reader. This is the case in France, where the advancement of men of letters seems to go hand in hand with the advance and progress of manufactures. But in England—where men of letters are least esteemed, and yet where industry ought to be most encouraged—what is the case in England and in the society of England?

A literary Frenchman whom I met, not long ago, in Paris, said to me, that a good-natured young English nobleman, whom I will not name, had told him that dancers and singers, &c. were perfectly well received in English society, but not men of letters.

"Est-il possible qu'on soit si barbare chez vous?" said the French gentleman to me. I think the young nobleman, to whom the persons pursuing literature in England must be very much obliged, rather exaggerated. I do not think the door is actually bolted upon you the moment you are found out to write—but I think it is opened to you with a much more cautious air—and I am quite sure it would not be opened to you wholly and solely because you had written.

To be known as a writer is certainly to your prejudice. First—people presume you are not what they call a 'gentleman,' and the grandfather, who, if you were a banker, or a butcher, o

of any other calling or profession, would be left quiet in his tomb, is evoked against you. If this exhumation take place in vain, if a gentle genealogy be established, and the fact of your being in vulgar parlance, 'a gentleman,' placed beyond denial, then your good blood is made the reservoir of all evil passions; you are obligingly painted as the incarnation of envy, of malice, and all uncharitableness; your picture is drawn in some friendly magazine, twisted into contortions that would terrify all the witches of the Hebrides.—You have got a horrid nose, red hair, and a heart blacker than all Valpy's, and Whittingham's, and Bentley's printing devils could paint it. At last, your banker's book is looked into, and it is found out, or presumed, that you are poor, or, if you are not poor, it is quite clear that you are penurious. You refused ten guineas to a dozen authors more forlorn than yourself, and did not give 100*l.* as you ought to have done, to the Literary Fund.

How many gentlemen have refused, and how many gentlemen would refuse their purse to a poetical impostor, without being pelted with every species of abuse, as Horace Walpole was on that story of Chatterton, and simply because Horace Walpole, though a gentleman, and a moderately rich man, was also, unfor-

tunately for him, an author! How many people does one meet quite as be-mummified and twice as ill-natured and disagreeable as poor Mr. R——, and who yet are neither called dead men nor such very odious and disagreeable men as everybody, chuckling, calls Mr. R——, because—he is an author! A thousand husbands are as bad as Lord Byron ever was—and yet they are not cut, nor called diabolical, and satanic, as poor Lord Byron was cut and called all this—because Lord Byron was an author. It is a most singular thing, but no sooner is a man pointed out in England as having wielded a pen with tolerable success, that everybody spits upon him every kind of venom.

Some—many—of the reasons for this difference between France and England I have stated. They belong to history; they belong to the past; they belong to the fact, that a monarchy governed in France, which sought to humble the aristocracy, while an aristocracy governed in England, which sought to abase the Commons. But there are three causes which more especially operate at the present time to maintain the distinction originated by former laws, and customs, and institutions.

First—The influence of women in France,

and the higher cast of their thoughts and their pursuits. Secondly — The 'esprit de corps,' which, in France, as connected with the natural vanity of the French, I have already noticed. And lastly, The state of property in France—the state of property, which enters more than people imagine into every relation of life, into every production of human intelligence, into every law passed for social happiness, and which, when we consider the present state of France, it is most especially our duty to keep before us.

The greater frivolity of English women, and consequently the greater frivolity of English society, necessarily create a kind of fear and horror amongst that body for a being who, having been guilty of writing, is supposed, oftentimes very fallaciously, to have been guilty of thinking, and who is therefore considered what a sober man would be by a set of drunken associates, viz.—a bore and a critic. The esteem which every man sets upon himself in England—so different from the vanity which makes every man in France connect himself, wherever he can, with all that is greater than himself—induces persons to view with jealousy, instead of with pride, any man who, employing no more pens, ink, and paper,

than he does, contrives to make a greater reputation.

His first saying is, "that man *cannot* be cleverer than I am." Then, he says, "Why should he be more successful?" Then he hates and abhors him because he is more successful; and then he very naturally abuses him because he abhors him. No men in France hang more together than literary men; no men defend their order with more tenacity. M. Thiers, as 'ministre,' does not forget that he is 'homme de lettres.' No men in England pull one another so much to pieces. When Mr. Brougham, when Mr. Macaulay, first appeared as politicians, all the papers, and all the newspaper writers, poured forth their ridicule and their abuse on these literary young men who presumed to make speeches. It was utterly impossible, shouted forth all these gentlemen, —employed themselves every day, by the by, in writing and deciding upon the politics of Europe,—for any man who had also written to have any notion of these politics. It was indignation, it was scorn, it was vituperation, that these two gentlemen excited, just among those very persons who in France would have been most proud and most happy to say:— "We are delighted at Mr. Brougham's or

Mr. Macaulay's eloquence; it shows the advantages of a cultivated taste; the position which literary men might and ought to aspire to"—secretly whispering to themselves, "and we, too, are literary men."

As for property and its division in France, that subject is one too vast for me here to do more than glance at. But it is easily seen that, where fortunes are not of themselves sufficient to make great and important distinctions; where every person is more or less in the situation of the basket-maker and the nobleman among the savages, and chiefly dependent for what he receives on what he is able to do: it is easy to see that, where the pen easily procures an income which not three thousand persons possess from land, the profession of writing must hold a different rank from that which it occupies in a country where fortunes are sufficiently great to overbalance every other distinction.

There are many things to say in disparagement and in favour of this, which, as I observed before, I should wish to say more amply and satisfactorily, if I have the opportunity, elsewhere—which I should wish to say—after having more fully explained the various effects for good and evil which the great division of

property in France has produced—effects which I shall presently attempt to trace in some matters which many would suppose they could hardly reach.

But I cannot conclude this chapter without observing, that even in France people do not seem sufficiently aware of the end to which the influence of intelligence, and the insignificance of fortune, must necessarily lead them. They do not seem sufficiently aware of the necessity of recognizing, and more fully establishing, that aristocracy—for aristocracy in every country there must be—that aristocracy which time and taste have already recognized—an aristocracy which would be powerful because it is national—which would be safe, because it is peaceably created—and which, when peaceably created, and historically established in a nation, is the most rational, because the best calculated to combine change with conservation, and moderation with improvement.

Yet may we see a new Chamber of Peers taken from the category of the Academy and the Institút;* yet may we see the concentration and

The Institút, even at present, opens to the French a double ambition and a double career. It is there that the national character is represented, and that the national distinctions blend and meet. M. Thiers seeks

the representation of the intelligence of the kingdom more fully acknowledged, as the proper mediator between the throne, which its political science would teach it to preserve, and the people, whom its natural affections would prevent it from betraying.

the title of academician with an ardour at least equal to that which has carried him so far in the Chamber of Deputies. The Duc de Raguse was as proud of the title of 'Membre de l'Institût,' as that of 'Marechal de France.' In that society the statesman is brought into honourable connection with the poet, the philosopher with the soldier. In that society the passionate man, the literary man, the active man, the studious man, are blended together; a practical energy is given to speculation, a nobility to ambition. The warrior, the orator, ennoble their conceptions by science; the historian, the professor, correct their theories by experience—the one learns to act with dignity, the other to think with truth.

LITERATURE.

Literature—Society in a transitory state—Every epoch in civilization bears its certain fruit—Afterwards, that society wears out, or must be invigorated by a new soil —A new stratum for society produced in France, a new era—The genius of this era first visible in the Army, now in Literature—What I intend to do in speaking of French literature.

THE three influences most popular in society, and most connected with the character and the history of France, are then—the influence of arms, the influence of women, and the influence of letters—and the Government that is wise will not endeavour to destroy, but will endeavour so to mould and employ, these influences as to invigorate and embellish the institutions —to improve and to elevate the social existence—of the French. But there is another influence, an influence to which I have just been alluding—an influence of more modern growth—twining itself in with the history, incorporating itself with the character of the nation—an influence which, while other influences descend from

the past, is now creating a future—an influence which, as I have just been speaking of the influence of literature, I will trace through the labours of literature itself.

"We are not, as it seems to many, in the epoch of any peculiar revolution, but in an era of general transformation. All society is on the change. What period will see this movement cease? God alone can say."

"To what end is society directing itself? Behind us, ruins; before us, an impenetrable obscurity; where we are, a terrible inquietude. Religions fall, other religions rise, or attempt to rise; the confusion of literary and political opinions is what it has rarely been before."

These are two passages, the one from M. de Châteaubriand, the other from the preface of a youthful poet,* who seemed at one time likely to represent the character of his times. Society indeed is, in France, as it is all over the world, in a state of transition; so is society always, we may say, for civilization, retrograding or advancing, never stands still. So is society always; yet there are periods to which the epithet of "transitory" may be peculiarly applied; for there are periods at which it is more evident than at others that a movement is

* M. Barbier.

taking place. No fixed taste predominates; there is an incongruity in all things, a want of unity, a want of harmony; the sons have passed beyond the recognized rules of their sires, but they have not yet found any for themselves. They are on the search, they cry, they abandon, they adopt, they forsake. Each has his own scheme, his own thought; looking at them separately, these schemes, these thoughts, are diverse: viewing them together, they appear less unlike, for there is always a general tendency throughout them all, a general tendency to *The New Age*, in which there will be unity, in which there will be harmony, in which there will be an insensibility to the movement that must always be going on. For society has its resting places, at which it collects itself and takes breath; at which it prepares for new efforts, engendering new ideas — ideas, which, until they triumph over those more antiquated, are unheeded; and then — comes another epoch of doubt, uncertainty, and search. So is it for ever. . . . . .*

* The reign of Louis XIV. was a stationary epoch; remark the similarity between the government and the manners and the literature which existed then; remark the similarity, the harmony, if I may so express myself, between a royal ordonnance, a poem of Racine's, a court

That we are in one of those periods of search and discovery, of mingling and jarring doubts, of disputes, pretensions, and contradictions—that we are in one of those periods which the world calls 'transitory,' and which ought rather to be called 'confused,' there is no denying; but the vague truism which M. de Chateaubriand so pompously puts forth may hardly pass for a description of the peculiar genius which separates modern France from ancient France.

Every epoch of civilization bears its certain fruit; but to get a further produce you must stir and upturn the ground anew, and invigorate the earth that is grown fatigued and old by mingling it with a fresh and uncultivated soil. This is not a matter of chance, it is a matter of necessity; it is the law of nature, the law of the world, which, incessantly perishing,

dress and a cabriole chair. Everything was grand, stately, ceremonious, decorous; rigid in its rules of art and etiquette: the same genius presided over the drama that regulated the cotillon. It was the age of the court, of the unities, of the minuet. The reaction from the solemn regularity of one period was the irreligious disorder of the other. Then, men had thought too much—they wished to think no longer; and for a time the empire of action and of the sword replaced the theoretic realities of the revolutionary tribune.

is incessantly providing means for its regeneration and support.

The form of society, which since the period of Richelieu had been gradually developed, had arrived, at the period of the revolution, at its utmost state of refinement, and exhausted in the school of the eighteenth century all its powers. The wit, the grace, the incredulity, the scientific vice, the cold and bloodless philosophy of a *blazé'd*, debauched and clever court could produce nothing more than "La Pucelle,"—"l'Esprit"—"les Liaisons dangereuses." What could come after the philosophers and the poets and the novelists of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. —what could come after the profligate productions of an age, the life and spirit of which were completely enervated and worn out, but a long imbecility or a total change?—A total change took place, a new era came—for a new stratum for society was laid—a new era came, in which France was formed of new materials, endowed with new thoughts, and clothed with new expressions.

The genius of this dawning time did not first make itself visible in literature; for it is a mistake to suppose that, because literature sometimes represents the mind of an epoch, it does so always. It does so *only* when that

mind is not otherwise and more forcibly expressed. This is why the character of the empire was traced—not with the pen, but with the sword; while the placid sweetness of Delille, and the common-place prettiness of M. Jouy, were striking as a contrast to the marvellous magnificence of their age. But, from the fall of Napoléon, philosophy and letters have been gradually assuming an ardent spirit and a vivid colouring, analogous with the glory and the fever of that man's reign. It would be far, I fear, beyond the compass of this work, to enter fully into the merits of the different existing writers, or even to take an extended critical survey of the different species of writing now most popular in France. This I should have wished, if I had been able to devote a volume to the purpose. But all that I now hope is, to show that a great change has taken place in French literature—connected with the nature and the causes of which change we shall easily trace an influence—the influence of which I have spoken—and which, affecting the literature, has also affected the philosophy, and the religion, and the society, and the government, of the French people.

HISTORY.

Consider History and the Drama—France for the first time remarkable for historical composition—The old Chronicles, the Memoirs that succeeded them—The history of the eighteenth century—The history of the nineteenth—The first brought a bastard kind of antiquity into your parlour, the last carries you back into antiquity itself—Michaud—Barante—Thierry—Thiers—Mignet—Guizot—Sismondi—Chateaubriand—The modern French Historian is like the old French Novelist, and attempts rather to *paint* than to *describe*—Why?—History only interesting to those persons whose actions make history, and whose fortunes are affected by it—The diffusion of honours, of employments, of property, has diffused the interest of History—The Historian writes now to a country where he wrote formerly to a clique—He adopts, therefore, a popular and more powerful style.

CONFINED, as I now am, in the observations I have to make on this part of my subject, I shall proceed to consider French Literature in its two most important divisions—History and the Drama—and perhaps the first thing to strike us in the present literature of France is, that

it is, for the first, preeminent in historical composition.

The old chronicles, indeed, were bold and vigorous; the bones, if I may use such an expression, with which a history might have been formed: but the innumerable memoirs which succeeded them, and in which the courtly times of France are handed down to posterity, appear as compiled exaggerations of the fashionable articles which could to-day be taken from the Morning Post. Alas! the authors of these memoirs never spoke, wrote, or thought, of the nation. They were satisfied in recording the minutest whisper that crept around the precincts of the throne. "Have you heard the most miraculous, the most extraordinary, the most stupendous, thing in the world?" says Madame de Sévigné, in her memorable letter which announced the possibility of a Princess of the House of Orleans condescending to ally herself with the Duc de Lauzun. M. de Turenne, says Dangeau—from the utmost height of his sublime gravity—M. de Turenne, eldest son of M. de Bouillon, and 'grand chambellan en survivance,' struck the king's nose the other day in giving him his shirt.

"Le roi se promena dans ses jardins où il s'amuse à voir planter, il faisait un tems

effroyable et le chapeau du roi était percé : on envoya le porte-manteau en chercher un autre. Le porte-manteau donna le chapeau au Duc de Nismes, qui sert pour le D. d'Aumont, qui est en année. Le Duc de Nismes le présenta au roi ; mais Mons. de la Rochefoucauld prétendit que c'était à lui de le donner et que le D. de Nismes empiétait sur ses fonctions. Ceci a fait une *assez grande affaire* entre eux quoiqu'ils fussent bons amis."

On one of his days of business, Louis XIV. (says M^me^. de Maintenon's memoirs) " remained with this lady but a short time before the minister came in, and a still shorter time after he had gone out. His majesty went to the ' *chaise percée*,' returned to the bed of M^me^. de Maintenon, where he stood for a few minutes, and then, wishing her good night, sat down to table."

The enumeration of facts like these is so far important:—when you see what the court was that governed the country, you may come pretty accurately to the conclusion that the country was very ill governed.

But for thinking of the country at all, as you read some hundreds of volumes, you are entirely indebted to a patriotic imagination. After the great fire which destroyed Rennes,

there were discovered among the ruins different coagulated masses, of various colours, out of which a vast number of pretty ornaments were made;—and it was from these useless trinkets on some ladies' dress, that the greater part of France became informed that the capital of a province had been destroyed—So, during the whole period I am speaking of, it is to some trumpery toy, to some paltry passion, to some miserable closet-wise intrigue, to some crafty confession of a still more crafty mistress, that we are to look, as the signs and tokens of a great people's destiny.

But if the memorialist was necessarily narrow in his range, he at all events contrived to give you some idea of the region he described. Not so the historian. While the one, impressed with the greatness of his subject, prosaically repeated the chit-chat of the royal nursery,—pompously perorated upon the 'chaise percée' of a king—the other, passing in contemptuous silence over the character, the customs, the arts of the people he described, expended the fire of his genius in a tremendous outpouring of battles, sieges, victories, defeats, murders, and invasions. Quick over your mind rushed a deluge of dates and deaths; and the people who could count the greatest number of obscure

names upon their fingers, and cite an insignificant fact with the nicest accuracy, were deemed, by all reputed judges, the most accomplished possessors of historical lore.

Voltaire rescued history from Daniel and Griffet. The "Essai sur les Mœurs," in its marvellous combination of wit, research, and philosophy, is, perhaps, one of the most astonishing evidences on record of the power of the human mind; but, wonderful as a testimony of intelligence, it is more than imperfect as a history. It wants the power without which all history is lifeless—it wants the power which transports you to distant regions and to distant times, and which brings the dim face of weird antiquity plain and palpably before you; it wants the power which makes you look upon the things and mingle with the men that are described. What you see in Voltaire's history is—Voltaire. His cynical, intelligent, and thoughtful face comes back to you from every page, as so many refractions of the same image from a broken mirror. You never get beyond the philosopher's study. Like Don Quixote in the Duke's castle, you pass through every atmosphere without stirring from the same place. It is the shrewd old gentleman of the eighteenth century talking to you most sagaciously about a number of

things which *he* has got carefully under lock and key, and will never let *you* get a glimpse of.

I forget who it is who says, that what is most visible in the history of every time, is the time of the historian writing—this, which is true of all the historians of the Voltairian school, is especially true of Voltaire. He looks at everything, and argues upon everything with the eyes and with the feelings, not merely of his own age, but of his own country and his own clique.

We know that Herodotus relates of the Babylonian ladies, that they were all obliged, once at least in their lives, to prostitute themselves to strangers in the Temple of Milita or Venus. "Can any one," cries Voltaire, "believe in such a story? Is it likely, is it possible, that such a custom should exist among a people in any state of refinement? What is not *natural* is never true." "Now," says Grimm, "it would be very difficult to say *what is natural* — and if we were to strike out from history everything that seemed unnatural to us, there would only remain the chronicle of our own times." Did Grimm say the truth? Certainly, *human sacrifices* in any state of society *are not very natural. Suicide*, which was a fashion among one of the

most sensible nations in the world, was one of the most *unnatural* fashions that can well be imagined. It is not very long ago that it was the fashion in England for all young ladies *to wear pads in order to make them appear with child*; which, among a people who set the highest value on female chastity, was also very *unnatural*, surely. The law of Babylon was at least as natural as the vow of celibacy; nor are we to suppose that, if the Babylonish ladies were refined, their notions of refinement must necessarily have resembled those of the Parisians. But the best part of the story is, that not above half a century after Voltaire wrote, a person appeared in France, actually in France, who preached nearly the same doctrines in the Chaussée d'Antin that, Herodotus says, were followed in Babylon.* Nay, there was even a moment of doubt as to whether the father of this creed was not a true prophet—many have even still a faith in his success—so that, after all, what the Babylonian ladies practised as a solemn ceremony, the French ladies are not induced to shudder at from social usage. A man who says, 'what is not natural cannot be true,' and who looks at nature through the prism of his own epoch, cannot be a good historian; and Voltaire, with the in-

* Enfantin.

dustry which Gibbon acknowledged, and the genius which no one disputes, was not a good historian.

But the chief portion of that public for which Voltaire wrote, was a knot of philosophers, who imagined the time in which they lived a golden climax in civilization; who really thought that they could measure all things past, present, and to come, by the ideal standard they had set up in their own minds; who looked back to history, not to form their opinions but to illustrate their doctrines, and who, when the facts which they read clashed with the theories they believed, denounced the facts, to cherish the theories. These men had no idea of a virtue that was different from their virtue; of the power and the force of a genius which was not cast in the mould of their own minds. They were at once too speculative to be struck by a picture, and too proud to think that the darker ages were worth portraying; all they wished for was reasonings similar to their own—the description of other times, which did not take them from theirs;—and the writer who pleased them most was the one who took a lesson from the artist, and drew Hercules in the costume of Louis XIV. Such were the men who formed the chief part of

that public for which Voltaire wrote — and to these men were joined others equally cold and equally fastidious—courtiers, whose ideas were in rows, stiff and trim like the trees at Versailles; who were easily shocked, who could not be astonished, who liked to fancy they were being instructed, and who only wished to be amused. The popular writer of the day mirrored forth the taste of the popular critics of the day, and wit and dissertation were the combined materials to please the two classes of those critics.

But when a new school of history arose, it drew more especially from the stores which its predecessors had cautiously neglected.

"Time," said the Encyclopedists,* "is too precious, and the space of history too immense, to give the reader ridiculous fables and absurd theories of ignorant men."—"Without crediting the fables of ancient writers," says M. Michaud, "I have not disdained to make use of them, for *what these writers said, their contemporaries believed*; and in so much they show the manners, and the ideas, and the knowledge, which prevailed at the period they describe."† Here then are the two schools in direct opposition.

* Art. "Histoire." First edit. Encyclopedie.

† Michaud's "Exposition de l'Histoire des Croisades."

The first brought a bastard kind of antiquity into your parlour; the second would carry you back into antiquity itself. Instead of reasoning upon the acts of your ancestors, the modern historian would show you those ancestors themselves, clad in the panoply, the passions, and the prejudices, of olden time. The writer of the "Crusades" does not coldly tell you that the religious adventurers who poured into Palestine were a set of superstitious soldiers cased in mail. No: you see the sun shine on their glittering harness; you hear them shouting, "Dieu le veut," as they rush to battle. Lo! there are the warlike fanatics marching upon Jerusalem! "They have fasted for three days, and, sallying forth, at length they walk, their weapons in their hands, but their feet bare, and their heads uncovered. Thus they walk three times round the sacred city; and before them march their priests, robed in white, and carrying the images of saints, and singing psalms; and the banners are unfurled, and loud sound the timbrel and the trumpet; for thus was it that the Israelites had thrice made the tour of Jericho, the walls of which crumbled to pieces at the sound of the warlike music."†

* * * *

† Michaud. vol. i. p. 412. Hist. des Croisades.

"I have endeavoured," says M. de Barante,* "to restore to history the charm of romance, which romance had, in fact, borrowed from history;" and so, in a work a model of its kind, this modern historian continually cites the old chronicles, and borrows himself something of their simple and perhaps barbarous style of narrative, telling you things in the tone and with the colouring of a contemporary. The erudition which makes most works dry makes his delightful.† You see Charles the Bold, his long black hair floating in the wind; his proud lip trembling, and his swart face pale with passion. You know the very name of his coal-black charger; and before him are the Swiss on their knees, and the heavens clearing at their prayer; and there you read how the Burgundians beseeched their prince to remember "his poor people," and how the clergy told him, that he was defeated because he taxed the church. The age speaks to you in its own language, and ex-

* Histoire des Ducs de Burgogne: Preface.

† M. de Barante is called a copyist; and so he is, a copyist of the old writers, from whom he has taken his materials. But, if an historian has any merit in infusing into you the spirit of the times whose actions he is narrating, to copy the writers of those times is a necessity and not a fault.

presses its own ideas. You make acquaintance with its personages, as they existed in flesh and blood; you learn its manners, without knowing you have been taught them. The first author of the school that I read was M. Thierry, and I yet remember the pleasure I felt at the following simple, but, I think, very admirable passage, in that part of his history which relates to the Norman descent.

"And now there arrived from Rome the consecrated flag, and the bull which authorized the descent upon England. The eagerness increased. Every one contributed to the enterprise, as best he could, and even mothers sent their favourite children to enlist, for the sake of their souls. William published his war-ban in the countries adjacent: he offered a large sum, and the pillage of England, to every man of tall and robust stature, who would serve, either with the lance, the sword, or the cross-bow; and a multitude poured in from all parts, from far and near, from north and from south; from Maine and from Anjou, from Poitou and from Brittany, from France and from Flanders, from Aquitaine and from Burgundy, from Piedmont, and the borders of the Rhine; all the adventurers by profession, all the brave and vagabond spirits of Europe,

came eagerly and gladly at his call. Some were knights and captains of war; others, simple foot-soldiers, and 'servants at arms,' —such was the phrase of the time.—These demanded money in hand; those, their passage, and all the booty they could gain. Many wished for an estate in England, a domain, a castle, a town—or simply bargained for a Saxon wife.

* * * *

"William refused no one."

* * * *

"And during the spring and the summer, in all parts of Normandy, workmen of all kinds were employed in constructing and in equipping vessels. Here were the blacksmiths and the armourers fabricating lances and coats of mail—and there were the porters incessantly carrying arms from the workshops to the ships —and during these preparations William presented himself at St. Germain's to the King of the French, and, saluting him with a deference which his ancestors had not always paid to the Kings of France, 'You are my seigneur,' said he; 'if it please you to aid me, and that God give me grace to obtain my right in England, I promise to do homage to you for that realm, as if I held it of you.' Philip

assembled his council of barons and of freemen, without whom he could decide no important affair, and the barons were of opinion that he could in no wise aid William in his conquest.

"'You know,' said they to their king, 'how little the Normans obey you now—they will obey you less if they have England. Besides it will be a great expense to aid the duke in his enterprise; and if it fail we shall have the English for our mortal enemies."

"William, thus treated, retired ill contented from Philip.

* * * *
* * * *

"The rendezvous for the vessels and men at arms was at the mouth of the Dive, a river which falls into the sea between the Seine and the Orme. For a month, the winds were contrary, and the Norman fleet was retained in the harbour. At length a southern breeze carried it to St. Valery near Dieppe. There the bad weather recommenced, and it was necessary to cast anchor and wait for several days.—During this delay, the tempest shattered several vessels, and many of their crews perished. And at this accident murmurings arose among the troops, already fatigued with their long encampment. The soldiers, idle in

their tents, passed the day in conversing upon the dangers of the voyage and the difficulties of the enterprise they were undertaking.

" ' There has yet been no battle,' they said, ' and already several of our companions are no more;' and then they calculated and examined the number of dead bodies which the sea had thrown upon the sands. And these reports abated the ardour of the adventurers who had enlisted with so much zeal; so that some broke their engagement and retired.

" In the mean time William, in order to check a disposition so fatal to his projects, had the dead buried secretly, and increased the supply of victuals and strong liquors. But the same thoughts of regret and discouragement still recurred. ' Very foolish,' said the soldiers, ' very foolish is the man who pretends to conquer another's land! God is offended at such designs, and now he shows his anger by refusing us a favourable wind!' At last, perhaps from real superstition, perhaps for the mere purpose of distracting their followers from unwelcome thoughts, the Norman chiefs conducted the relics of St. Valery in great pomp, and with a long procession through the camp. All the army began to pray; and the following night the fleet had the wind they wished for.

" And now, four hundred ships, with large sails, and upwards of one thousand boats of transport, started from the shore at the same signal. The vessel of William took the lead, and he carried at his mast's head the banner sent from the pope, and a cross upon his flag. The sails were of divers colours, and in many parts of them were painted the three lions, the arms of the Normans; and at the prow was carved the face of a child carrying a bent bow with an arrow ready to fly forth. This vessel, a better sailer than the rest, headed the expedition during the day, and at night was far in the advance. On the following morning the duke bade a sailor climb to the top of the main mast and see if there were any other vessels coming. 'I only see,' said the sailor, 'the sky and the sea,'—and thereupon the anchor was cast.

" The duke affected a gaiety that was to put down any appearance of care or fear among his friends, and he ordered a sumptuous repast and wines highly spiced. Anon, the sailor mounted again; and this time he said he saw four vessels, and presently afterwards he cried, 'I see a forest of masts and sails.'

* * * *

" Now, while this great armament was pre-

paring in Normandy, Harold, the Norwegian, faithful to his engagements toward the Saxon Tostig, had assembled his soldiers and some hundreds of vessels of war and transports. The fleet remained some time at anchor, and the Norwegian army awaiting the signal for departure, encamped on the coast, as the Norman army had encamped at the mouth of the Dive.

"There also, vague impressions of discouragement and inquietude manifested themselves, and under appearances yet more gloomy and conformable with the visionary imagination of the north. Many soldiers thought that they received prophetic revelations in their sleep. One imagined that he saw his companions debarking on the English coast, and in presence of the English army; and that before the front of that army a woman of gigantic stature galloped—a wolf for her steed. The wolf held in its jaws a human corpse dripping with blood, and as the wolf devoured one corpse the woman gave it another.

"A second soldier dreamed that the fleet was departing, and that a cloud of ravens, and vultures, and other birds of prey, settled upon the masts; and that on a neighbouring rock sat a female, holding a naked sword, counting and regarding the ships. 'Go,' said she to the

birds: 'Go without fear—you will have to feast—you will have to choose—for I go with them—I go there.' And his followers remarked, not without terror, that when Harold put his foot upon the royal '*chaloupe*,' the weight of his body pressed it down into the water more than usual."

* * * *
* * * *

This is a picture where the skill of the artist is conspicuous in the ease of his work.

In these two or three pages you find almost everything which could be told you, characteristic of the time described. You learn the nature of the Norman troops, the manner in which they enrolled, the hopes which they entertained, the very arms with which they fought; their restlessness, and their superstition. And by the side of the Normans come yet more darkly out the savage and mysterious dispositions of the Norwegian bands: and you see at once that William was a great commander, and a valiant and crafty man. A child, who read the passage I have cited, would be impressed with all these facts; and yet there has been no laying down the law, no teaching, no prosing, no explaining.

And now let us turn from this eloquent de-

scription of the feudal time, to the awful narrative of our own. Let us take up M. Thiers!* For the somewhat solemn and chivalric gravity which suited the chronicles of the olden day, you have the vivid colouring, the rush of thought and style, the glow and flash of expression, which, startling at every step, carries you with an appropriate pace over thrones, and over constitutions, and over the mangled bodies of noble and mistaken men, down the fiery and precipitous path of a revolution destined to destroy. And here you see Mirabeau "terrible in the ugliness of his genius,"† hesitating (his great brow labouring with his idea,) and then bursting on to the expression that he sought, his words falling like a torrent, from chasm to chasm—violent, irresistible, abrupt. And here you see the gigantic Danton, at the head of the dark multitude which stormed the Tuileries on the 10th of August,‡ waving that terrible and daring hand, a fatal signal to the proscribed! And, lo! Marat,§ hid during the attack in some obscure retreat, has come out since the victory, and marches, flourishing a sabre through the town, at the head of the fierce Marseillians, while "the neat

* La Revolution Française. † Ibid. p. 124, vol. i.
‡ Ibid. p. 5, vol. iii. § Ibid. p. 54.

and respectable-looking" Robespierre, delivers to 'the Jacobins' one of his 'doctoral harangues.' I hardly know any passage in history more powerful than that in vol. iii. page 53, which begins—"*La terreur regnait dans Paris . . . .*"

It is not eloquent in point of diction. The narrative of those dreadful days, which Danton commenced by the declaration, "*qu'il fallait faire peur aux Royalistes,*" is told in the simplest and least pretending manner; but, from the moment that these words have passed that terrible man's lips, a kind of mysterious horror breathes over the page: you feel that something sickening is to come: sentence after sentence this sensation grows upon you, and the object on which your apprehensions are to rest is now gradually and artfully pointed out:—Madame Fausse Landry entreats to be permitted to share the captivity of her uncle, "the Abbé de Rastignac," and Sergent answers her by saying—"Vous faites une imprudence; les *prisons ne sont pas súres.*" Then comes the declaration of Danton, the day after—"The cannon you are about to hear is not the cannon of alarm, c'est le pas de charge sur les ennemis de la patrie."

* * * *
* * * *

Then—"La ville entière était debout. Une terreur profonde régnait dans les *prisons* . . . . Les geôliers semblaient consternés. Celui de l'Abbaye, dès le matin fait sortir sa femme et ses enfans. Le diner avait été servi aux prisonniers deux heures avant l'instant accoutumé; *tous les couteaux avaient été retirés de leurs serviettes.*"

* * * *

At length the tocsin sounds! the cannon's heavy peal rolls through the city; the people rush to the Champ de Mars, throng round the "Commune" and the "Assembly," and group together in the great square. It is now—at this moment of gloom, of tumult, and agitation—chosen by chance or by intention for the purpose—that twenty-four priests are taken from the Hôtel de Ville to be transferred to the Abbaye. They are put into six hackney-coaches, and conducted, at a slow pace along the Quais, and by the Pont Neuf to the Faubourg St. Germain. The savage and excited crowds kindle at the sight, like hounds in view of their prey; they grind their teeth, they howl round the carriage; they follow it; they butcher, they tear these unhappy men to pieces, as one by one they descend in the court of the Abbaye.

This is the first scene of Liberty's St: Bartholomew.* . . . And now arrives Billaud Varennes. He comes decorated with his official badge; walks through the splashing blood, and over the mangled bodies, speaks to the crowd of assassins, and says—"People! thou slayest thy enemies, and thou doest well!"—"There is nothing more to do here!" cries Maillard. "Allons aux Carmes;" and to the Carmes they go; murder two hundred priests more, and then return to the Abbaye,—and here Maillard calls for wine. "*pour les braves travailleurs, qui delivrent la nation de ses ennemis.* And wine is served in the court, and these wretches drink and make merry, and shout, and revel—and around them are the ghastly carcasses of those whom they had butchered in the morning.

Let us pass from this scene, sketched with too horrible a truth! . . . . In the action of his narrative, and in the vividness of his paintings, consist M. Thiers's most remarkable merits as an historian; but his work, remarkable for its vivacity, is also remarkable for its clearness—whilst it displays a spirit that would be singularly impartial—were it not warped at times by a system, false because it dènies the pos-

* The too famous massacres of September 1792.

sibility of an accident—horrible because it breaks down all distinction between crime and virtue—making both the necessity of a position.

M. Mignet, who has written upon the same epoch as M. Thiers, has been guilty of the same fault. He, too, has seen an infernal fatalism connecting all the horrors with all the energies, all the crimes with all the triumphs, of the Revolution.*

* According to this system, all the terrible leaders of that time are concentrated, as it were, into one executioner, all society into one malefactor. Now, Mr. Executioner, strike off the head of your victim; nobody can call you a bad man—you are only doing your duty, the duty which Providence has set you, and it is all for the benefit of the world and for the advantage of future generations! If the poor creature delivered to you be innocent, be no malefactor, that is no business of yours—the law, *i. e.* the law of destiny, has decided that you shall strike; therefore be quick, and never think there is any reason to be ashamed of your task, though it be a bloody one. Good God! what a progress has the human mind made in forty years! We are now doubting whether society has the right to inflict death on an individual: we were then believing that two or three individuals had a right to murder all society. "According to Messrs. Thiers and Mignet," says M. de Chateaubriand, "the historian must speak of the greatest atrocities without indignation—of the noblest virtues without affection. Il faut que d'un œil *glacé* il regarde la societé comme soumise à certaines lois irrésistibles,

But, looking at these authors apart from their theory, the work of M. Mignet is as incomparable for fixing and concentrating your thoughts, as that of M. Thiers is for developing and awakening your ideas. M. Chateaubriand calls the work of M. Thiers *

de manière que chaque chose arrive comme elle devait inévitablement arriver. L'innocent ou l'homme de génie doit mourir, non pas parcequ'il est innocent, ou homme de génie ; mais parceque sa mort est nécessaire, et que sa vie mettrait obstacle à un fait général placé dans la serie des événemens." And who is to judge of this necessity? The man of power will always think that necessary for the benefit of mankind which is necessary for his own advantage. Every wretch who wishes to place himself at the head of society will think, if he attain its summit for a moment, that it is for the advantage of the world, and that Providence requires that he should maintain himself there by shooting little children, and drowning pregnant women, and massacring aged and feeble priests; and Carrier and Le Bon will pass to posterity as patterns of those apostles whom God has designed to be the harbingers of liberty, prosperity, and civilization.

But the folly of this system is equal, if that be possible, to its horror and its danger. The Prussians retired before Dumourier, and there were the massacres of September!—*ergo*, the massacres of September saved the capital of Paris. Was it the massacres of September which gave Dumourier his quick eye, his extraordinary

* The work of M. Thiers is in ten volumes, that of M. Mignet in two.

a splendid picture, the work of M. Mignet a vigorous sketch:* it is impossible to choose a word so ill applied to M. Mignet's work as that word "sketch." Were the word applicable to either work, it would be far more applicable to the work of M. Thiers, which, varied, animated, and full of interest, is nevertheless in many parts hasty and unfinished. The peculiar beauty of M. Mignet's work, on the contrary, is, its perfect finish, its accurate and nicely adjusted proportions, its completeness in every one of its parts. Each epoch of

activity, his great courage and enterprise? Suppose he had been a stupid and a slow fellow—a bad general—what then? Did the massacres of September inspire him with one plan for his campaign, and his council of war with another? Did the massacres of September show him the march across the forest of *Argone*, or the passage of the *Aisne*? Did the massacres of September place him on the heights of Valmy? A false step, a wrong position, and then what would have been the result of the massacres of September?—Why, the re-establishment of the old despotism by foreign hands, and the preference, among all sober men, of that despotism to the bloody, and inhuman, and beastly, and infernal tyranny that had preceded it: the re-establishment of a despotism which would have stood upon those massacres

* M. de Chateaubriand seems to think that everything on a large scale must be a picture, and everything on a small one a sketch.

the revolution stands just as it should do in respect to the other, and occupies precisely the space it should do to harmonise with what follows and precedes it. Comprising every circumstance within the smallest possible compass, M. Mignet has given every circumstance its exact and proper effect—looking at the events of those times, with a magnifying glass, he has reflected them in a mirror. Many of his reflections are at once just, simple, and profound; his descriptions, rarer and shorter than those of M. Thiers, are still paintings. We see Camille Desmoulins (the memorable 12th of July) mounted on a table in the Palais Royal, a pistol in his hand, and shouting "To arms!" We see the bust of Necker, in those first days

firmer than upon a rock of adamant; while a sacred execration would have been bequeathed to all posterity for every man, however pure his motives or upright his intentions, who stood forward with the title of "reformer."

The comparative moderation of the Directory, the glory, the laws, the order of the empire, the long confusion of ranks, and the continued division of fortunes, made what had been the reveries of philosophers the habits of a people; and these habits, habits which could never have grown up without domestic tranquillity and security, were incompatible with a court despotism and the old distinctions. But for this the people of France are mainly indebted, I repeat, to the laws of the empire, and not to the massacres of the republic.

when the demands of liberty were so moderate, crowned with mulberry leaves and carried (singular ensign of revolutionary tumult!) round the city of Paris. And soon we see (10th of August) the corpulent and irresolute rather than timid king reviewing, with downcast look, the gallant and generous Swiss—who—far from their mountains, their simplicity, and their freedom—were burning with a loyal and chivalric enthusiasm—and eager to fight in a foreign land for a sovereign whom they would have despised and resisted in their own.

And there is the Queen, the beautiful and graceful Queen, more warlike than her spouse, her Austrian lip curling, the nostril of her eagle nose dilating—there is the beautiful and graceful Marie Antoinette, ready to stake the crown and sceptre of her child on the chance of battle.* And but too soon after we shall hear the shouts of the hot-blooded populace, and the heavy rolling of the cannons along the streets, and the beating of the melancholy drum—and lo! the son of St. Louis mounting to Heaven.† But, leaving M. Thiers and M. Mignet to the high reputation which their talents deserve,

* Page 359.

† 'Fils de St. Louis,' said the priest officiating, 'montez au ciel.'

I come to M. Guizot, formerly Minister of the Interior, now Minister of Instruction, and once Professor of History. M. Guizot, full of deep and lofty thoughts, and skilful in their combination, of a meditative rather than an active mind, is by nature less of a painter than a philosopher, but the popular taste pervades his own. He would be as an artist what he is not as a man, and gives at least its full value to the life and the colouring which constitutes the charm of his countrymen and contemporaries. "Mr. Brodie," he says (in speaking of our writer on the English Revolution) "studies and does not see—discusses, and does not *not paint—admires* the popular party without *bringing it on the stage;* his work is a learned and useful *dissertation:* mais pas une histoire morale et *vivante.* So Sismondi complains of the little interest that the old histories of France, notwithstanding their learning, excited, and, in illustrating his own history by romances, shows why he supposed his predecessors to be neglected.

M. de Chateaubriand, whom I have had different occasions to quote in this chapter, and with whose opinions in criticism and in politics I very seldom agree, has nevertheless said, I think, everything which can, and which ought

to be said of the two styles of history — the philosophic history of the past century in France, the pictorial history of the present. Eminent as an artist himself, eminent for seizing and painting the costume of each particular time, and bringing before our eyes, as no other writer has done, the feudal customs, and stately and chivalric manners of a sturdier time, he has armed the critic, as it were, against his own excellence, and insisted on the imperfectness of a history which does not mingle thought and philosophy with ardour and description.

"La pensée philosophique," says he, "employée avec sobrieté, n'est-elle pas nécessaire pour donner à l'histoire sa gravité, pour lui faire prononcer les arrêts qui sont du ressort de son dernier et suprême tribunal? Au degré de civilization où nous sommes arrivés l'histoire de *l'espéce* peut-elle disparaitre entièrement de l'histoire de *l'individu*. Les vérités, éternelles bases de la societé humaine, doivent-elles se perdre dans des tableaux qui ne representent que des mœurs privées. "On the other hand," he continues, "history as a work—is not a work of philosophy—it is a picture. We must join to our narrative the representation of the objects of which we speak, *i. e.* we must design and paint. We must give to our perso-

nages the language, the sentiments, of their time, and not regard them through the medium of our own opinions and ideas, a fault which has been the principal cause of those distortions of facts which have disfigured history. . . . Si, prenant pour règle ce que nous croyons de la liberté, de l'égalité, de la religion, de tous les principes politiques, nous appliquons cette règle a l'ancien ordre de choses nous faussons la vérité ; nous exigeons des hommes vivant dans cet ordre de choses ce dont ils n'avaient pas l'idée. Rien n'était si mal que nous le pensons : le prêtre, le noble, le bourgeois, le vassal, avaient d'autres notions du juste et de l'injuste que les nôtres ; c'était un autre monde, un monde sans doute moins rapproché des principes généraux naturels que le monde présent, mais qui ne manquait ni de grandeur ni de force, témoin ses actes et sa durée." Nothing, I think, can be more true, more just than the ideas which are here expressed, or than the principles which are here laid down.

The historian, to be perfect, should show at once the peculiarities and costume of each separate epoch, and the common feelings and the common passions of all epochs. He should paint the man of the thirteenth century, the man of the nineteenth, he should know that both were men,

under different circumstances but possessing similar propensities; he should show what is nature, what is her costume—her costume, that ever varies; her naked figure, which is always the same. My object, however, is not to write a general criticism upon history, nor even a general criticism upon the present historians of France, for I find that I have already outstepped my limits, and that I have said nothing of M. Girardin, nothing of M. Michelet,* nothing of M. St. Aulaire, and his interesting picture of a time so interesting in the annals of France, so replete with the grace and the energy of the French character, so remarkable for uniting the chivalry of an age gone by with the grace of an age advancing. My object has simply been to show that history in France is in a new school—that the modern French historian follows the example of the great old French novelist and comedian, and like Le Sage and Molière attempts *rather to paint than to explain.* Why is this? Authors, since authors have mixed with mankind, have been modelled more

* I ought also, in that case, to have mentioned the very interesting narrative of Charles Edward by M. A. Pichot, an author who is the more deserving of praise from an English critic as being the first French critic who introduced modern English literature into France.

or less by their public. The historian's public in the eighteenth century was, as I have said, a public of would-be philosophers and agreeable fine gentlemen, and the historian went trippingly along, now lecturing the one class, now chatting with the other. The historical style of the nineteenth century is different from the historical style of the eighteenth; but the historian's manner has not changed more than his readers have changed. He was formerly read by a clique—he is now read by a country.

It is not only that more men read now than they used to do—this has not increased the number of those who disturb the dusty volumes in the royal library that treat of astrology and magic—it is not only that more men read than they used to do, but that more men read history—that more men naturally feel an interest in historical composition.

History is, in fact, not interesting far beyond the pale of those whose actions make history, and whose fortunes are affected by it. History *would not* be widely interesting in a country, where the great mass of the people were slaves and mendicants, without honours to gain or property to lose. History *would be* widely interesting in a country, where the great bulk of the people were proprietors, and where there

was no post in the state which every citizen might not reasonably hope to obtain. In the one case it is an idle speculation to be studied from curiosity; in the other it is a practical lesson to be looked to for examples. With the general diffusion of honours, of employments, and more especially with the general diffusion of property—on which the diffusion of honours and employments mainly depends—has been diffused the interest of history.

The small herd of encyclopædists, and courtiers who once listened to the historian, are now cut up, as it were, into an immense crowd of journalists, shopkeepers, soldiers, and mechanics.

This division and diffusion of property—bringing up a fresh class of feelings upon the surface of France—inverting the usual order of events—creating a new society when we might have been looking to the mature caducity of an old one—turning an aristocracy of readers into a democracy of readers—has made the historian a popular orator where he was formerly a wit and a metaphysician. Addressing a more numerous, a more impassioned, a less reasoning, class of readers than his predecessor, he has assumed a more vehement, a more impassioned, a more powerful, style of writing.

DRAMA.

Have spoken of History—Speak of the Drama—But one step from Racine to Victor Hugo and M. A. Dumas—"Hernani"—Proceed to "Lucrèce Borgia."

I HAVE spoken of history, that branch of French literature the least known to us, and in which the French of the modern day have most succeeded. I would now speak of the drama, that branch of French literature which we have most criticised, and in which the later successes of the French have been most disputed.

There are but two epochs in the French drama. Louis XIV. was on the throne, and in the declining shadow of one man* you yet saw the feudal vigour of the Fronde, and in the rising genius of another† you caught the first colouring of that royal pomp, of that Augustan majesty, which reigns in the verse of Virgil and the buildings of Versailles. And all things were then stamped with the great kingly seal. The orator was in the chair what the writer was

* Corneille. † Racine.

on the stage. This was a great period of the human mind, and from this period to our own tragedy has taken but one giant stride. The genius which governed the theatre stood unappalled when the genius which had founded the throne lay prostrate. The reign of Robespierre did not disturb the rule of Racine. The republican Chenier, erect and firm before the tyranny of Bonaparte, bowed before the tyranny of the Academy; the translations of Ducis were an homage to the genius of Shakspeare but no change in the dramatic art.

In M. Delavigne you see the old school modernized, but it is the old school. I pass by M. de Vigny *, who has written *La Maréchale d'Ancre*;† I pass by M. Soulier, who has written

* More known for his very remarkable romance, "Cinq Mars," and the publication of Stello.

† The plot of "La Maréchale d'Ancre," a title taken from the well-known favourite of Mary de Medicis, turns upon a passion which this lady smothers for a Corsican adventurer, the bitter enemy of Concini, her husband; the love of Concini for this Corsican's wife, whose name he is ignorant of; and the divided feelings of the Corsican himself, who at once hates and pursues Concini, and loves and relents when he thinks of Concini's wife. Another passion also works in the drama—the jealousy of the Corsican's wife, who finds out that her husband is in love with the Maréchale, and appears

*Clotilde;** I pass by the followers to arrive at the chiefs of the new drama, M. V. Hugo† and

in consequence as evidence against her on her trial for sorcery and witchcraft. This play, which falsifies history in making its heroine, the Maréchale, beautiful and amiable, which is just what she was not, is written nevertheless with great spirit, and contains some very eloquent passages and powerful situations.

* This is the subject of "Clotilde:" Christian, an adventurer, is to marry her on such a day, and receive with her a large fortune; but in order to do this he must show himself to be the possessor of a certain sum. To obtain this sum, he murders the Jew who would not lend it him. Clotilde, however, who is passionately attached to him, quits her father's house at the very time he commits this murder, in order to live with him even as his mistress: this she rather inexplicably continues to do after the murder has been committed. At last Christian, who is about as great a rascal as one could desire to meet, determines on marrying an intriguante who can make him secretary of embassy, and quitting Clotilde. Clotilde, in despair at this treachery, and acquainted by his dreams with the crime of Christian, informs against him. He is condemned to death. She is in despair, and forces her way into the prison to see him. "What have you brought me?" says Christian. "Poison," says Clotilde; and they poison themselves together. The play is full of absurdities, but powerfully written.

† The father of M. Victor Hugo was a general. One of his relations of the same name still holds the same rank, and commands in one of the departments. In his early

M. A. Dumas,* two young men, two rivals; each has his enthusiastic partisans, but their talents are entirely different; and there is no reason why these writers, or their friends,

days his opinions were directly opposed to those he has since and now professes. On leaving college, he and his brother published a small newspaper of the same opinions as the "Censor;" it existed but a very short time. M. V. Hugo next published a novel which he had written whilst at college; afterwards a variety of odes appeared, on the Virgins of Verdun, on La Vendée, on the death of Louis XVII., on the death of the Duc de Berri, on the baptism of the Duc de Bordeaux, and on the death of Louis XVIII., and also one on Napoleon.

M Victor Hugo received a pension from Louis XVIII. Charles X. wished to increase this pension; M. V. Hugo, in a letter which I have seen, honourably refused this addition.

* M. Dumas, the son of a general also, has written his own life; as a portrait taken from the gallery of 'young France,' This life is too interesting to be crowded into a note, and I hope to have another opportunity of alluding to it. Coming up to Paris to make his fortune, the Chamber and the Theatre before him on one side, the Morgue and the Seine on the other, M. Dumas was placed, through the interest of General Foy, in one of the *bureaux* of the Duke of Orléans, where he improved his education and first received his dramatic inspirations.

More fortunate than many of his predecessors, his career was from the commencement a series of theatrical triumphs, and he almost immediately quitted the desk for the stage.

should suppose that the success of one is incompatible with the reputation of the other. The first drama which M. Victor Hugo brought on the stage (for he had written 'Cromwell,' a clever but cold performance some years before) was 'Hernani;'* and as it has been already translated, it would be useless to enter here into any lengthened criticism upon its merits. Among M. V. Hugo's plays, however, Hernani stands alone. No other of his dramas has the same tenderness, the same gentleness, the same grace, the same nature; for Hernani was written by M.

* The play turns on the love of Dona Sol, a young Spanish lady, for Hernani, first known to her as a bandit, but who afterwards proves to be a grandee of Spain. Dona Sol, however, is also beloved by her uncle, Don Gomez de Silva, whom she was originally engaged to marry. Don Gomez saves Hernani, in the early part of his career, from the vengeance of Charles V., and Hernani promises the old Spanish noble to give him the life he has saved whenever he shall ask for it. Towards the end of the play Charles pardons Hernani, on discovering his birth, and gives him Dona Sol in marriage. It is on the wedding-night of the young couple that the old uncle comes and claims Hernani's promise. This last scene is the best part of the play, and it concludes by Hernani and his bride both taking the poison that Don Gomez brings—the lovers die in each other's arms. Charles the Fifth's character, particularly in his wild and early days, is painted with a very masterly hand.

Hugo before he laid down for himself the extraordinary rules which I shall presently have to speak of.

In Hernani, then, you find the characters of Spain truly Spanish — in Hernani you find the old Spaniard, jealous and vindictive, and the young Spanish noble, high-minded, adventurous, and romantic, and the Spanish maide ardent, fond, with all the love and all the enthusiasm which the warm sun of her country begets, and which the dark convent and the keen-eyed Duenna have been invented to check.

Better go seek to rob the fiercest tigress
Of her fond young—than rob me of my love.
Know you the Dona Sol, and what she is?
Long time, in pity for thy sicklied age
And sixty years—I was all tenderness—
All innocence, the soft and timid maiden.
But see you now this eye? it weeps with rage;
And see you not this poniard, foolish old man!
Nor fear the steel, when menaced by the eye?—
Don Ruy beware! I am thy blood, my uncle!
Ay, list thee well!—were I thy only daughter,
'Twere ill with thee, wert thou to harm my husband.
. . . . . And yet, forgive me!
Pity me! Pardon me! See, I am at your feet!
Pity, alas! my lord! I'm but a feeble woman—
I'm weak, my force miscarries in my soul.
I feel my feebleness, I fall before you—
I beg your pity!—and you know, my Lord—

You know, we Spanish women have a grief
That measures not its wording.

Such is the heroine of the piece—such is the passion which she feels — a passion for the chosen of her heart — for her husband whom she marries when a noble — but whom she loved, whom she selected, whom she would have followed, when a bandit. With such a heroine, and with such a passion, we can sympathise.

But I will preface what I shall have to say of M. V. Hugo, and the observations I shall subsequently venture to submit on the present state of the French Drama, by translating certain parts of one of the most popular and recent pieces that this author has brought upon the stage.

CHAPTER I.

LUCRECE BORGIA.

Lucrece Borgia is in only three acts. It begins at Venice. You are at Venice—it is Venice's gay time, and you see her carnival, her masked revels—and there—on the terrace of the Barbarigo palace, are some young nobles —and at the bottom of this terrace flows the canal de la Zueca, on which, through the 'darkness visible' of a Venetian night, you see pass the gondola, and the masquerade, and the musicians.

Twenty years have gone by since the death of Jean Borgia. The young nobles speak of that awful assassination, and of the body plunged into the Tiber, and perceived by a boatman, involuntary witness of the crime—and Comte de Belverana, supposed to be a Spanish seigneur, joins in the conversation, and seems indeed, to the surprise of the Venetians,

better acquainted than any of them with the history of Italy. One young cavalier alone is inattentive, and even sleeps, while the rest pass their conjectures on the fate of the young boy, son of Lucrèce Borgia, by Jean Borgia—the Jean Borgia, who had perished in the manner described—victim, as it was said, of the wrath and jealousy of his brother and his rival, Cæsar.

At last the Comte Belverana is left alone upon the stage with the young man who is still sleeping, and whose indifference to the conversation that had been going on has already been accounted for by his companions, on the ground that, ignorant alike of his father and mother, he could not feel an interest in those family stories which then agitated Italy, and had more or less affected every one of themselves.

A masked lady enters and addresses the Spaniard by the name of 'Gubetta.' He reminds her of his disguise, and warns her also to be cautious.

"If they don't know me," says the lady, "caution is of little consequence—if they do, it is they who have cause to fear." It is easy to see that Gubetta, or Comte Belverana, is an Italian bravo in the service of this dame, who now says that, for the future, she means to be all virtue

and clemency, and that her only desire is to obtain the affections of the young man who is sleeping. Gubetta shrugs up his shoulders at what he seems to consider a very startling change of disposition, and thinks it better, under these circumstances, to leave his mistress and the sleeper together. Lucrèce, for the lady is no other, takes off her mask, and kisses the forehead of the youth; but in doing so she has been seen by two strangers, who had been watching her—one her husband,* the other a gentleman attached to his service, and of the same honourable profession as Gubetta. Gennaro (this is the name of the personage hitherto so quiescent,) now awakes. He tells Lucrèce that he is a soldier of fortune, an orphan ignorant of his parents, and that he only lives to discover his mother, and to make himself worthy of her.

"I mean my sword to be pure and holy as that of an emperor. I've been offered any thing to enter the service of that infamous Lucrèce. I refused."

"Gennaro! Gennaro!" says the lady, "you should pity the wicked; you know not their hearts."

It is at this moment that the young nobles

* The Duke of Ferrara.

with whose conversation the play commenced come again on the scene.

ACT I.

SCENE V.

The same. Maffio Orsini, Jeppo Liveretto, Ascanio Petrucci, Oloferno Vitellozzo, Don Apostolo Gazella. Nobles, ladies, pages carrying torches.

MAFFIO (*a torch in his hand*).

Gennaro, dost thou wish to know the woman to whom thou art talking love?

DONA LUCRECE (*aside, under her mask*).

Just Heaven!

GENNARO.

You are my friends—but I swear before God, that whoever touches the mask of this lady is a bold fellow! —The mask of a woman is as sacred as the face of a man.

MAFFIO.

But first the woman must be a woman, Gennaro; not that we wish to insult this lady—we only wish to tell her our names. (*Making a step towards Dona Lucrèce.*) Madam, I am Maffio Orsini, brother to the Duke of Gravina, whom your bravos strangled during the night while he was sleeping.

JEPPO.

Madam, I am Jeppo Liveretto, nephew of Liveretto Vitelli, poniarded by your orders in the cellars of the Vatican.

ASCANIO.

Madam, I am Ascanio Petrucci, cousin of Pandolfo Petrucci, Lord of Sienna, whom you had assassinated in order to rob him more easily of his town.

OLOFERNO.

Madam, my name is Oloferno Vitellozzo, nephew of Jago d'Appiani, whom you had poisoned at a fête, after having treacherously despoiled him of his good and lordly citadel of Piombino.

DON APOSTOLO.

Madam, you had Don Franciso Gazella put to death upon the scaffold. Don Franciso Gazella was maternal uncle to Don Alphonso of Aragon, your third husband, killed by your order on the stairs of St. Peter's. I am Don Apostolo Gazella, cousin of the one and son of the other.

DONA LUCRECE.

O God!

GENNARO.

Who is this woman?

MAFFIO.

And now that we have told you our names, do you wish that we should tell you yours?

DONA LUCRECE.

No—no, my lords—not before him!

MAFFIO (*taking off her mask*).

Take off your mask, madam, so that one may see whether you can blush.

DON APOSTOLO.

That woman, Gennaro, to whom you were whispering love, is a murderess and an adultress.

JEPPO.

Incestuous in every degree—incestuous with her two brothers, one of whom slew the other for her love.

DONA LUCRECE.

Pity!

ASCANIO.

Incestuous with her father, who is pope.

OLOFERNO.

A monster, who would be incestuous with her children, if children she had; but Heaven refuses issue to such creatures.

DONA LUCRECE.

Enough! enough!

MAFFIO.

Would you know her name, Gennaro?

DONA LUCRECE.

Pity—pity, my lords!

MAFFIO.

Gennaro, would'st thou know her name?

LUCRECE (*dragging herself to the knees of Gennaro*).

Listen not, my Gennaro!

MAFFIO (*stretching out his arm*).

It 's—Lucrèce Borgia!

GENNARO (*pushing her back*).

Oh!

(*She falls, having fainted at his feet.*)

Soon after this, Maffio, Jeppo, Ascanio, Olo-

ferno, Don Apostolo, are sent by Venice on a special embassy to Ferrara, where Lucrèce Borgia holds her court, and Gennaro accompanies them, being the sworn brother in arms of Maffio D'Orsini.

The passions in action are—the affection of Lucrèce for Gennaro—the jealous indignation of the Duke of Ferrara against Gennaro, whom he supposes, from what he saw at the mask of Venice, to be a lover—and the vengeance of Lucrèce, who has determined to punish the young Venetian nobles who had insulted her.

Gennaro lays himself open to the Duke's plans by the historical outrage of erasing the B from the front of the dûcal palace, which left 'orgia' engraved upon that part which Lucrèce inhabited.

The first act ends with a meeting between the two emissaries of the Duke and the Duchess, the one seeking, as he supposes, a lover for Lucrèce, the other a victim for the Duke. In the difficulty of reconciling the two missions, the bravos decide by tossing up, whether Gennaro shall be adored or murdered. The Duke's bravo gains.

The second act contains a most spirited scene between Lucrèce Borgia and her husband. Lu-

crèce, having first passionately demanded vengeance on the person who had outraged her palace, as passionately demands the offender's pardon, on discovering the insult to have been offered her by the young Gennaro. The Duke, however, more and more confirmed in his jealousy, persists in his determination that death shall be inflicted on the culprit, and only allows his wife to choose whether her supposed paramour shall be stabbed or poisoned: on Lucrèce preferring the latter, the famous Borgia poison is administered to Gennaro, who, however, believes himself pardoned—and the Duke then, quitting the room, tells his wife that he gives her her lover's last quarter of an hour.

Lucrèce, on finding herself alone with Gennaro, offers him an antidote for the poison that he has taken—and there is a fine moment where he doubts whether the Duke de Ferrara has really poisoned him, or whether it is Lucrèce herself who wishes to do so. Finally, however, he swallows the antidote, and is warned by Lucrèce to quit Ferrara without delay.

But I pass by the second act, which, however, is fully worthy of the reader's attention, in order to arrive at the third act, which closes the play, that opened with the insult given to Dona Lucrèce, at the masked ball in Venice, by

the vengeance she takes for that insult at a supper at Ferrara. The five young Venetian nobleman have been invited by Lucrèce's order to an entertainment at the Negroni Palace, and Gennaro, whom she supposes distant from Ferrara, accompanies them thither.

ACT III.

OLOFERNO (*his glass in his hand*).

What wine like that of Xerès?—Xerès of Frontera is a city of Paradise?

MAFFIO (*his glass in his hand*).

The wine that we drink, Jeppo, is better than any of your stories.

ASCANIO.

Jeppo has the misfortune to be a great teller of tales when he has drunk a little.

DON APOSTOLO.

The other day it was at Venice, at his serene highness's the Doge Barbarigo's; to-day it is at Ferrara, at the divine Princess Negroni's.

JEPPO.

The other day it was a mournful tale; to-day it's a merry one.

MAFFIO.

A merry tale, Jeppo!—How happened it that Don Siliceo, a fine cavalier not more than thirty, after having gambled away his patrimony, married that rich Mar-

quesa Calpurnia, who has counted forty-eight springs, to say the least of it? By the body of Bacchus, do you call that a gay story?

GUBETTA.

It's sad and trite—a man ruined, who marries a woman in ruins; one sees it every day.

(*He turns to the table. Some get up and come to the front of the scene during the continuance of the orgie.*)

THE PRINCESS NEGRONI (*to Maffio, pointing to Gennaro*).

You seem, D'Orsini, to have but a melancholy friend there.

MAFFIO.

He is always so, madam. You must pardon me for having brought him without an invitation; he is my brother in arms—he saved my life in an assault at Rimini; I received a thrust intended for him in the attack of the bridge of Vicenza: we never quit one another. A gipsy predicted we should die the same day.

THE NEGRONI (*smiling*).

Did the gipsy say that it was to be in the night, or the morning?

MAFFIO.

He said that it should be in the morning.

THE NEGRONI.

Your Bohemian did not know what he was saying. And you are friends with that young man?—

MAFFIO.

As much as one man can be with another.

THE NEGRONI.

Well, and you suffice one to the other: you are happy.

MAFFIO.

Friendship does not fill all the heart, madam.

THE NEGRONI.

My God! what does fill all the heart?

MAFFIO.

Love.

THE NEGRONI.

You have love always on your lips.

MAFFIO.

And you, madam, have love in your eyes.

THE NEGRONI.

You are very singular.

MAFFIO.

You are very beautiful!

(*He puts his arm round her waist.*)

THE NEGRONI.

Monsieur Orsini!*

MAFFIO.

Give me, then, one kiss upon your hand.

THE NEGRONI.

No. (*She escapes.*)

---

* The reader will observe that it is not my fault if the Count Orsini and the Princess Negroni behave a little too much like a young Oxonian and a Dover chambermaid.

GUBETTA (*approaching Maffio*).

Your business goes on well with the princess.

MAFFIO.

She always says "No" to me.

GUBETTA.

But in a woman's mouth "No" is the eldest brother to "Yes."

JEPPO (*coming up to Maffio*).

What do you think of the Princess Negroni?

MAFFIO.

She is adorable! Between ourselves, she begins to work upon my heart most furiously.

JEPPO.

And her supper?

MAFFIO

As perfect as orgie can be!

JEPPO

The princess is a widow.

MAFFIO.

One sees that well enough by her gaiety.

JEPPO.

I hope that your fears of the supper are gone by this time?

MAFFIO.

I? how then?—I was stupid.

JEPPO (*to Gubetta*).

Monsieur de Belverana, you would hardly think that Maffio was afraid of supping at the princess's?

GUBETTA.

Afraid!—why?

JEPPO.

Because the palace Negroni, forsooth, joins the palace Borgia!

GUBETTA.

To the devil with the Borgia, and let's drink!

JEPPO (*in a whisper to Maffio*).

What I like in this Belverana is, his thorough hatred of the Borgias.

MAFFIO (*in a whisper*).

True, he never misses an occasion of sending them to the devil with a most particular grace. Nevertheless, my dear Jeppo ——

JEPPO.

Well?

MAFFIO.

I have watched this pretended Spaniard from the beginning of the supper; he has drunk nothing but water.

JEPPO.

What! at your suspicions again, my good friend, Maffio! The effect of your wine is strangely monotonous!

MAFFIO.

Perhaps so; I am stupid.

GUBETTA (*retiring, and looking at Maffio from head to foot*).

Do you know, Monsieur Maffio, that you are built to live ninety years, and that you are just like my grandfather, who did live to those years and was called, like myself, Gil-Basilio-Fernan-Ireneo-Felipe-Frasco Frasquito Comte de Belverana?

JEPPO (*in a whisper to Maffio*).

I hope you do not now doubt of his being a Spaniard—he has at least twenty Christian names! What a litany, Monsieur de Belverana!

GUBETTA.

Alas! our parents have the habit of giving us more names at our baptism than crowns at our marriage. But what are they laughing at down there?—(*Aside.*)—Those women must have same pretext to get away—what 's to be done?

(*He returns and sits down to table.*)

OLOFERNO (*drinking*).

By Hercules, I never passed a more delicious evening! Ladies, taste this wine; it 's softer than Lacryma Christi, more generous than the wine of Cyprus! Here, this is the wine of Syracuse, my seigneurs!

GUBETTA (*eating*).

Oloferno 's drunk, it seems.

OLOFERNO.

Ladies, I must tell you some verses that I have just made. I wish I were more of a poet than I am, in order that I might celebrate such admirable women!

GUBETTA.

And I wish I were more rich than I am, in order to present my friends with just such other women.*

OLOFERNO.

Nothing is so agreeable as to sing the praise of a good supper and a beautiful woman!

---

* Rather singular language in a Princess's Palace, and addressed to her and her friends!

GUBETTA.

Except to kiss the one and eat the other.

OLOFERNO.

Yes, I wish I were a poet; I would raise myself to heaven—I wish I had two wings!—

GUBETTA.

Of a pheasant in my plate.

OLOFERNO.

At all events, I 'll tell you my sonnet.

GUBETTA.

By the devil, Monsieur Marquis Oloferno Vitellozzo, I dispense you from telling your sonnet! Leave us to drink.

OLOFERNO.

You dispense me from my sonnet?

GUBETTA.

As I dispense the dogs from biting me, the pope from blessing me, and the people in the street from pelting me.

OLOFERNO.

By God's head, I believe, little Spanish gentleman, that you mean to insult me!

GUBETTA.

I don't insult you, colossus of an Italian; I don't choose to listen to your sonnet—nothing more. My throat thirsts more after the Syracusan wine than my ears after poetry.

OLOFERNO.

Your ears, you Spanish rascal—I 'll nail them to your heels!

GUBETTA.

You are a foolish beast! Fie! did one ever hear of such a lout, to get drunk with Syracusan wine and have the air of being sottish with beer?

OLOFERNO.

I'll cut you into quarters, that will I!

GUBETTA (*still carving a pheasant*).

I won't say as much for you; I don't carve such big fowls. Ladies, let me offer you some pheasant.

OLOFERNO (*seizing a knife*).

Pardieu! I'll cut the rascal's belly open, were he more of a gentleman than the emperor himself!

The Women (*rising from the table*).

Heavens! they are going to fight!

The Men.

Come, come, Oloferno!

(*They disarm Oloferno, who attempts to rush upon Gubetta. While they are doing this, the women disappear.*)

OLOFERNO (*struggling*).

By God's body——

GUBETTA.

Your rhymes are so rich with God, my dear poet, that you have put these ladies to flight. You are a terrible bungler!

JEPPO.

It's very true: where the devil are they gone to?

MAFFIO.

They were frightened; "steel drawn, woman gone."

ASCANIO.

Bah! they'll come back again.

OLOFERNO (*menacing Gubetta*).

I'll find you again to-morrow, my little devil Bellivedera!

GUBETTA,

To-morrow as much as you please.

(*Oloferno seats himself, tottering with rage. Gubetta bursts out laughing.*)

That idiot! to send away the prettiest women in Ferrara with a knife wrapped up in a sonnet! To quarrel about rhymes!—I believe indeed he has wings. It is not a man, it's a bird—it perches; it ought to sleep on one leg, that creature Oloferno.

JEPPO.

There, there, gentlemen, let's have peace—you'll cut one another's throats gallantly to-morrow: by Jupiter! you'll fight, at all events, like gentlemen—with swords, and not with knives!

ASCANIO.

Apropos! what have we done with our swords?

DON APOSTOLO.

You forget that they were taken from us in the antechamber.

GUBETTA.

And a good precaution too, or we should have been fighting before ladies, a vulgarity that would bring blushes into the cheek of a Fleming drunk with tobacco!

GENNARO.

A good precaution, in sooth!

MAFFIO.

Pardieu! brother Gennaro, those are the first words that have passed your lips since the beginning of the supper, and you don't drink! Are you thinking of Lucrèce Borgia, Gennaro? Decidedly you have some little love-affair with her—don't say 'no.'

GENNARO.

Give me to drink, Maffio! I won't abandon my friends at the table any more than I would in the battle.

A black Page, with two bottles in his hand.

My lords, the wine of Cyprus or of Syracuse?

MAFFIO.

Syracusan wine, that 's the best.

(*The black page fills all the glasses.*)

JEPPO.

The plague seize thee, Oloferno! are those ladies not coming back again?—(*He goes successively to the two doors.*)—The doors are fastened on the other side, gentlemen.

MAFFIO.

Now, Jeppo, don't you in your turn be frightened; they don't wish we should follow them, nothing can be more simple than that.

GENNARO.

Let us drink, gentlemen!

(*They bring their glasses together.*)

MAFFIO.

To thy health, Gennaro! and may'st thou soon recover thy mother!

GENNARO.

May God hear thee!

(*All drink, except Gubetta, who throws his wine over his shoulder.*)

MAFFIO (*in a whisper to Jeppo*).

This time, at all events, Jeppo, I saw it clearly.

JEPPO (*whispering*).

What?

MAFFIO.

The Spaniard did not drink.

JEPPO.

Well, what then?

MAFFIO.

He threw his wine over his shoulder.

JEPPO.

He is drunk and you too.

MAFFIO.

It is just possible.

GUBETTA.

Come, a song, gentlemen! I am going to sing you a song worth all the sonnets of the Marquis Oloferno. I swear, by the good old skull of my father, that I did not make the song, and that I have not wit enough to make two rhymes jingle at the end of an idea. Here 's my song; it 's addressed to St. Peter, the celebrated porter of Paradise, and it has for its subject that delicate thought that God's heaven belongs to the drinkers.

JEPPO (*to Maffio; whispering*).

He is more than drunk; the fellow's a drunkard.

All (*except Gennaro*).

The song! the song!

GUBETTA (*singing*).

St. Peter, St. Peter, ho!
Your gates open fling

To the drinker, who 'll bring
A stout voice to sing
Domino! domino!

All in chorus (except Gennaro).

Gloria Domino!

(*They clash their glasses together and laugh loudly. All of a sudden, one hears distant voices, which sing in a mournful key.*)

Voice without.

Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus, initium sapientiæ timor Domini!

JEPPO (*laughing still louder*).

Listen, gentlemen; by the body of Bacchus, while we are singing "to drink," Echo is singing "to pray!"

All.

Listen!

Voice without (a little nearer).

Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam.

(*They all burst out laughing.*)

MAFFIO.

It 's some procession passing.

GENNARO.

At midnight?—that 's a little late.

JEPPO.

Bah! Go on, Monsieur de Belverana.

Voice without, and which comes nearer and nearer.

Oculos habent et non videbunt, nares habent et non odorabunt, aures habent et non audient.

(*All laughing louder and louder.*)

JEPPO.

Trust the monks for bawling!

MAFFIO.

Look, Gennaro; the lamps are going out here—a minute more, and we shall be in darkness.

(*The lamps get pale, as if for want of oil.*)

Voice without, still nearer.

Manus habent et non palpabunt, pedes habent et non ambulabunt, non clamabunt in gutture suo.

GENNARO.

It seems to me as if the voices approached.

JEPPO.

It seems to me as if the procession were at this moment under our windows.

MAFFIO.

They are the prayers of the dead.

ASCANIO.

It 's some burial.

JEPPO.

Let 's drink to the health of him they are going to bury?

GUBETTA.

How do you know whether there be not many?

JEPPO.

Well, then, let 's drink to all their healths!

APOSTOLO (*to Gubetta*).

Bravo! and let 's continue our invocation to St. Peter.

GUBETTA.

Speak, then, more politely; one says Mr. St. Peter, honourable holder of the patent place of gaoler, and door-keeper of Paradise.

(*He sings.*)

St. Peter, St. Peter! ho!
Thy gates open fling
To the drinkers who'll bring,
A stout voice to sing
Domino! Domino!

(*All.*)

Gloria Domino!

GUBETTA.

To the drunkard, who staunch
To his wine, has a paunch,
That by Jove you might ask—
Is't a man—or a cask?

All, (*in clashing their glasses together, and laughing loudly.*)

Gloria Domino!

(*The great door at the further end of the stage opens silently to its full width. You see within—an immense room hung with black—lit by torches—and a large silver cross at the end of it. A long line of penitents in white and black, and whose eyes are visible through their hoods, cross on head, and torch in hand, enter by the great door, chanting in an ominous and loud voice—*)

De profundis ad te, Domine!

(*Then they arrange themselves on the two sides of the room, and stand immoveable as statues, while the young gentlemen regard them stupified.*)

MAFFIO.

What does this mean?

JEPPO (*forcing a laugh*).

It 's some joke.—I 'll lay my charger against a pig,

and my name of Liveretto against the name of Borgia, that they are our charming ladies who have disguised themselves in this fashion to try our courage, and that if we lift up one of those hoods, we shall find under it the fresh and wicked face of a pretty dame. Let's see!

(*He raises, laughingly, one of the capuchins, and stands petrified at seeing under it the livid face of a monk, who stands motionless; the torch in his hand, and his eyes bent to the ground. He lets the cowl fall and totters back.*)

This begins to be strange!

MAFFIO.

I don't know why my blood chills in my veins—

(*The penitents singing with a loud voice.*)

Conquassabit capita in terrâ multorum!

JEPPO.

What a terrible snare! Our swords, our swords! Ah! gentlemen, we are with the devil here.

ACT. III.

SCENE II.

The same.

DONA LUCRECE (*appearing of a sudden, robed in black, on the threshold of the door*).

You are my guests!

All (*except Gennaro, who observes everything from the recess of a window, where he is not seen by Dona Lucrèce,*) *exclaim,* Lucrèce Borgia!

DONA LUCRECE.

It's some days ago, since all of you whom I see here repeated that name in triumph. To-day you repeat it

in dread. Yes, you may look at me with your eyes glassed by terror. It 's I, gentlemen! I come to announce to you a piece of news—you are poisoned, all of you, my lords; here is not one of you who has an hour to live. Don't stir! The room adjoining is filled with pikes. It 's my turn now to speak high, and to crush your head beneath my heel. Jeppo Liveretto, go join thy uncle Vitelli whom I had poniarded in the cellars of the Vatican! Ascanio Petrucci, go rejoin your cousin Pandolfo, whom I had assassinated in order to rob him of his town! Oloferno Vitellozzo, thy uncle expects thee—thou knowest that Jago d'Appiani—whom I had poisoned at a fête. Maffio Orsini, go talk of me in another world to thy brother Gravina, whom I had strangled in his sleep. Apostolo Gazella, I had thy father Francisco Gazella beheaded. I had thy cousin Alphonso of Aragon slain, say'st thou:—go and join them! On my soul, I think the supper I gave you at Ferrara is worth the ball you gave me at Venice. Fête for fête, my lords!

JEPPO.

This is a rude waking, Maffio!

MAFFIO.

Let us think of God!

DONA LUCRECE.

Ah! my young friends of last carnival, you did not quite expect this! Par Dieu—it seems to me that I can revenge myself. What think you, gentlemen? Who is the most skilled in the art of vengeance here? This is not bad, I think—hem! What say you? for a woman!—(*To the Monks.*)—My fathers, carry these gen-

tlemen into the adjoining room which is prepared for their reception. Confess them! and profit by the few instants which remain to them to save what can be saved of their souls. Gentlemen, I advise those amongst you who have souls to look after them. Rest satisfied! they are in good hands. These worthy fathers are the regular monks of St. Sixtus, permitted by our holy father the Pope to assist me on occasions such as this—and if I have been careful of your souls, I have not been careless of your bodies.—Judge!—*(To the monks who are before the door at the end.)*—Stand on one side a little, my fathers, so that these gentlemen may see.

(The monks withdraw, and leave visible five coffins, covered each with a black cloth, and ranged before the door.)

The number is there—there are five!—Ah! young men! you tear out the bowels of a poor woman, and you think she'll not avenge herself. Here, Jeppo, is your coffin—Maffio, here is yours. Oloferno, Apostolo, Ascanio, here are yours!

GENNARO *(whom she had not seen till then, steps forth).*

There must be a sixth, madam.

DONA LUCRECE.

Heavens, Gennaro!

GENNARO.

Himself!

LUCRECE.

Let every body leave the room—let us be left alone. Gubetta, whatever happens, whatever you may hear without, let no one enter here.

GUBETTA.

You shall be obeyed.

(The Monks go out in procession, taking with them in their ranks the five seigneurs, tottering with wine.)

Lucrèce now presses Gennaro to save himself by taking what remains of the antidote she had formerly given him. He asks,

Is there enough to save all?

She answers,

No; barely enough for one.

Gennaro then, furious at the death of his friends, seizes a knife from the table.

LUCRECE.

Oh! Gennaro, if thou didst but know—if thou didst but know the relationship between us! Thou knowest not how near and dear thou art to me—thou knowest not how we are connected.—The same blood runs in our veins.—Thy father was Jean Borgia.

GENNARO.

Your brother;—then you are *my aunt.*

"His aunt," says Lucrèce falteringly; and before her is death on one side, and *an acknowledgment to her own son of incest with his father* on the other . . . .

She hesitates to say all—and Gennaro, who looks upon her as his aunt, and the persecutrix of his mother, is only more resolved in his plans of vengeance.

"Commit not this crime," she says, but she hesitates to say more, and upon Gennaro's

brow gather yet more fixedly the thoughts of vengeance.

" A crime," he says: " and supposing it be a crime, *am I not a Borgia?*"

At this instant the dying voice of Maffio d'Orsini comes to him from the adjoining chamber.

Je n'écoute plus rien. Vous l'entendez, madame, il faut mourir!

LUCRECE.

Au nom du ciel!

GENNARO.

Non! (*he stabs her.*)

LUCRECE.

Ah! tu m'as tuée.—Gennaro! je suis *ta mère!*

CHAPTER II.

The merits of M. V. Hugo—His theory—M. V. Hugo aims at unattainable things—M. Dumas at attainable things—Translation from Antony.

I have preferred thus copiously translating from Lucrèce Borgia to writing a more formal description, with short and imperfect extracts, of M. V. Hugo's different dramatic productions. In the first place, I thus give a tolerable idea of one of this writer's principal dramas. In the next place, by selecting a popular performance, I obtain the right to judge the audience which applauded that performance; and, lastly, by selecting for criticism a work which was written on a particular plan, and which, written on that plan, has succeeded, it cannot be said that I have taken an unfair opportunity of judging and condemning this plan itself.

As far as the talent of the author is concerned in Lucrèce Borgia, I own that I admire

the dark, and terrible, and magnificent,—though coarse and furious energy that he has here brought upon the stage. The last act—the act in which you see the wine-cup and the bier, in which you hear the bacchanal and the dirge, in which, mingled with the voluptuaries garlanded with roses stalk forth the cowled instruments of assassination and religion;—the last act, in the wild mixture of death and luxury, of murder and superstition, exhibits one of the most striking, the most terrific, the most tremendous, pageants that has yet been brought upon the modern stage.

The author of Hernani and Lucrèce Borgia is not only a writer of extraordinary powers, but a writer of extraordinary powers in that very branch of composition wherein he has generally been deemed the least successful. M. Victor Hugo might aspire to the place (under a total change of the circumstances of life, and therefore under a total change in the rules of art) which Corneille or Racine once held upon the stage of his country, and, I had almost said, to a place near that which Shakspeare once held upon our own. But why then —why is it that some of his attempts have been such signal failures?—why is it that, in some of his dramas, without ever soaring to the sub-

lime, he has grovelled amidst the ridiculous, while even in the last piece I have quoted, in one of those where there is the most to admire, I confess that there appears to me at least as much to forgive.

It is not that M. Victor Hugo is incapable of being a great dramatist, but that he has laid down a set of rules which almost render it impossible that he should be one. The system which spoils the romance of "Notre Dame,"* has been carried out to the most extravagant extent, where it is still less calculated to succeed; and, what is most extraordinary, M. Hugo lays it down with all the solemnity of profound wisdom that the great art of exciting interest and propagating morality is to take for your heroes and your heroines the most atrocious characters, and to inspire them with some one most excessive virtue. It is hardly to be believed that such a doctrine should be gravely stated: but let us hear M. Victor Hugo himself!

"What is the secret thought of 'Le Roi

* A beautiful romance—in which the most interesting person, however, is described as the likeness of a grotesque figure in a gothic church — and one of the most delicate females ever drawn by the pen of romance, trembles like—a galvanized frog!

s'Amuse?' This.—Take the most monstrous physical deformity—place it in the meanest and most degraded social position.* Well; give this creature a soul, and breathe into this soul the sentiment of paternity. The degraded creature will become sublime, the little creature will become great, the depraved creature will become beautiful.

"This is Le Roi s'Amuse. And what is Lucrèce Borgia? Now take the moral deformity, the most hideous, the most disgusting, the most complete; put it, where it is most remarkable, in the breast of a woman, and plant in this breast the purest sentiment a woman can possess—the sentiment of maternity—and the monster will interest you, and the monster will make you weep, and that soul so deformed will be replete with grace and loveliness . . . . . The author will not bring Marion de Lorme† on the stage

* Triboulet, the well-known buffoon of Francis the First. The play turns on the grief of this wretch, painted by M. V. Hugo himself as the vilest of mankind, at his daughter's being seduced by the king, a misfortune which, according to his character and the character of his times, he would have been too happy to undergo.

† The famous prostitute of the time of Louis XIII. The force of the drama consists in the pure and passionate attachment of this lady for a youth, to save

without ennobling her with a pure affection, nor Triboulet without making him an excellent father; nor Lucrèce Borgia without making her a devoted mother." True, if there were any law to oblige a dramatist to choose the characters of Marion de Lorme, and Triboulet, and Lucrèce Borgia, and awake in the mind of his audience an affectionate interest for such characters—if there were such a barbarous law as this—it might then be very well, and perhaps very right for the author to say — "I'll soften the characters I am obliged to use in this manner, and since I must make them as interesting, I will make them as virtuous, as I can." — It is very true, moreover, that a vicious buffoon *may* possibly love his daughter, that a depraved woman of the town *may* have a chaste and noble passion, that a murderess and assassin *may* adore her son. But when an author can choose any personage he thinks proper, and can give to that personage any part he thinks proper—if he wish to interest us with a tale of extraordinary filial affection, he should not take a villainous buffoon for his hero, any more than, if he wish to inter-

whom from prison she sacrifices once more her oft-sacrificed honour.

est us in a tale of pure and romantic love, he should take a harlot for his heroine.

In allying things hideous with things beauteous, things vicious with things virtuous, instead of ennobling ugliness by the beauty, vice by the virtue, you connect with it, you too frequently make that ridiculous and ignoble which should be kept sacred, venerated, and religious.

"Affix God to the gibbet," says M. Victor Hugo, "and you have the cross." We know, that punishment does not constitute crime, that God does not cease to be God for his crucifixion: but, to prove the value of M. Victor Hugo's theory, it would be necessary to show —not that Christ remained Christ after he was crucified—but that he actually became Christ by the very act of his crucifixion.

Nothing can be so absurd as to attempt to arrive at a particular effect in opposition to the natural sympathies that produce it. It is very true that a young man may be attached to an ugly old woman. We have all known instances of this; yet, if Romeo had killed himself for Juliet's aunt, or Juliet's duenna, or Juliet's grandmother, it is very doubtful whether the audience would not have been quite as much inclined to laugh at him for a consummate

fool as to weep for him as a romantic lover. It is the grace, the beauty, the tender years of Juliet—it is this which makes us feel all the passion, and comprehend all the despair, of the Italian youth. The wonderful art of Shakspeare is that, without distorting a character into a caricature, he always takes care that it produces in us a right effect. We view Richard III. with horror, and yet he is a great captain —a wise and provident monarch—valiant—intelligent. The deformities of the usurper are not exaggerated, his merits are allowed; but still, in spite of the admiration we feel for his gallantry as a soldier, for his sagacity as a prince, we despise him as a hypocrite, and hate him as an assassin.

M. V. Hugo would have made us love him in spite of his hump, in spite of his murders, in spite of his dissembling, in spite of all these defects and a hundred others, if he *had* them; nay, on account of these very defects themselves, he would have selected him just as the person that we should love, that we must love, and this for some peculiar virtue, the very last we should have suspected him of.

If M. V. Hugo were to wish to inspire you with terror, reader, he would try to frighten you with a sheep; if he were to wish to give you an

idea of swiftness, he would prefer doing it by a tortoise.

Lucrèce Borgia met with very deserved success, but this was *in spite* of the principle it was written upon, and not *on account* of it; it was *on account* of the vivid colouring, the passionate energy, the quick succession of action, the force and the magnificence of two or three dramatic situations, *and in spite of* the sentimental whining of an Italian mercenary after an unknown mother who had abandoned him, and the ridiculous and puling affection of such a woman as Lucrèce Borgia for her incestuous offspring, that this piece succeeded.

I remember a story, told in some learned nursery book, of a contest between the archers of King Richard and those of Robin Hood. The archers of King Richard, rather too confident perhaps in their skill, preferred showing it by shooting at the moon, while the shrewder archers of Robin Hood shot at the target. It is hardly necessary to say that the archers of Robin Hood carried off all the prizes. This is just the difference between M. Victor Hugo and M. Dumas. The one aims at attainable, the other at unattainable objects. The one looks to the success he is to obtain, the other at the theory through which

he is determined to obtain it. For strength and poesy of language, for force and magnificence of conception, there can be no comparison between M. V. Hugo and M. Dumas. The first has nobler and loftier elements for the composition of a dramatic poet, the second produces a more perfect effect from inferior materials. M. V. Hugo never steps out of the sublime without falling at once into the absurd—however triumphant the piece you are listening to may be in a particular passage, you never feel sure that it will succeed as a whole—some word, some phrase surprises and shocks you when you least expect it. From the moment that the curtain is raised, until the moment it falls, the author is in a perpetual struggle with his audience—now you are inclined to smile, and he suddenly forces you to admire,—now you are inclined to admire and again you are involuntarily compelled to laugh.

In nothing is M. V. Hugo consistent—careless of applause, as you would suppose, and might really believe, from the plan he pursues—at times he testifies the most vulgar desire for a cheer—and a Lady declares to the pit at the Porte St. Martin, that there is something finer than being the Countess of Shrewsbury, viz.: being the wife of a cutler's apprentice!!

Recondite in his research after costume and scenery, this writer despises and confounds, in the most painful manner, historical facts. In 'Marie Tudor,'* Mary of England, whose chas-

* It is very difficult to make the plan of Marie Tudor intelligible, more especially since the author has, not succeeded in doing so. Marie Tudor, just before her marriage with Philip has for paramour an Italian adventurer, Fabiani. This Italian adventurer seduces a young woman betrothed to a cutler's apprentice, who appears to be in the lowest state of life, but who is in reality a Talbot, a Countess of Shrewsbury, and Lord knows what besides. The queen, discovering this intrigue, is determined to be avenged, and, in order to be so, she asks the apprentice, as the reward for her recognizing the rights of the new Countess of Shrewsbury, to pretend to stab her, (the queen,) and accuse Fabiani of having bribed him to do it, in which case he and Fabiani will both be disposed of by the executioner. Gilbert, the apprentice, consents in a most natural manner to this, and he and the Italian are accordingly condemned to death with the most pompous display of ignorance as to all the laws and customs of Great Britain.

Two great changes at this time take place in the two ladies' feelings: Marie is all agony to save Fabiani, whom she has taken such pains to have beheaded; and the Countess of Shrewsbury discovers that she never liked Fabiani, who had seduced her, but the apprentice, whom she had always before regretted she could not like. The interest of the play now turns on one of the prisoners having escaped—and each lady believing that it is her lover; and there

tity, poor woman, was her only virtue, is brought on the stage with an Italian musician for her lover, in the character of Mary Queen of Scots, with whom it is impossible to believe that M. Hugo really confounded her.*

Monsieur Dumas is not quite so prodigal of these defects. The drama of Henry III. is almost perfect in its keeping with the times of that Prince's court. The gallantry, the frivolity, the confusion, the superstition of that epoch, all find a place there. The character of Henry III., crafty, courageous, weak, enervated, effeminate, sunk in vice, pleasure, and devotion—the character of Catherine de Medicis, reading, perchance believing,

is a fine scene, where London is shown joyful and illuminated on account of the execution, which the two ladies are both watching with intense anxiety from the Tower. Fabiani is beheaded, and Gilbert saved.

The follies of this play—the queen's solemn interview with Jack Ketch, the mysterious promenadings of a Spanish ambassador, the luxurious loves of poor chaste Marie Tudor herself—all these it is impossible to say anything of here, and it would be difficult in volumes to say enough of their grotesque and original absurdity.

* Rien n'y contredit l'histoire bien que beaucoup de choses y soyent ajoutées; rien n'y est violenté par les incommodités de la representation, ni par l'unité de jour, ni par celle de lieu." In what Corneille said of Cinna M. V. Hugo may find a lesson.

the stars—but not trusting to them—man in her ambition—woman in her ways—daring everything—and daring nothing openly—meeting the rebellious plans of the Duc de Guise by a counterplot against his marriage bed—advising her son to put down the League—by declaring himself its head—these two characters of Henry and his mother are as perfect historical portraits—as the melancholy, interesting, and high and stern-minded St. Mégrin is a perfect imaginative picture.

Set Henry III. by the side of Lucrèce Borgia—there is no one part in Henry III.* to be compared with the last act—the supper in the Negroni Palace, in Lucrèce Borgia. There is no

* Henry III. has been so well translated, and is so well known in Catherine of Cleves, that I only refer to it. The plot consists in the fact I have alluded to. Catherine de Medicis, in order to occupy the Duc de Guise, foments a passion between the Duchesse and one of Henry's favourites, St. Mégrin. The Duc discovers the intrigue, intraps St. Mégrin, and has him slain. The whole play turns, as I have said in an early part of this work, on the Duchesse's *lost pocket-handkerchief*—which occasioned the lines I then quoted:

"Messieurs et Mesdames—cette pièce est morale
Elle prouve aujourd'hui sans faire de scandale
Que chez un amant, lorsqu'on va le soir,
On peut oublier tout—excepté *son mouchoir*."

one part in Henry III. in which such splendid and gay and dark images are so massed together—where such terror and such luxury, such gaiety and such horror are thrust in vivid contrast at once upon you. But the play of M. Dumas, though it does not strike you as the product of *so powerful a talent* as that of M. Hugo, satisfies you better as the work of *a more natural talent*. Its action seems to you more easily animated, more unaffectedly developed. It does not startle you so much at different passages, but it keeps your attention more continually alive: it does not agitate you at times so terribly during the performance, but it leaves a more full and complete impression upon your mind when the curtain drops.

Between Henry III. and the other pieces of M. A. Dumas there appears to me, however, no comparison. There is in that piece a grace, a dignity, a truth, which one seeks in vain, as it appears to me, in the subsequent productions which crowded audiences have declared equally successful.

Antony is the play, perhaps, in which the public have seen most to admire. The plot is simple, the action rapid, the divisions decided —each act contains an event, and each event develops the character and tends to the ca-

tastrophe of the piece. Antony is an illegitimate child, brought up by charity, and who never knew his parents. He is rich, however, and in love with Adèle, (a young lady of good fortune and family) to whom he does not venture to propose on account of the mystery of his birth* — a mystery with which the young lady, and Antony's acquaintance in general, it would seem, are strangely unacquainted. Adèle, attached to Antony, but piqued and offended at his conduct, for he had left her suddenly, at the moment when she supposed him likely to claim her hand, marries a Col. d'Hervey. It is three years after this marriage, I think, that the play begins.

Antony then returns, and requests, as a friend, an interview with Adèle, which she determines to avoid, and, getting into her carriage, leaves her sister to receive the visiter. The horses, however, run away with her, and, by one of those old and convenient accidents, which authors have not yet dispensed with, Antony stops them, saves her life, gets injured in the

* One of the absurdities of this play, as a picture of French manners, is the extraordinary disgrace which the author has attached to illegitimacy in a capital where more than one illegitimate child is born to every two legitimate ones.

chivalrous enterprise, and is carried by the physician's order to Madame d'Hervey's house. Here he soon finds an opportunity to tell his misfortune, his despair, the passion he feels,* and the reasons why he did not declare it sooner —and Adèle, after hearing all this, thinks it safer to make the best of her way after her husband, who is at Frankfort.

She starts, her journey is nearly over, when she arrives at a little inn, where she is obliged to stop, on account of another convenient accident—a want of post-horses. Here the following scene will explain what takes place.

SCENE VII.

HOSTESS, ADELE.

HOSTESS (*from without*).

'Coming! coming!'—*entering.*—Was it Madame who called?

ADELE.

I wish to go. Are the horses returned?

HOSTESS.

They were hardly gone when Madame arrived, and I don't expect them before two or three hours. Would Madame repose herself?

ADELE.

Where?

HOSTESS.

In this cabinet there's a bed.

* This is the second Act.

ADELE.

Your cabinet does not shut.

HOSTESS.

The two doors of this room shut inside.

ADELE.

True, I need not be alarmed here.

HOSTESS (*bringing a light into the cabinet*).

What could Madame be alarmed at?

ADELE.

This is silly.—(*Hostess goes out of the cabinet*)—Come, for Heaven's sake, and tell me as soon as the horses are returned.

HOSTESS.

The very instant, Madam.

ADELE. (*Going into the cabinet*).

No accident can happen in this hotel?

HOSTESS.

None. If Madame wishes it, I will order some one to sit up.

ADELE—*at the entry of the cabinet.*

No, no—indeed—excuse me—leave me.

(*She goes into the cabinet and shuts the door.*

(ANTONY *appears on the balcony behind the window breaks a glass, pushes his arm through, opens the window, enters quickly, and bolts the door which the Hostess just went out at.*)

ADELE (*Coming out of the cabinet*).

A noise—a man—oh!

ANTONY.

Silence!—*taking her in his arms and putting a handkerchief to her mouth*)—It 's I—I—Antony.

(*He carries her into the cabinet*).

Thus ends Act III.

Some months have passed away. Antony and his mistress are then at Paris, and Col. d'Hervey still (this is again convenient,) remains at Frankfort, whither Antony has sent a faithful servant, who is to watch over the movements of the unfortunate husband, and ride to Paris with the news, if he should take it into his head to return.

You are now taken to a ball * — and here Adèle gets insulted by a lady for her supposed weakness in favour of Antony—the weakness, as yet, is only supposed. Antony consoles his mistress for this insult, which one does not quite see why she received, since her friend, the hostess, and queen of the ball, has already changed her lover two or three times during the piece. But misfortunes, says the proverb, never come singly, and hardly can Adèle have got home, after this insult, when the servant who had been stationed at Frankfort arrives, and announces that Col. d'Hervey will be at Paris almost as soon as himself.

Antony hurries to his mistress's house, and endeavours to persuade her to elope with him immediately.

ACT V.

SCENE III.

ANTONY.

Well, thou see'st! remaining here there is no hope in heaven . . . Listen, I am free—my fortune will follow me—besides, if it failed, I could supply it easily. A carriage is below. Listen and consider, there is no other course. If a heart devoted—if the whole existence of a man cast at thy feet, suffice thee, say 'Yes.' Italy, England, Germany, offer us an asylum. I tear thee from thy family, from thy country—well, I will be to thee family—country. A change of name will disguise us from the world. No one will know who we were till we are dead. We'll live alone—thou shalt be my fortune, my God, my life. I'll have no will but thine, no happiness but thine. Come, come, we are enough to each other to enable us to forget the world.

ADELE.

Yes, yes—but one word to Clara.

ANTONY.

We have not a minute to lose.

ADELE.

My child, my daughter—I must embrace my girl—seest thou—this is a last adieu, an eternal farewell!

ANTONY.

Well, yes!—go, go.—(*He pushes her*).

ADELE.

O my God!

ANTONY.

What ails thee?

ADELE.

My daughter!—leave my daughter!—my daughter, who will be reproached one day with the crime of her mother, who will still live, perhaps, though not for her. My Girl! my poor child! who will expect to be presented to the world as innocent, and who will be presented to it as dishonoured as her mother, and dishonoured by her mother's fault.

ANTONY.

O my God!

ADELE.

Is it not so? A blot once fallen upon a name is not effaced—it eats into it—it preys upon it—it destroys it. Oh my daughter, my daughter!

ANTONY.

Well!—we'll take her with us: let her come with us. But yesterday, I should have thought it impossible to love her—the daughter of another—of thee. Well! she shall be my daughter, my adopted child. But come—take her then; every instant is death. What dost thou consider about?—he is coming, he is coming!—he is yonder!

ADELE.

Wretch that I am become! Where am I? and where hast thou conducted me? and all this in three months! An honourable man confides his name to me—places his happiness in me—trusts his daughter to me! I adore her.—She is his hope, his old age, the being in whom he hopes to survive. Thou comest—it is but three months. My smothered love awakes—I dishonour the name intrusted

to me—I destroy the happiness reposed on me; and this is not all—no, this is not enough—I carry away from him the daughter of his heart. I disinherit his old days of his child's caresses, and in exchange of his love I give him shame, sorrow, solitude! Tell me, Antony, is not this infamy?

ANTONY.

What wouldst thou do then?

ADELE.

Stay—

ANTONY.

And when he shall have discovered everything—

ADELE.

He'll kill me.

Antony proposes they should die together—"Blessed be God," he says,—

Blessed be God who made my life for unity! Blessed be God that I can quit life without drawing a tear from eyes that love me. Blessed be God for having allowed me, in the age of hope, to have known and been fatigued with everything . . . One bond alone attached me to this world . . . Thou wert that bond—it breaks—I am content to die, but I would die with thee . . . I wish the last beatings of our hearts to respond—our last sighs to mingle. Dost thou understand? . . . A death as soft as sleep—a death happier than our life. . . . Then—who knows? from pity, perhaps, they'll throw our bodies into the same tomb.

ADELE.

Oh! yes!. That would be heaven, if my memory could die with me—but if I die thus, the world will

say to my child—'Your mother thought to escape shame by death . . . and she died in the arms of the man who had dishonoured her'—and if my poor girl say, 'no;' they will lift up the stone that covers our grave, and say "There, see them!"

ANTONY.

Oh! we are indeed damned, neither to live nor die!

ADELE.

Yes, yes. I ought to die—I alone—thou seest it—. . . Go then, in the name of heaven—go!

ANTONY.

Go! . . . quit thee! . . . when he comes . . . to have had thee, and to have lost thee! . . . hell! . . . And were he not to kill thee . . . were he to *pardon* thee . . . To have been guilty of rape, violence, adultery—to have possessed thee — and can I hesitate at a new crime, that is, to keep thee?—What! lose my soul for so little! Satan would laugh. Thou art foolish. No, no! Thou art mine as man is misfortune's (*seizing her in his arms*). Thou must live for me. . . . I carry thee away.—Evil be on the head of him who would prevent me!

ADELE.

Oh! oh!

ANTONY.

Cries, tears, it matters not!

ADELE.

My daughter! my daughter!

ANTONY.

She 's a child, and will laugh to-morrow. . .

(*They are just on the point of going out, when a double knock is heard at the street door.*)

ADELE.—(*bursting from Antony's arms.*)

Oh! it 's he. . . . Oh! my God! my God! Have pity on me! pardon, pardon!

ANTONY.

Come, it is over now!

ADELE.

Somebody 's coming up stairs . . . somebody rings—[*It must be remembered this is a French house, and the knock was at the outer door*]—It's my husband—fly, fly!

ANTONY—(*fastening the door.*)

Not I—I fly not . . . Listen! . . . You said just now that you did not fear death.

ADELE.

No, no . . . Oh! kill me, for pity's sake!

ANTONY.

A death that would save thy reputation, that of thy child?

ADELE.

I'll beg for it on my knees.

(*A voice from without; "Open, open! break open the door!"*)

ANTONY.

And in thy last breath thou wilt not curse thy assassin?—

ADELE.

I'll bless him—but be quick . . . that door.

ANTONY.

Fear nothing! death shall be here before any one. But reflect on it well—death!

ADELE.

I beg it—wish it—implore it (*throwing herself into his arms*)—I come to seek it.

ANTONY—(*kissing her*)

Well then, die!

(*He stabs her with a poniard.*)

ADELE—(*falling into a fauteuil.*)

Ah!

(*At the same moment the door is forced open, Col. d'Hervey rushes on the stage.*)

SCENE IV.

Col. d'Hervey, Antony, Adèle, and different servants.

COL. D'HERVEY.

Wretch!—What do I see?—Adèle!

ANTONY.

Dead, yes, dead!—she *resisted me*, and I *assassinated her.*

(*He throws his dagger at the Colonel's feet.*)

CHAPTER V.

The merits of M. Dumas—" Angèle"—" Darlington" —" Teresa"—" Tour de Nesle"—Description of the effect produced by " Tour de Nesle."—The characters of a time should be in the character of the time —M. Dumas dresses up the nineteenth century in a livery of heroism, turned up with assassination and incest.

THERE is enough, I think, even in the short and imperfect translation I have just given from Antony, to show considerable energy and talent, and that kind of passion and movement which hurries away an audience. Indeed, the productions of M. Dumas, which lose much of their effect in reading, afford, in acting, a thousand proofs of this author's having taken every pains to study and to succeed in the arts of the stage. There is a line in 'Angèle,' wonderful in its exemplification of his knowledge and his study of these arts.

Angèle,* a young lady, unhappily seduced, is

* Angèle is a young lady, seduced by an adventurer who intends marrying her on a speculation, but, on finding the mother a better affair, he engages himself to her. Angèle, however, after being confined, (which she

désirous of confessing her misfortune to her mother — she says she has something to say — the mother inquires tenderly what it is—Angèle weeps — the mother takes her hand, endeavours to soothe and encourage her; Angèle still weeps. "Is it something so very bad then?" says the mother, not suspecting her daughter's innocence. The daughter fixes her eyes upon her mother, sobs, struggles to speak — the audience is all attention. But how make the confession?

"Ah, si j'avais mon enfant je-le mettrais à vos pieds."

A more enthusiastic burst than followed this exclamation (I saw the piece the first night of the representation) it is impossible to describe.*

is, one may say, on the stage,) confesses the story to her mamma just before the marriage takes place.

D'Alvimar, the adventurer, is for making off, but is stopped by a Doctor Muller, a young physician, who, having long loved Angèle, had accidentally delivered her of her child, and now delivers her of her false-hearted lover, whom (by a most unmedical mode of destruction) he shoots—then marries Angèle, adopts her child, and (in order to make her quite happy and comfortable, I suppose) assures her he must die within the year of a pulmonary complaint.

* I remember another instance, in the "Tour de Nesle:" immediately after the murder of Philippe Daulnay and all the abominations of Margue-

M. Dumas, has written Henry III., Antony, Angèle, Darlington,* Teresa,† and also claims a

rite and her sisters, the guardian of the night is heard chanting without—"Il est trois heures; tout est tranquille—Parisiens dormez!"

* Darlington is the illegitimate son of a hangman, (this is in England,) who is determined to make his fortune. To do this, nothing is so easy (N. B. This was in the days of unreformed parliaments) as to be returned M.P. for the County of Northumberland and the *Borough* of Darlington, (both meaning the same thing.) Darlington, then, is soon an M.P.; and he now makes a good speech, on which he is instantly sent for by the minister, and offered at once, *by the king in person*, a secretaryship of state, an earldom, and an immense estate, with the only condition of forsaking his principles and marrying a second wife, his own wife being yet living: this he of course complies with. But his wife is more difficult to be got rid of than his principles—and in his attempt to carry the good lady abroad, he is stopped by his moral, and virtuous, and indignant father, the hangman. Here ends the piece—*finis coronat opus.*

† Teresa is married to an officer older than herself, and who, indeed, has a daughter, Amelia, of nearly her age. Teresa is in love with a young man, Arthur, who marries Amelia and then intrigues with Teresa. Amelia gets possession of Teresa's letters, without knowing whose letters they are, but, suspecting some intrigue, places them in her father's hands, and her father finds his wife and his son-in-law to be little better than they should be. He satisfies himself, however, with hurrying

share in the Tour de Nesle.* The Tour de Nesle is the most powerful of these performances, and thrown back into a dark century is excusable in its ghastly accumulation of midnight horrors. This tower, the Tour de Nesle, built in the twelfth century, on the site now occupied by the college 'Mazarin,' tall, round, and casting its gloomy shadow on the Seine, was the spot sacred to many of the old popular superstitions, among which was a kind of Blue-beard story of a Queen of France, who, according to Brantôme, se tenait là d'ordinaire, laquelle fesant le guet aux passants et ceux qui lui revenaient et agréaient le plus, de quelque sorte de gens que ce fussent, les fesait appeler et venir à soy, et, après avoir tiré ce qu'elle en voulait, les fesait précipiter du haut de la tour en bas en l'eau, et les fésait noyer. The name of this Queen seems a matter much disputed, but Marguerite de Bourgogne, wife of Louis X., who, together with her two sisters, was convicted of practices something similar, furnishes

daughter and son-in-law off on a foreign mission, (in all M. Dumas' plays there is a foreign mission—no one has such interest in the diplomacy,) and Teresa thereupon destroys herself, as will be seen in a note a little further on.

* See note on page 322.

the author of the piece with his heroine, and the plot turns on her intrigue with two brothers, whose parentage she was ignorant of, but who prove to be her own sons, by an adventurer 'Buridan.' One of these sons is murdered by the mother's order, another by the father's contrivance—there is hardly any crime to be found in the 'Causes celèbres' which is not ingeniously crowded into the five acts of this drama.* There is hardly any horrible or ter-

* The main plot (for there are several other minor intrigues) of the "Tour de Nesle" is this. There are two brothers, orphans and ignorant of their parents, Philippe Daulnay and Gaultier Daulnay. Gaultier Daulnay is in the Queen's guard, and is beloved by the Queen. Philippe Daulnay, coming to see him, is seduced to the Tour de Nesle, and, after having partaken of the Queen's revels, is murdered, according to her usual orders. Buridan, who, as page to the Duc de Bourgogne, had formerly been the lover of Marguerite in early youth, before her marriage, and at her suggestion had murdered her father, Robert II., visits Paris, in order to take advantage of this secret, and finally insists on being made prime minister, and governing France in conjunction with the Queen. Marguerite apparently consents, but determines to contrive his death; while Buridan also begins to think Marguerite's death necessary for the security of his fortunes. This amiable couple then make a love-appointment at the Tour de Nesle, each intending that it should end in the death of the other. Marguerite posts assassins in the cham-

rible position of which the stage affords an example, in which the author has not contrived to place his heroine or heroes—there are some events, (the sudden nomination, for instance,

ber through which Buridan is to pass, and gives them orders to despatch the first man who enters. Buridan informs Gaultier Daulnay of his rendezvous, excites his jealousy, and gives him the key that will admit him into the tower in his (Buridan's) place, while in the mean time he gives the captain of the guard an order in the King's own hand to enter the Tour de Nesle at the hour when he expected Marguerite and Gaultier would be there, and to seize whomsoever, without exception, he might find as perpetrators of the horrid murders for which the place was famous. Hardly, however, has Gaultier left Buridan, before the latter learns that Philippe Daulnay, already slain by Marguerite, and Gaultier Daulnay, whose death he has just been contriving, are the offspring of his early loves with the Queen. He hastens then to the tower to save Gaultier, and, entering by the window, avoids the assassins. But he only comes in time to hear his son's cries under their hands; and as Gaultier, covered with wounds, totters into the chamber and dies at the feet of his parents, the King's guards enter. The captain of the guard advancing—

You are my prisoners.

MARG. *and* BURIDAN. Your prisoners?

MARG. I—the Queen?

BURIDAN. I—the prime minister?

CAPT. OF THE GUARD. There are here neither

of Buridan to be prime minister) too improbable for even the necessities of the scene to justify; but there are no flagrant violations of history such as those in Marie Tudor—nor is there any wanton attempt to interest you in crime. You are not told that you should feel as M. V. Hugo would have told you that you should feel — the deepest interest for the lady who had been strangling her lovers all her life, because she felt some compunction at having accidentally strangled her son at last. Your feelings are allowed to run on in their ordinary course, and your breast is dark from every gleam of pity when the guard leads off the Queen and her paramour, caught in their own snares, to execution.

If you choose to judge the Tour de Nesle by the ordinary rules of criticism, it is a melo-dramatic monstrosity; but if you think that to seize, to excite, to suspend, to transport the feelings of an audience, to hush them into the deepest silence, to wring out from them the loudest applause—to keep them with an eye

Queen nor prime minister: there is a dead body, two assassins, and an order, signed by the King's hand, to arrest this night whomsoever I should find in the Tour de Nesle.

eager, an ear awake, an attention unflagged from the first scene to the last—if you think that to do this is to be a dramatist—that to have done this is to have written a drama—bow down to M. Dumas, or M. Gaillardet—to the author of the Tour de Nesle—whoever he be—that man is a dramatist, the piece he has written is a drama. And yet, powerful as this play is, it wants poesy; there are no glorious passages, no magnificent situations,—written in prose, its prose is strong, nervous, but strictly prosaic. I should find it impossible to sum up an opinion of this performance, by calling it bad, or good—Go, reader, to see it! There is great art, great defects, great nature, great improbabilities, all massed and mingled up together in the rapid rush of terrible things, which pour upon you, press upon you, keep you fixed to your seat, breathless, motionless. And then a pause comes—the piece is over—you shake your head, you stretch your limbs, you still feel shocked, bewildered, and walk home as if awaked from a terrible night-mare. Such is the effect of the 'Tour de Nesle.'

I have said that the drear and distant times from which this tragedy is brought forth excuse its atrocities. These atrocities are part of

the dark shadows of that haunted age. The crimes of Atreus, the punishment of Prometheus, the horrors and the passions of Medea were allowed on the Greek stage, because they also were sanctified by long superstition. But one does not expect a Buridan in every shop-boy, or a Marguerite in every sempstress. The general colouring of modern days is too pale and commonplace for these strange and startling figures. They exist, they are in nature, but they are not in theatrical nature. The individual case which startles you in the newspaper is not the case to bring upon the stage. There *the characters of a time* should be in keeping with *the character of the time.*

The personages you can fancy in the dark and narrow streets, passing by the gaunt buttresses, and pausing under the dim archways of ancient Paris, you cannot fancy (though they may be found) strolling in the guingettes, or dancing on the Boulevards of Paris at the present day. The Lara of an unknown land, corsair, captain, whose tall shadow shoots along the wall of his old ancestral castle, is not the kind of gentleman whom you expect to shake hands with at a banker's ball; * nor can you think that the footman who announced you

* As Antony.

at the door, has got a dagger in one pocket, and a bowl of poison in the other

M. Dumas having divined the costume of the dark and gloomy times of Louis X. and the gay, and chivalric, and superstitious times of Henry III. appears (to me at all events) to have mistaken, or misrepresented, that of his own. As M. V. Hugo claps a republican cap on the sixteenth century, so M. Dumas dresses up the nineteenth century in a livery of heroism, turned up with assassination and incest. He parades before you a parcel of doctors, and adventurers, and fine gentlemen, all scowling, and plotting, and folding their arms. The stage is Burlington Arcade, on an August evening, crowded with those mysterious shopkeepers, who wear moustaches when their customers are out of town, and fold a mantle about their shoulders to keep

* In "Teresa" the lady rings for her footman :—

Teresa. Paulo, when we left Italy, you must have thought that you would fall into some misfortune you would not survive?

Paulo. Yes.

Ter. And against such a misfortune have you no resource?

Paulo. Two.

Ter. What?

Paulo. *This poison and this dagger!*

out the heat, and look at every lady of Covent Garden saloon, as if they expected to find a nouvelle Heloïse.*

But let us now pass from the authors of the new drama to that drama itself.

* Such, gentlemen, are capital characters for a comedy; no author need seek a better; but it is too bad to give them as heroes, and models of heroism, in sober earnest.

CHAPTER VI.

The modern French drama naturally changed from the ancient one—The person you meet in the streets of Paris not dressed as he was in the time of Louis XIV. —How expect the drama to remain the same—What you should allow for—What you should expect.

FOR years England disputed with France, and France with herself, the true principles of the dramatic art; for there were some to contend that, though the governments and the feelings of mankind are for *ever changing*, the rules which govern the expression of those feelings were *not to change*.

These critics would have declared that the gorgeous and kingly verse of Virgil ought to have been the model on which the abrupt, the stern, and supernatural genius of Milton should have framed its periods.

They would have said that the spirit of the bold age which solemnly adjudged a monarch to the death in the full gaze of Europe was not to vary in its style from that of the time

in which one man had gathered to himself the ancient majesty of free Rome.

Is the person you meet in the streets of Paris, dressed as you would have found him in the reign of Louis XIV., and can you expect the stage to appear in the old costume?

When a rigid order reigned over the arts, it reigned also over the world of action; and the stage was only subject to the same spirit which regulated real life. Society was a machine, in which everything had a certain place, and moved in a certain way, by a certain law. The smallest atom had its appropriate sphere, beyond which it was impossible to soar. But when men rose daily to the highest ranks from the lowest, rapid and extraordinary in their own career, they soon lost all sympathy with the stiff-jointed transitions of the poet. The slow proprieties of the world were broken through — what, then, were these proprieties on the stage? The events which had created a new public, created necessarily a new theatre. —A change in the one, tardy in following, was still sure to follow the other. The movement which had taken place in the material world passed to the intellectual — the arts were subjected to the influences which had remoulded society.

A perfectly new style arose. . . . .

Racine overpurified and polished his language, as Pope too symmetrically modulated ours. In England, the sterile but bold and hardy genius of Gray founded a new, a more daring and energetic style of composition; but the author of "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!" burst from the chains of the sing-song heroic with no less dignity than courage. There was as much elegance as force in the rhythm of his couplets, and to the old expressions, and to the rich and glowing epithets which he revived and coined, a purity was breathed, which set the accusation of quaintness or extravagance at defiance. It is almost curious, indeed, to find in Gray's correspondence with Mr. West, the trembling foot which he put forward to new regions, and the anxiety which he showed, to give each more daring syllable the authority of a forgotten usage. But Gray lived under the same government, in the same state of society, as Pope. No vast deluge had swept over England during his time, destroying one set of things, quickening and producing another. The parent of our modern style, it was rather by the musings over a by-gone day, than by any inspiration drawn from what was passing around him, that he refreshed and

invigorated his language, and caught a tone of simplicity and chivalry, which was not that of the society in which he lived.

In France, on the contrary, though the stir and rush of later times has been in sympathy with the stern and active genius of the middle ages, it has been the feelings of the present that have inspired a passion for the past, and not a study of the past that has breathed its influence over the present. The literature of the moment is *native* to the *moment*.

But the different English articles that I have seen on the state of the French drama have been written without notice of the circumstances which have produced its peculiarities; and while the absurdities and the atrocities of the French dramatists have been ridiculed and condemned, their merits have not been seen, nor their faults accounted for. The difficulty is in separating what is peculiar to the author himself from the time and the public for which he writes.

I don't blame an author for suiting himself to the period and to the people he addresses —he must be understood by his audience, but then he should elevate his audience. If he live in a time when exaggeration is to

be expected, you hope to see that exaggeration softened by his skill and ennobled by his art. You hope to see him true to nature, though you know it must be the nature of his particular period. You hope to see him keeping to the ancient costume of history, though you know that that costume will be coloured by the spirit of a new time. You hope to see him seize and concentrate the vaguer sentiments that are abroad, and deduce from them some kind of order which will give a character to his epoch. You hope to see him give force and clearness, rather than add pomp and paradox to what he finds. This you hope; and above all, you hope that he will awake and excite the better feelings, and make you forget or loathe the more mean and pernicious passions, of your soul.

How has the modern French dramatist satisfied the hopes and the expectations that we had a right to form?

CHAPTER VII.

How far the horrid subjects chosen for the French stage are allowable, and in what their offence consists.

The first consideration which opens upon us in relation with the present French drama is—

The horrid nature of its subjects and the manner in which those subjects are handled and introduced.

I shall now, therefore, proceed to inquire—How far those subjects are in themselves allowable, or how much they depend on the manner in which they are treated.

A subject is not allowable on the stage either because it offends the rules of art or because it offends the still more important rules of morality.

Now I say here, as I said in speaking of the Tour de Nesle—no subject, as it appears to me, offends the rules of art which is in harmony with the character or with our general ideas of the character of the time in which it is intro-

duced. The offence against the rules of art in bringing "bloody Queen Mary" on the stage is, in not making "bloody Queen Mary" bloody enough: the offence against the rules of art in bringing Darlington on the stage is, in making Darlington a much greater political profligate than he could possibly have been.

I do not, then, I confess, join in the usual cant which denounces as an abomination the mere bringing Lucrèce Borgia and Marguerite de Bourgogne, on the stage. I see no reason, as a question of art, why any person, why any passion, why any subject, should be prohibited the author that his audience does not forbid; but I do see every reason; as a question of art, why the persons he creates should be in the image of the times in which he creates them; why the persons for whom he is indebted to history should stand forth in their historical characters; why the countries of which he speaks should be spoken of with a knowledge of their manners; why the events that take place in the drama should not be wholly unnatural in their comparison with the events of real life.

It is in these, the finer parts of their pursuit, that the present dramatic writers of France are universally defective. If M. V.

Hugo and M. Dumas were schoolboys, and told to write about English history in the time of Mary Tudor, or English manners and laws at the present time, they would have been whipped for the ridiculous faults that they have both committed. These are not faults of genius; they are purely and entirely faults of negligence or ignorance.

I turn, then, from this first inquiry to the second, viz. how far these subjects offend, what every dramatist is most bound to protect, the laws and the interests of morality. King Lear is a horrid subject—Macbeth is a horrid subject: do they offend the morals of an audience?—

It is of the rules of morality as of the rules of art: it is not the horrid nature of a subject that offends either the one or the other; it is in the manner in which that subject is treated that its beauty as a piece of composition, or its value as a lesson of virtue, depends. The immorality of M. V. Hugo and of M. Dumas is not in having brought Marion de Lorme and Antony upon the stage, but in affecting to breathe a mawkish interest over the infamy of the prostitute, and attaching a romantic heroism to the adulterous seducer of female honour. The inverted philosophy of M. Hugo appears to me, as I have frankly said, a kind of unphilosophic

madness, with which I have no sympathy, for which I think there is no excuse; and what I say of the intentional follies of M. V. Hugo I say of the wild and whining vice of M. Dumas.

And why is this? Why, M. Dumas, instead of attempting to breathe a false poesy into the grovelling amours of a Parisian salon, or holding up for imitation a political profligacy—which, thank God, is yet untrue—in the public men and the parliament of Great Britain—why have you sought for no truer, no better, no brighter models for the emulation of those ardent youths who admire your talent and worship your career? —Are there no characters you can take from the heroes of July, or the enthusiasts of June?—are there no models of female heroism and devotion you can draw from the revolution of 1789, and the restoration of 1815? Have Madame Roland and Madame Lavalette lived in vain? Have you had no men in France who have been disinterested and brave? Have you had no women in France who have been noble and virtuous? Must you fill your stage with sickly-faced apothecaries in the frontispiece attitude of Lord Byron, and fourth-rate fine ladies vulgarly imitating the vices and the ton of Mde. de Mirepoix? Why should you invent ima-

ginary personages in the representation of your age who are exceptions to your age? Why should you take as the heroes and heroines of your drama the creatures whom it would sicken you to meet in the commerce of daily life?

And you, M. V. Hugo!—you, the promise of whose youth was so generous—in whose Odes breathed a spirit no less remarkable for its purity than its poesy—you, who seemed by instinct to have caught the chivalry and the grace of the old knightly time, with the popular language that goes to the heart of the present day—have you no better mode of elevating your countrywomen than by teaching them to be good mothers by the example of Lucrèce Borgia, or devoted mistresses by the example of Marion de Lorme? What! have you found no cleverer mode of elevating the people in their own esteem, than by telling every unwashed apprentice that a Countess wishes to marry him—not because he is a good man, and a steady apprentice—Oh, no! simply because he is an apprentice, because he is a working man?

Is not this stuff! is not this prostrate and dust-licking flattery! Can you talk of the cringing of a courtier to his monarch, when you bow thus slavishly before the meanest of

your mob? Nor is my praise or censure indifferent to you—if I—a foreigner—far away from all your petty jealousies and rival cliques—if I —who not even as a man of letters—a title to which I have not the honour to pretend—if I, who neither as a countryman, nor even as a literary man, can possibly have any rivalry with you—if I, who honour your talents, love your country, and approve of many of your principles—if I, who, if any wish were stirring in my mind, can only have the wish to propitiate your friends, to obtain and enjoy the pleasure and honour of your acquaintance—if I have allowed words to be wrung out from me—words of reproach—strong words—words expressive of more than my regret—at the manner in which you have allowed ignorance, and prejudice, and adulation, and negligence, and indifference, and immorality to obscure and to tarnish the lustre of talents for which such a country and such a time as that in which you live opened so great, and so noble, and so heart-cheering a path to fame—if I have had language—such as that which I have used, unwillingly, I declare—extorted from me—is it not possible that, far away from that feeble chorus of easily-enchanted friends, who, like the bird in the Arabian Nights, pass their

lives in repeating "There is but one Poesy, and Dumas and Victor Hugo are its true prophets!"—is it not possible, I say, that, far away from these sicklied sounds, there is an opinion rising, gathering, swelling, an opinion which shall be the opinion of Europe—the opinion of posterity—an opinion which might have raised you in a new time to such pedestals as those of the old time occupy—an opinion which shall break as busts of clay what you might have made statues of stone and of marble—an opinion which shall leave you the lions of a drawing-room, and which might have made you the land-marks of an epoch?

But I pass from this. And now, having expressed an opinion in respect to the present French drama, let me come to a yet more interesting consideration, and inquire what the present French drama proves in respect to the present French public.

Does it follow as a matter of course, that, if greater atrocities than formerly were exhibited on the French stage, the French people would be more atrocious? Does it follow as a matter of course, that, because there is less delicacy than formerly used in mentioning, and less ceremony than formerly used in manifesting on

the stage, all the possible circumstances connected with adultery and seduction, there are in real life more cases of adultery and seduction?

At first sight there is, I admit, a strong coincidence between the number of murders, the number of rapes, the number of suicides, the number of natural children in France, and various scenes which are represented on the stage. But the connection is not so easily established, or so easily traced, as we may at once be induced to imagine; for the representations of the stage are far less influenced by the morals of a people than by their manners.

A refined audience will do many things that it will not bear to see represented; a vulgar audience will see a great many things represented that it would not do.

The people of Athens, who were a dissolute people, would have been shocked at the spectacles of the Lacedæmonian people, who were a sober people.

The courtier of Louis XV. who would have shuddered at poor Mademoiselle Angèle's being brought to bed upon the stage, would have been far more likely to seduce her than the bourgeois of Louis Philippe, who smiles in very decent complacency at this interesting spectacle. The English, who tolerated all the stabbings and

the poison-takings of Shakspeare on their stage, committed hardly any crimes during the fervor of that civil war which let loose all the political and religious passions of two hostile parties. The French would have been horror-struck at a drop of blood theatrically spilt at the moment that they were sending fifty of their fellow-citizens every day to the guillotine.

We should be the more cautious in forming wrong and hasty conclusions upon this subject, since it was from conclusions exactly similar that the French did us for many years the honour very seriously to believe that we were little better than a set of barbarians, whose nature, as Fielding says, rendered acts of blood and murder—duels and assassinations—a sort of necessary amusement.

That, however, which renders it more clear than anything I might yet continue to say—that the scenes of the present French stage do not prove a great actual increase of atrocious crimes is—the fact, which every public document gives us—viz. that crimes of this nature, in France, are very much on the decrease*.

But, indeed, notwithstanding all that has been

* There are some curious documents that prove how long even suicides have been prevalent among the French people, contrary to the vulgar belief.

said, it is not in their subjects themselves that the great difference between the old and the new drama exists. We shall find, on referring to the old and classic French theatre, that at times it represented the same things, or things even more shocking than any represented now—the great difference being in the manner—the more delicate and less shocking manner in which these things were represented. What was the subject of Phèdre and of Œdipe, that the chaste imagination of the critic should repudiate the loves, where, by the way, the incest is unintentional, of Queen Marguerite and her sons? "Our tragedy," says Rousseau, "presents us with such monstrous characters, that neither is the example of their vices contagious, nor that of their virtues instructive."* This is what Rousseau said of the stage in his time, and so far I agree with Rousseau, that the exhibition of those terrible passions which seldom visit us is less likely to have an influence upon our character, because they enter less into the relations of our life than others of a more ordinary and household nature. But mark! The very subjects which Rousseau condemns, because they do not affect human actions, are those very subjects which modern critics have condemned

* Rousseau, Lettre à d'Alembert.

with the greatest fury, as most likely to affect national morals.

From what we see of the French stage, and what succeeds on the French stage, we are fairly justified in saying that the audience has become less refined than formerly, but there is nothing that can induce us to say that it is more immoral; in fact, the same causes that have given more energy and life to history have given more force, and extravagance, and coarseness, to the stage. The same mass that go to history for information, go to the theatre for amusement; but to one they go singly, to the other collectively. The historian speaks to each, the dramatist speaks to all.*

"There are a thousand images of the grotesque, and only one of the beautiful," says an author I have largely quoted from.†

* The same man who is merely animated and picturesque in conversation, is apt to become bombastic and extravagant before a popular assembly.

† M. Victor Hugo says this, when he prefers the first to the last: *i.e.* the grotesque to the beautiful. The beautiful — regular, chaste, symmetrical in its proportions, growing into magnificence as you gaze upon it, rather than startling you into admiration at a first glance — the beautiful, such as the classic and dreamy days of antiquity have bequeathed it to us, and which always wanted for its admiration a quiet and a repose of dispo-

The French were ever a nation devoted to effect. The ancient courtier was satisfied with the painter who drew a god in the attitude of a dancing master—and the modern mob admire the author whose hero is writhed into the grotesque contortions of a devil. The old drama was calculated for effect—the new drama is calculated for effect. The old drama was calculated for effect in the reign of Louis XIV.—the new drama is calculated for effect in the reign of Louis Philippe. The writer, as I began by saying, is not to blame for writing differently to a different audience—the audience is not to blame because it has different feelings, derived from different habits, different pursuits, different educations. I do not blame the audience, then, for

sition, ill suited to the artificial and ostentatious character of the French—the beautiful certainly is little calculated for the restless, agitated, adventurous, and vulgar crowd, that expects to be startled at once, and cannot afford the time to have its feelings gradually and quietly developed.

The unity of the beautiful is the consequence of its perfection—but the round and graceful dome of a Greek temple, the full image of which swells out as it were over your mind while you examine it, neither surprises nor arrests your attention, like the thousand and one figures of a Gothic cathedral, which strike you as much by their variety as their horror.

being less refined in its taste; I do not even blame the writer for being violent in the energy and ostentatious in the colouring of his piece. The milliner on Ludgate-hill does not make up the same goods for her customers as the milliner near Berkeley-square. I blame the dramatic author in France, not for the materials he uses, but—I return to the accusation—for the use he makes of those materials. I blame him, because, with the same energy of action, with the same floridity of colouring, he might be moral and magnificent where he is immoral and extravagant; he might elevate his audience where he abases it; he might instruct his audience where he misleads it. I blame him for saying, that "as the political revolution of 1789 must have had its scaffolds, so the literary revolution of the present day must have its nightmares."* I blame him for saying this, because I believe that the one was no more necessary to public liberty than the other is to dramatic excellence.

But do we not see here, and in all I have just been saying, the effects of that diffusion of property of which I spoke before? Do we not see that it is this which has removed the critics who governed the state from the stage? Do we not

* M. Victor Hugo.

see that it is this which has made the persons to please, who were formerly a small set, more easily shocked by errors than struck by beauties, a great crowd, composed of that class who in every country are most struck by the marvellous, and most inclined to mistake the extraordinary for the sublime? Do we not see that it is this which has taken away the few who criticised to leave the many who applaud?

When the energy which had been born of a new epoch, and the equality which was based not merely on the statute, but on the soil—when that energy and that equality were drawn into the armies of the empire, those armies, whatever the character of their chief, were inspired by popular passions, and formed and conducted upon popular principles. It is the passions and the principles which animated the armies of France that animate her drama. The same persons are to have the honours and enjoyments of the one that had the honours and the dangers of the other. You must look at everything in modern France with the recollection, that it is for no polished or privileged class, but for an immense plebeian public. You must look at everything in modern France with the remembrance that almost every Frenchman has some interest in the property of

France, and expects to have some influence in her honours, emoluments, and amusements.

"But how is this?" I can fancy my reader saying; "you have shown us the advantages that the division of property has had upon one branch of literature, and now you point out to us the defects as well as the beauties—the extravagance as well as the force—that it has given to another! I thought, at all events, when you entered upon the subject, that you had some startling theory to develop, and that you would prove that this division of property produced every evil or every good." This is not what I believe; and, indeed, my object was to show not so much *how* this great and pervading cause had affected the modern French literature as to show that *it had affected* that literature; for if it has affected the literature, it has still more deeply affected the philosophy, the religion, the society, the agriculture, the industry, the government of France; and it is only when I have traced it through all these, and balanced its various advantages and disadvantages together, that I can be justified in giving an opinion upon one of the most important problems that modern society has to solve.

I wished to have shown in this book the literature of the day in all its branches—history,

the drama, and lighter works. But I now defer the consideration of these topics, as I defer other subjects, to a succeeding portion of the present work; wherein my course will be—after reviewing the state of the periodical press, of philosophical and religious opinion—each so singular—to come to the great question with which I connect these, and shall connect other phenomena,—and to take at once a view of the state of property, and its various ramifications into the literature, the philosophy, the religion, the industry, the social state, and the government of the French people.

Here we shall have opened to us the question of centralization, now so interesting, and the opportunity will occur for considering where this mode of government is an effect, where it is a cause—how far the evils it brings upon France ought to be dreaded by ourselves, how far the advantages it secures to France may be required or attained by us.

Many subjects, in reality as much domestic as political—the army, the two chambers, the church, the budget, the system of education in France—subjects replete with questions that come home to the heart and hearth of every Englishman, are present to my mind.

To pass by these questions in a work of this kind, I need hardly say, is far from my design—but to have treated of them without first

treating of the history and the character of the French, and the influences, (arising out of that history and that character,) to which the French people are subject—would most probably have led my reader to some of the false conclusions which we are too apt to arrive at when we consider what present laws and government do, without remembering what habit, and nature, and time have done.

Besides, it seemed to me first necessary to bring a people upon the stage, to show what they have been and what they are—and then to pierce more deeply into the latent causes which no doubt govern a great part of their existence.

When I have proceeded thus far, it will be the time at which, justified by preceding observations, I may more fully review the policy, and more boldly look forward to the prospects, of the government that has risen from the revolution of 1830—while, in attempting to trace the future destinies of a great and neighbouring nation, it will necessarily be my task to draw some comparison between its actual situation and our own.

It is bearing in mind this my intention, that I have adopted a title which refers as much to what I shall shortly publish, as to the observations that I now conclude.

END OF BOOK III.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

Vol. II. page 13.

THESE reports are too long to find their room in the Appendix; but they are most interesting to any one wishing to know the state of parties at that time in France, and the causes which, gradually developing themselves, produced the revolution of July. They are to be found in the History of the Restoration, to which I have once or twice referred, a book very unequally written, and far too long for the matter it contains, but still presenting, in a collected form, more information of the time it treats of than can elsewhere be met with. M. Lacretelle's work is also worth attending to.

Vol. II. page 41.

The address first expressed the consent of the Chamber to the views taken by his majesty relative to the negociations that were opened for the reconciliation of the princes of the House of Braganza, and the wish that a termination

should be put to the evils under which Portugal was groaning.

" Sans porter atteinte *au principe sacré de la légitimité,* inviolable pour les rois non moins que pour les peuples.

" Cependant, Sire, au milieu des sentimens unanimes de respect et d'affection dont votre peuple vous entoure, il se manifeste dans les esprits une vive inquiétude qui trouble la sécurité dont la France avait commencé à jouir, altère les sources de sa prospérité, et pourrait, si elle se prolongeait, devenir funeste à son repos. Notre conscience, notre honneur, la fidélité que nous vous avons jurée, et que *nous vous garderons toujours,* nous imposent le devoir de vous en dévoiler la cause. La charte, que nous devons à la sagesse de votre auguste prédécesseur, et dont votre Majesté a la ferme volonté de consolider le bienfait, consacre comme un droit l'intervention du pays dans la délibération des intérêts publics.

" Cette intervention devait être, elle est, en effet indirecte, sagement mesurée, circonscrite dans des limites exactement tracées, et que nous ne souffrirons jamais que l'on ose tenter de franchir; mais elle est positive dans son résultat, car elle fait du concours permanent des vues politiques de votre gouvernement avec les vœux de votre peuple, la condition indispensable de la marche régulière des affaires publiques. Sire, notre loyauté, notre dé-

vouement, nous condamnent à vous dire que ce concours n'existe pas. Une défiance injuste des sentimens et de la raison de la France est aujourd'hui la pensée fondamentale de l'administration : votre peuple s'en afflige parcequ'elle est injurieuse pour lui, il s'en inquiète parcequ'elle est menaçante pour ses libertés. Cette défiance ne saurait approcher de votre noble cœur. Non, Sire, la France ne veut pas plus de l'anarchie que vous ne voulez du despotisme; elle est digne que vous ayez foi dans sa loyauté comme elle a foi dans vos promesses. Entre ceux, qui méconnaissent une nation si calme, si fidèle, et nous qui, avec une conviction profonde, venons déposer dans votre sein les douleurs de tout un peuple jaloux de l'estime et de la confiance de son roi, que la haute sagesse de votre Majesté prononce! Ses royales prérogatives ont placé dans ses mains les moyens d'assurer entre les pouvoirs de l'état cette harmonie constitutionelle, première et nécessaire condition de la force du trône et de la grandeur de la France."

Vol. II. page 114.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CHARTER OF FRANCE,

As given June 4th, 1814, by Louis XVIII., born King by the grace of God.

As accepted Aug. 9th, 1830, by Louis Philippe I., elected King by the choice of the nation.

ARTICLE I.*

All Frenchmen are equal in the eye of the law, whatsoever be their titles or ranks.

II.

They are to contribute indiscriminately, according to their several fortunes, to the support of the state.

III.

They are all equally admissible to all civil and military employments.

IV.

Their individual liberty is equally assured; no one can be prosecuted or arrested but in cases provided for by the law, and according to its prescribed forms.

V.

Every person may with equal liberty profess his religion and obtain for his creed the same protection.

VI.

Nevertheless, the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion is the established religion of the state.—*(Suppressed in the new charter.)*

VII.	VI.
The ministers of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, and those of other Christian	The ministers of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, as professed by the bulk of the

* The articles running across the page and not in columns are the same in both the charters.

sects, may alone receive salaries from the royal treasury.

VIII.

Frenchmen have the right to publish and to cause to be printed their opinions, conformable to the laws enacted for the suppression of any abuse of the said liberty.

French nation, and those of other Christian sects, may alone receive salaries from the public treasury.

VII.

Frenchmen have the right to publish or cause to be printed their opinions, conformable to the laws. The censorship can never be re-established.

IX.

All property is inviolable, without any exception for that which is termed national, the law knowing no distinction between them.

X.

The state can demand the sacrifice of a property legally proved to be for the public weal, but with a previous indemnification.

XI.

All inquiry as to opinions and votes previous to the restoration are forbidden; also all judicial prosecutions for the same to drop.

XII.

The conscription is abolished; the recruiting for the army and navy is provided for by a law.

XIII.

The King's person is inviolable and sacred; his ministers are responsible. The King alone is invested with the executive power.

XIV.

The King is the head of the state; he commands the forces of the land and the forces of the sea, declares war, forms treaties of peace, of alliance, and of commerce; appoints to all offices of public administration, and frames all rules and regulations for the just enforcement of the laws and the security of the state.

XIII.

The King is, &c. for the just enforcement of the laws, without ever being able to put aside the laws themselves or suspend their execution. No foreign troops shall ever be admitted into the service of the state but by virtue of an especial law.

XV.

The legislative authority to be jointly administered by the King, the Chamber of Peers, and the Chamber of Deputies of the departments.

XIV.

The same, with the exception of the word "departments."

XV.

The proposing of laws belongs to the King, to the Chamber of Peers, and to the Chamber of Deputies. Nevertheless, all taxes ought to be first voted by the Chamber of Deputies.

XVI.

The King proposes the law.

XVII.

The proposition of the law is submitted, with the consent of the King, to the Chamber of Peers or to that of the Deputies, with the exception of the taxes, which ought first to be submitted to the Chamber of Deputies.

XVIII.

Every law ought to be freely discussed and voted by the majority of both the Chambers.

XIX.

The Chambers have the right to request the King to propose a law for any object, and to suggest the best mode of framing the law they wish him to propose.

XX.

This demand can be made by either of the Chambers; but, after having passed a special committee, it shall not be forwarded to the other Chamber under the space of ten days.

(Articles XIX. and XX. are suppressed in the new charter.)

XXI.

If a proposition is adopted by the other Chamber, it will be submitted to the King; if it is rejected, it cannot again be brought forward the same session.

XVII.

If the proposition of a law has been rejected by either of the three powers, it cannot be again presented during the same session.

XXII.

The King ratifies and promulgates the laws.

XXIII.

The civil list is fixed for the whole reign by the first legislative sitting that is held after the accession.

XXIV.

The Chamber of Peers is an essential portio of the legislative power.

XXV.

It is convoked by the King conjointly with the Chamber of Deputies. The session of both begins and ends at the same time.

XXVI.

Any sittings of the Chamber of Peers, after the closing of the session of the Chamber of Deputies, or which have not been especially convoked by the King, shall be held null and void.

XXII.

Any sittings, &c., null and void, excepting when assembled on trials, and then it can only exercise judicial power.

XXVII.

The creation of Peers of France belongs exclusively to the King. Their number is unlimited; he can make them either for life or hereditary.

XXVIII.

Peers can take their seats in the Chamber at twenty-five years of age, but cannot speak or discuss until thirty years of age.

XXIX.

The Chamber of Peers has for president the Chancellor of France; during his absence a peer appointed by the King.

XXX.

Members and princes of the blood-royal are Peers by right of birth, and rank immediately after the president, but have no voice in the Chamber before the age of twenty-five years.

XXVI.

The princes of the blood are Peers of France by right of birth; they rank immediately after the president.

XXXI.

The princes cannot take their seat in the Chamber but by order of the King, given for each session by a message, under pain of rendering null and void all that may have been passed in their presence.—*(Suppressed.)*

XXXII.

The discussions in the Chamber of Peers are secret.

XXXVII.

The sittings of the Chamber of Peers are public, like those of the Deputies.

XXXIII.

To the Chamber of Peers belongs the right of prosecution for high treason, or for state-offences, according to law.

XXXIV.

No Peer can be arrested but by order of the Chamber, and be judged by the same in criminal matters.

XXXV.

The Chamber of Deputies to be elected by the electoral colleges, which shall be organised according to the law.

XXXVI.

Each department to have the same number of Deputies that it has had until the present time.—*(Suppressed.)*

XXXVII.

The Deputies to be elected for five years, and in such a manner that the Chamber be reinforced a fifth every year.*

XXXI.

The Deputies are elected for the space of five years.

* The Chamber sits seven years, unless dissolved by the King.—Law of the 9th of June 1824.

XXXVIII.

No Deputy can take his seat in the Chamber if he is under forty years of age, and if he does not pay direct taxes to the amount of 1000f.

XXXIX.

If, nevertheless, there should not be found in the department fifty individuals of the prescribed age and paying direct taxes of 1000 fr. their number may be completed by the next highest taxed below the 1000 francs, and these can be elected with the concurrence of the first.

XL.

Electors have no right to vote for the election of Deputies if they pay less than 300 francs direct taxes, and are under thirty years of age.

XXXII.

No Deputy can take his seat in the Chamber if he is under thirty years of age, and if he does not unite all the other requisitions according to the law.

XXXIII.

If, nevertheless, there should not be found in the department fifty individuals of the prescribed age and eligibility, according to law, their number may be completed by the next highest taxed below them, &c.

XXXIV.

No person is an elector under twenty-five years of age, and uniting all other requisites fixed by the law.

XLI.

Presidents of the "Collèges électoraux" to be named by the King, and are by right members of the college.

XXXV.

Presidents of the "Collèges électoraux" shall be chosen by the electors.

XLII.

Half at least of the Deputies to be chosen from among the eligibles, who have their political dwelling in the department.

XLIII.

The President of the Chamber of Deputies to be chosen by the King from a list of five members presented by the Chamber.

XXXVII.

The President of the Chamber of Deputies to be elected by the Chamber at the commencement of each session.

XLIV.

The sittings of the Chamber shall be public; but the demand of five members suffices to form it into a secret committee.

XLV.

The Chamber divides itself into sections, in order to discuss the propositions made by the King.

XLVI.

No alteration can be made in a law, if such has not been proposed or agreed to by the King, and if

it has not been sent to and discussed by the sections.—*(Suppressed.)*

XLVII.

The Chamber of Deputies receives all proposals for taxes; it is not until they have been passed that they can be carried to the Chamber of Peers.—*(Suppressed.)*

XLVIII.

No tax can be imposed or enforced without the consent of both the Chambers and the sanction of the King.

XLIX.

The manorial tax is to be granted only for a year. Indirect taxes can be imposed for several years.

L.

The King convokes the Chambers every year; he prorogues them, and can dissolve the Chamber of Deputies; but in such a case he must call another within the space of three months.

LI.

A member of the Chamber cannot be arrested during the sittings or six weeks before and after the sittings.

LII.

A member of the Chamber cannot be arrested for any criminal offence during the sittings, unless it be of a flagrant nature, and then only with the consent of the Chamber.

LIII.

Any petition to either of the Chambers must be made in and presented in writing; the law forbids any petition being presented personally at the bar of the Chamber.

LIV.

Ministers can be members of either Chamber; they have the right to enter both the Chambers, and be heard when they demand it.

LV.

The Chamber of Deputies has the right to impeach the ministers and to have them tried by the Chamber of Peers, which alone has the privilege of judging.

LVI.

They can only be impeached for high treason or embezzlement. Special laws are provided for the prosecution of such crimes.—*(Suppressed.)*

(*Articles* LVII. *to* LXII. *of the Old the same as Articles* XLVIII. to LIII. *in the New Charter.*)

LXIII.

There cannot, consequently be appointed any commissions and 'tribunaux extraordinaires.' But the naming

LIV.

There cannot, in consequence, be appointed any special commissions or special sittings of Courts of Law, under

of the provost's jurisdiction is not included under this denomination—if their re-establishment is deemed necessary.

any title or pretence whatever.

(*Articles* LXIV. *to* LXXII. *of the Old the same as Articles* LV. *to* LXIII. *in the New Charter.*

LXXIII.

The Colonies to be governed by special laws and regulations.

LXXIV.

The King and his successors at their coronation shall swear faithfully to observe the present constitutional charter.

LXV.

The King and his successors on their accession shall swear before the united Chambers to observe faithfully the constitutional Charter.

LXXV.

The Deputies of France, after a dissolution, to retain their seats until they are replaced.—(*Suppressed.*)

LXXVI.

The first renewal of a fifteenth of the Chamber to date not earlier than the year 1816.—(*Suppressed.*)

The following belong to the New Charter only.

LXVI.

The present Charter and its privileges are confided to the patriotism and courage of the national guards, and the citizens of France.

LXVII.

France reassumes her colours, and for the future no other cockade shall be worn than the tri-coloured cockade.

Special Provisions.

LXVIII.

All appointments and creation of Peers made during the reign of Charles X. declared to be null and void.

LXIX.

Separate laws, to be provided for the following objects with as little delay as possible:—

1. Use of Jury to crimes of the press, and political offences.

2. The responsibility of ministers and other agents of power.

3. The re-election of Deputies and public functionaries who receive salaries.

4. Annual vote for the contingencies of the army.

5. Organization of the national guards, with the intervention of the said guards in the choice of their officers.

6. Arrangements which shall establish by law the state of officers of all ranks in the army and the navy.

7. Municipal and provincial institutions founded on an elective system.

8. Public instruction, and liberty to teach.

9. Abolition of the double vote, and fixing conditions as to election and eligibility.

LXX.

All laws and ordonnances contrary to the present reform of the Charter, are declared to be null and void.

Vol. II. *page* 210.

Mr. T. Dehay, in his list of cities and towns, in France (those of the department of the Seine excepted), gives—195 cities and towns possessing public libraries, containing between two to three millions of volumes, which, for a population of 32,000,000 souls, gives a proportion of *one volume to every fifteen inhabitants.* Paris, on the contrary, as I have said, has nine public libraries, containing 1,378,000 volumes, or three volumes to every two inhabitants, the capital containing 774,000 souls.

The number of works published in 1833, may be thus divided:

Poems, songs, incidental pieces, and irregular verse, 275.

Science, medicine, law, natural history in all its varieties, political economy, 532.

Novels, tales, translated novels, fabulous legends, and traditions, works of imagination, 355.

History, facts, private and local narratives, disputations, sketches of history, 213.

Philosophy, metaphysics, morals, theories, 102.

Fine arts, travels and voyages, 170.

Devotion, theology, mystical history, 35.

Theatre: pieces in verse and prose, performed or not performed, 179.

Foreign works, 604; Greek, Latin, &c.

Lastly, pamphlets, libels, prospectuses, legal claims, pleadings, speeches, flights of fancy, unstamped publications, 4,346.

Total number of works published, 7011.

There are in Paris seventy-six newspapers and periodicals connected with literature; and in this number are not included the manuals published by the different professions.

LIST OF THE VARIOUS LITERARY ESTABLISHMENTS IN PARIS, HAVING FOR THEIR OBJECT THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE OF SEVERAL KINDS AMONGST THE DIFFERENT CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

Bibliothèques. — Royale; de l'Arsenal; Mazarine; Saint Geneviève; de la Ville de Paris; de l'Institut; de l'Ecole de Médecine; du Jardin; de l'Université.

Muséum, d'Histoire naturelle; Jardin des plantes; Composition des Tableaux et Dessin; au Louvre pour les auteurs decédés; au Luxembourg pour les auteurs vivans.

Musées, des Antiques; de l'Artillerie; Cour d'Archæologie; Conservatoire de Musique; Société des Amis des Arts.

Ecoles, des langues Orientales vivantes, annexée au Collége par Louis le Grand; des Chartes; Polytechnique; Militaire; spéciale de Pharmacie; des Longitudes; de Théologie; de Droit; de Médecine, des Sciences et des Lettres; Normale (for the instruction of professors); des Mines; des Ponts et Chaussées; de Peinture; de Dessin, d'Architecture; de Natation; d'Equitation; trois spéciales du Commerce; centrale des Arts et Manufactures; de Commerce et des Arts industriels; Académie Royale de Médecine.

Colléges. — Britannique, Irlandais, Ecossais, et Anglais (founded in Paris for young Catholics of the three kingdoms, who wish to be educated in France); de France; Bourbon, 700 in-door pupils; Charlemagne, 8 to 900 out-door pupils; Henry IV., 772 in and out-door pupils; Louis le Grand, 924 in and out-door pupils; Saint Louis, 750 in and out-door pupils; de l'Industrie; Stanislas et Rollin, 550 in-door pupils (both of these are private); Concours d'Aggrégation (no one can be appointed a Professor to any Royal College without having first obtained the title of "Aggrégé" at the Concours); Cours Normal.

Sociétés. — Universelle de la Civilisation; libre des Beaux Arts; Géologique de France; Nationale pour l'Emancipation intellectuelle; des Sciences Physique, Chimique, et Arts; Agricole et Industrielle; de Médecine pratique; de Médecine de Paris;

de Pharmacie ; de Géographie ; pour l'Instruction élementaire, Grammaticale ; des Bons Livres ; de Statistique Universelle ; de la Morale Chrétienne ; Médico-philantropique ; Médicale d'Emulation ; de Chimie Médicale ; d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale ; des Antiquaires de France ; Phrénologique ; Athénée des Arts ; de Médecine de Paris ; l'Athenée ; Conservatoire ; des Arts et des Metiers ; Exposition des Produits de l'Industrie ; Association libre pour l'Education du Peuple.

END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

ERRATA.

Page 85, *l.* ... *for* charette *read* charrette.
112, *l.* ... *from the bottom, for* the *read* this.
117, *l.* 6, *for* 1788 *read* 1688.
210, *l.* 5 *from the bottom, for* Mathematique *read* Mathematiques.
238, *note* *, *for* Bur *read* Bour.
320, *l.* 20, *for* guingettes *read* guinguettes.
370, *l.* 8, *for* Dessin *read* Dessins.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018